

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

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ON THE FRENCH BROAD.

TWO PAPERS.—I.



WAS due in Asheville, North Carolina, on the first day of January, 1882. If I were not there by or before that date, important interests might suffer: therefore, taking "time by the forelock," I set out several days in advance of the appointed period. I had only a hundred and forty miles to go, but I was somewhat experienced in Southern travel, and knew it was well enough to allow a liberal margin of time, even for short distances.

"You will find Jordan a hard road to travel, sir," said the conductor to me,

as we went down the Buncombe Railway from Morristown, Tennessee. "The trestle at Deep Water is swept away, and the one at Ivy is hanging by only the couplings; but you'll get through somehow, if you're one of the 'saints' and b'lieve in 'perseverance.'"

I was in the wake of a severe storm, which I knew had done some damage to the roads, but I was not aware that it had swept away bridges and raised high havoc generally. However, I had no alternative, so I pushed on, trusting to luck and "perseverance." At Wolf Creek the train halted in a driving snow-storm. The stage-driver was on

the platform, waiting for the mail-bag, and I asked if he had a spare seat.

"Yes, sir," he answered, "one,—on my nigh mare. But I karn't take you no furdur nor Ottinger's; beyant thar you'll have to take to Shank's mares; but 'tain't only two miles to the Spring House."

"Shank's mares?" I asked. "What sort of mares are they?"

"Why, yer legs, stranger; and you'll be lucky if you get through on them, for thar hain't no road; it's all turned up by the cussed railroad. It's a reg'lar dog in the manger: it don't travil itself nor let no one else travil."

Calling to mind what the train-conductor had said about the "perseverance of the saints," I decided to accept the vacant seat on the "nigh mare," and then hurried to the public house to break a long fast and deposit my luggage, which Shank's mares might find inconveniently heavy to carry.

Every traveller in this part of the world knows this quaint, old-fashioned inn, nestling among the hills, its low roof and wide veranda overhung with broad-branching trees, which yield a grateful shelter from the torrid heat of midsummer. Very pleasant is it to come upon it when the outer world is sweltering in the heated air, and to have the breeze which comes down the mountain-gorge fan your cheek with the cool breath of October. But quite as pleasant is the old inn in the depth of winter, though its attractions are then all in-doors,—in a warm fire, a warm welcome, and a bounteous repast, which the kindly landlady sets before you in the low-ceilinged dining-room. I was in the midst of such a repast, when the Jehu thrust his head in at the doorway with "Hurry up, hurry up, sir. The mail can't wait. We shan't git thar before midnight."

It was an hour before nightfall when we mounted to the "top of the stage" and rode off into the snow-storm. The flakes were falling fast, and the cold wind from the near mountains drove them in blinding gusts into our faces, frosting our hair till our locks were as

venerably white as those of Old Time in the primer. The "nigh mare" was not the horse which won the last race at Nashville, but a slower animal; and she stumbled along over the frozen road with a persistent disregard of a direct course and a steadfast footing. It required about all my attention to watch her unsteady gyrations; but I did now and then give a glance at the country through which we were passing.

Most of it was covered with magnificent timber,—oak, pine, and poplar,—straight as the mast of a ship, and towering a hundred feet into the air. The land, I was told, could be bought for a dollar an acre, and there were evidently ten of such trees upon every acre: so it seemed only necessary to put an axe into that timber to realize a fortune. This was my first opinion; but as I rode on in the dim light of the half-blinding storm I soon came to a different conclusion. I discovered that the larger portion of the land was set up edgewise, and too near the perpendicular to be trodden by the foot of man until he has invented some new mode of locomotion.

It soon became dark, and the storm increased with the night; but we rode on, now wading some stream breast-high to the horses, and then again floundering over the icy ground, my only guide the steady tattoo beat by the heels of the "off horse," as he kept just one length ahead of me on the frozen road.

"I say, stranger," shouted the Jehu out of the darkness, "a man is a gold-darned fool as drives stage in this weather."

"And what is the man who doesn't drive a stage?"

"He's a gol-doner; and that's what I think of you, sir."

I was conscious of meriting this encomium, but I answered nothing, and, cold, benumbed, and half frozen in hands and feet, I pulled my hat down over my eyes to keep out the thick-falling snow, and pushed on into the darkness. We had ridden on in silence for another hour, when the driver turned suddenly to me again, this time shouting, "Glory

hallelujah! Thar it are—the light—off yonder."

It was Ottinger's, and in another five minutes I had alighted from the "top of the stage" and staggered—for I was too cold and stiff to walk—into the sitting-room. A bright wood fire was blazing on the hearth, shedding a cheerful glow around the cosey but spacious apartment. In one of the chimney-corners sat two men, evidently travellers; in the other, a cheery, pleasant-faced woman, a little past middle age, who, looking up with a cheerful smile, accosted me as follows: "I knowed you'd come. I've been looking for you."

"Indeed! Looking for me?"

"Yes; for I knowed that an old fool like you would be sure to come out on a night like this."

"Old, madam? You call me old? Wait till I take off my hat and get the snow out of my hair and beard."

I suited the action to the word, and then she said, with another cheery laugh, "Well, you're not so very old, but you're a fool all the same,—any one is to travil sech a night as this on the back of a broken-down stage-horse. But never mind; here, take my seat—you must be cold: you need something hot: what shall it be? hot coffee or hot toddy?"

"Coffee, if you please, madam. I'm a temperance man."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you was," scanning me closely; "per'aps a Methodist parson; and you did look like a saint when you come in,—like one of 'em in white robes, just ready to go up to glory. But, saint or sinner, you shan't freeze to death here, not so long as I kin make the kettle boil." And with another cheery laugh she bustled out of the apartment.

When I had begun to thaw out, I made acquaintance with my fellow-guests at this comfortable hostelry. One was a commercial traveller on his way to Asheville with about a thousand pounds of luggage. He was waiting, like the man in the fable, for the river to run dry; and if he kept to his inten-

tion he is waiting yet. The other guest was a country shoemaker, who had just come afoot over the route I should be obliged to travel. His report was much like that of the spies to Joshua. The land was one flowing with milk and sorghum molasses, but to reach it one must cross the French Broad River, and the bridges were down, the river was up, and abreast of Lovers' Leap the water stood six feet deep in the high-road. At other points it was nearly as deep, and farther on estray logs and uprooted trees had drifted in from the stream and so obstructed the road that it was absolutely impassable for any living "critter" except a Buncombe County pony, and one of them could walk a creek, climb a rail fence, or dance a hornpipe on a tight-rope. The only course for a man to get round the obstructed points was to scale the almost inaccessible cliffs which rose on the left of the road a hundred feet and more almost perpendicularly. This the shoemaker had done, but he was sure of foot and steady of nerve; and if a man wasn't all this he would advise him not to attempt the hazardous exploit. However, these mountain-streams went down about as fast as they went up, and the river might be low enough by the morning to allow of my passing Lovers' Leap with dry feet, if my boots were well coated with a solution of beeswax and tallow. This was on the supposition that I travelled afoot, which I did not intend to do if a saddle-horse could be anywhere obtained for the moderate amount of legal currency I had about me.

Soon the landlady appeared at the door, saying, "Now, you temperance gentleman, come this way, and I'll give you something to warm your innards."

I followed her into the dining-room and sat down to a repast fit to "set before a king," and which any king would have enjoyed if blessed with a reasonably good appetite: hot rolls, hot coffee, hot waffles, hot corn-pone, and hot ham and eggs,—everything hot, and all prepared by the chubby hands of my warm-hearted hostess. While pour-

ing out the coffee, she opened a conversation, and it was not long before I had her complete autobiography. It was barren of incident; but, as it illustrates the life of a class not generally supposed to exist at the South, I may as well give it here in brief epitome.

"You see," she said, "me and my old man was born and brought up in Tennessee,—East Tennessee,—where they raise such heaps of live-stock—hosses and mules and pigs and horned critters—for the Car'lina markets. We was poor; but we married young, for neither of us believed in waitin' till we had enough to rear a famby. He was sober and 'dustrious, and so was I; and we got along right smart, bought a nice little farm and paid for it, and when the children come along—as was nat'ral they should—we had enough to feed and clothe 'em and give 'em a sight better edication than we had ourselves. This was doin' right well; but you never knowed ary one of the right sperrit as thought they was doin' well enough when they could do any better. We could give our children good edications, but we wanted to set 'em up in life, fur no one kin live upon larnin' 'cept boys, and all our boys was girls,—all but one, and he had no more mind for books nor I have fer the finery those silly women as come to the Springs go crazy over."

"You mistake, madam. I know a good many young women at the North who live upon their learning,—make lots of money by teaching."

"Teachin'?" she exclaimed. "Do you s'pose I'd let one o' my girls be a schule-marm,—a dried-up copy of the multiplication-table? No, sir! I'd rather every one of 'em was poor and the mother of sixteen small children. I tell you, sir, the young woman as has a likely boy or girl and brings it up to be a decent man or woman does more for the kentry and the world than all the schule-marms in creation. But, as I was sayin', we had four children,—three girls and a boy, the youngest girl you'll see here,—and we wanted to look out for settin' on 'em up in life. We

put our heads together, my old man and me, but we couldn't see no way to do it till one time when he come out here and seed this farm, which we could buy reasonable. You see, this road by Wolf Creek, and all along up French Broad to Asheville, was the only road from East Tennessee to Charlotte and Augusta; and all the stock had to be driv' this way for the Car'lina markets. It had been the old Indian trail, and they had followed it for years,—long afore the kentry ever see a white man. And now it is taken by the railroad which they say is a-goin' to bring us right into the centre of civilization. Strange, sir, hain't it, that the railroad engineers, with all thar book-larnin', don't know no more 'bout layin' out a road nor the wild Indians.

"Well," she continued, "as I was sayin', my husband come down here with a drove of cattle, and he had to bring his fodder along with him, for there wasn't a blessed thing growin' for 'em to eat from the time they struck the French Broad, nigh to Newport, till they got 'bout on to Asheville. The whole kentry was steep hill-sides and mountain-tops, as grow'd nothin' but rocks, except a narrow stage-road along the river, the openin' whar the Springs is, and this farm of 'bout seventeen hundred acres. The Springs was already taken up, and had been for a hundred years, and foolish women come thar then, just as they do now, a-huntin' for husbands. But this place had nothin' on it 'cept the nat'ral grass, and the moment my husband sot eyes on it he seed what could be done with it. He could lay it down in grass and corn and oats, and sell 'em to the drovers as come by, and make his fortune. And, to cut a long story short, he done it. At first we put up a log house, but now, you see, we've got a brick one,—two stories and attic, and fifty feet square,—and, if I say it, as good a farm as can be found in the State of North Car'lina."

"I can readily believe it, madam: seventeen hundred acres of such bottom-



land is a farm that would be hard to beat anywhere."

"Well, we hain't seventeen hundred acres now. When our boy come of age, you see, we built him a house and give him three hundred acres. And we done the same by our two older girls when they was married; and—I don't mind tellin' you, for you don't look as if you was huntin' a wife, and, if you was, you're a temperance man, and sech gen'rally makes good husbands—we mean to do jest the same by our youngest girl; she's jest turned of seventeen: you'll see her when you git back to the settin'-room. So we'll hev only 'bout five hundred acres; but I reckon that and a good warm house is 'bout enough for my old man and me for the rest of our days."

At this point in the monologue, a tall man of about sixty, very erect, and with a fine face and forehead, opened the door and said to the lady, "Wife, thar's another stranger come in, who has walked all the way from Stockhouse's. Can't you give him some hot coffee? He's very cold, and I thought you'd like to do it."

"Of course I would," said the good woman, rising hastily, "but he'll have to wait a little. You see, this gentleman has been so very entertainin'—kept me so busy a-listenin' to his pleasant talk—I've forgot to keep the coffee and the other things on the stove. Ask him to wait a little, and I'll have 'em hot ag'in."

I went into the sitting-room and asked the new-comer how he had come from Stockhouse's. "On foot, sir," was his reply, "and I climbed the cliff at Lovers' Leap and at two places beyond; but if you are going on I would advise you not to hazard the experiment. The snow which has melted to-day will freeze to-night and be ice by to-morrow, and afford you a very dangerous footing."

When the landlady returned from the dining-room, and took her accustomed seat in the chimney-corner, she said to me, "I know what you're hankerin' after; you don't drink, but you do

smoke, and you want one now, and think it won't suit us women."

"Madam, you have read me like a book: if you had lived two hundred years ago you might have been hanged for a witch."

"Well, don't you mind us, for, if you won't mention it, I'll tell you I don't mind a quiet whiff now and then myself."

All now produced their cigars, except



TRAVELLING ALONG THE FRENCH BROAD.

the landlady. She drew from the pocket of her dress a small yellow bag and a colored clay pipe, called Powhatan because it is supposed to be the identical utensil which the renowned John Smith, first of that name, and in use among the Indians when first set foot in Virginia. Holding out the bag to me, she said, "You had better try some of my tobacco, sir. It is better nor your cigar; it are the genuine 'bright yellow,' the pure

'golden-leaf,' and it don't grow nowhere like it do here in Madison County."

I filled a pipe with the fragrant leaves, and when I had imbibed a few whiffs I remarked, "It is excellent, madam: you are a judge of the weed."

"I orter be," she answered. "I've smoked it ever since I was born; and all my gals smoke too, but they do it behind the door, whar folks won't see 'em. But I tell you, sir, 't's nothin' to be ashamed of, for tobacco is a-goin' to be the makin' of this kentry."

"How is that, madam?"

"Why, ever since it was found out, 'bout ten year ago, that this sile was the best in the world for it, every little farmer in Madison and Buncombe has gone to growin' it. 'Fore they done that they didn't get more'n enough to jest keep soul and body together, but now they clear fifty and a hundred dollars a year from every acre. It brings 'em in money, so they kin send their children to school, wear better clothes, and hev somethin' to eat 'sides bacon and corn-pone. It's the poor fare they has lived on that has made the back-kentry people down yere sech a mis'erable, no-account set of critters."

"It was parched corn that settled this country, and you think tobacco will civilize it?"

"Yes, sir. But how did parched corn settle it?"

"It was all that John Sevier had in his knapsack when he beat the British at King's Mountain and flogged the Cherokees in thirty-five battles."

But the delicious "golden-leaf" in my pipe was soon exhausted, and, knocking the ashes from the bowl, I rose, and, bidding my kindly entertainers "good-night," I went to the quiet slumbers that are apt to follow a long ride on the back of a broken-down stage-horse.

In the morning I found the storm had cleared away, and the day opened cold but clear and sunshiny. I was assured that I could secure a saddle-horse at Warm Springs; and that assurance and the beautiful morning led me to

set out early on my journey. My genial hostess saw me to the door-way, and, as she held my hand in a kindly "good-by," said, "Ye'd better take stret up the cornfield. The railroad has gobbled up the stage-road, and ye'll find it powerful hard walkin' on the track."

I took "stret up the cornfield." The earth was still covered with the lately-fallen snow, but the ground was yielding to the foot, for I was on bottom-land, which at longer or shorter intervals had been submerged by the river freshets. The cold air contained just enough electricity to send the blood tingling through the veins and render the simple act of walking a most exhilarating exercise. Soon I struck a piece of marshy ground, and was forced to take to the track, which there ran along an embankment with not width enough at the side of the rails to admit of the passage of the "living skeleton," so I was obliged to keep in the middle of the track; and I soon learned that "Jordan is a hard road to travel." To keep their contract with the State, the railroad-managers were obliged to finish their work by the 1st of February, and, in the haste of laying the track, one cross-tie had been made to do duty for two, and, the ties being fully four feet apart, it was somewhat beyond the stretch of an ordinary man's legs to straddle from one tie to another. The only course was to take one step upon a tie and the next into the interval between, which was filled with a snowy slush, and the consequence was that my boots were very soon in a most unpleasant condition.

When I had gone on in this manner for a mile or more, I came upon a "section-boss" overseeing a gang of laborers. They were mostly negroes, and all were clad in the variegated garb of the State convict. Only one was a white man, and he had intelligent features; the rest were black, and of the very lowest type of humanity,—coarse, brutal-looking fellows, whom one would not care to meet alone on an unfrequented highway. Near by, leaning upon his musket,—which I noticed was at the

half-trigger,—was the guard, a pleasant-faced young man, scarcely more than a stripling. He stood at his ease, giving little apparent heed to his prisoners; and I could but think how easy it would be for any one of those stalwart fellows to spring upon him unawares, disarm him, and then escape with the rest of the gang to the neighboring forest. This would be very sure to happen if the convicts were white men; but they are nearly all black, and of a more docile character. Why so large a proportion of them are colored I did not learn till afterward.

Exchanging a few words of salutation with the "boss" and the guard, I trudged on again over the miry track, and was soon warming my chilled limbs before a rousing wood fire in the spacious hotel at Warm Springs. This is a favorite summer resort, and every season it is crowded with guests fleeing from the sultry atmosphere of the Southern seaboard. It derives its name from a remarkable spring, which rises at the very brink of the river and maintains at all seasons a temperature of 102° to 104° Fahrenheit. Though highly charged with minerals, the water is tasteless, and it is so very buoyant that it will sustain the human body. The hotel was now bare of guests, for the birds of fashion had flown southward with the first approach of cold weather.

My first inquiry was about the condition of the road farther on to the eastward; but I could get no information beyond what I had learned from the man who had scaled Lovers' Leap the day previous. It is astonishing how little people seem to know in this section: nobody appears to understand even his own business, or to be in any hurry to attend to it. From this last remark, however, must be excepted the French Broad River, which rushes on as if racing against time and intent upon getting somewhere in the shortest period possible. It has decidedly a purpose and a will of its own, and withal an eye for the picturesque. This last trait is but natural, seeing it was born

amid some of the wildest scenery on this continent. Its waywardness had just been strikingly shown in the remorseless fury with which it had a dozen times swept away the unsightly wooden structures which the railway-engineers had time and again tried to throw across its current. Iron bridges, high above its reach, and with a span from shore to shore, are the only things that will ever withstand its resistless energies.

The agent of the stage-line kept the only livery-horses in the neighborhood, and in search of him I went as soon as I had thawed my chilled limbs at the hotel fire. I was a long time in finding him, and a still longer time in extracting from him the unpleasant fact that he would let neither horse nor mule go on to Marshall for "no consideration whatsoever." He "toted" the mail, but only two days back his mule and darcy "come nigh onter drownin' a-swimmin' the Big Laurel," and he wasn't "a-gwine" to risk that "wuth of hoss-flesh ag'in fur nary gov'ment on earth," unless it paid more'n three hundred dollars a year; and ef he wouldn't do it fur gov'ment, to keep the wheels of society in motion, he reckoned he wouldn't do it fur no "private individual."

"Then I must take again to Shank's mares. Can you tell me if there is much water in the road?"

"Thar was a right smart chance yesterday. How it are to-day I hain't yered."

"How much is a right smart chance?"

"A powerful sight. It mought be five foot, it mought be six, but it's too deep to git over unless ye climb Lovers' Leap. Howsomever, if ye kin git round that and over the Laurel, ye'll be shore to git either a hoss or mule to Stockhouse's, and then ye kin take right over the mountin' to Marshall, and be thar by sundown."

I had lost time in this interview, and it was now past nine o'clock; but the cool, bracing air invited exercise, and it was less than five miles to Stock-

house's. So, crossing the rickety bridge at the Springs, I was soon coursing along the river-road at a pace not much less than that of a Buncombe County pony. I soon came to Lovers' Leap, and, from a close inspection with my eyes and the limb of a tree, with which I took soundings, I discovered that the river was fully four feet deep in the highway. As my lower extremities, though reasonably long, are not sufficiently elongated to ford comfortably that depth of water, I sat down on a stone by the roadside to devise ways and means to overcome this serious obstacle.

The cliff, as has been said, rises a hundred feet in a sort of broken perpendicularity. Here and there upon its face was growing a stunted spruce or hemlock, but the most of its surface was naked rock, on which could be seen no trace of a footprint, not even that of a squirrel; and yet my friend the shoemaker had scaled this precipice and lived to tell the story. How he did it I could not imagine, and therefore shall not attempt to describe.

One thing was reasonably certain: I should not essay the foolhardy enterprise. But, as it would be sheer recklessness to attempt to surmount the difficulty, how could I manage to get round it? This was now an interesting problem, and to aid in its solution I drew out my pipe, filled it with some of the pure "golden-leaf" presented me by my kindly hostess, and went to smoking away with all the energy of Jonah when imprisoned in the bowels of the whale, and he, I had been told in this country, "smoked away like a house on fire, smoked away to kill, smoked away till the whale, not being used to 'backer, took sick at the stummach and threwed Jonah right up on the coast of North Carolina, and that's how this kentry come to be dis-kivered."

This reading of the Scripture story is not according to the "Revised Version," but I am told it is devoutly believed in some of the back-country districts of Western North Carolina; and the moral

of it is that if Jonah had not smoked tobacco North Carolina would not have been discovered, nor settled by the present race of white men, nor they been able to boast, as some of them do, of a very elongated pedigree.

However, be the Jonah story true or not, there is no denying the fact that there is great virtue in a whiff of tobacco. Let who will rail at the delicious weed, I do not propose to join in the chorus, for it carried me over thirty feet of rushing water with scarcely a moistening of the soles of my boots! And how many another has it helped out of even a worse dilemma! how many aching heads has it soothed, how many wounded hearts assuaged! To how many sluggish brains has it lent eloquent expression! to how many half-fledged poets, vainly trying to expand their wings, has it given the soaring inspiration! Even upon me it flashed the needed illuminations, rousing my inventive faculties, so that with the first wreath of gray smoke that curled up from my pipe and vanished in the clear wintry sky I saw my route over the deluged causeway.

Along the road, and between it and the river, was a low breakwater of stones, intended to prevent fractious vehicles from running off into the furious torrent. At the edge of the overflowed road this breakwater was nearly three feet high, and, though the submerged portion was hidden by the turbid stream, it was reasonable to suppose that the wall was there equally high. If this were so, and I should place loose stones a foot or so in thickness upon the submerged wall, what was to prevent my stepping safely from one stone to another and crossing as dry-shod as the children of Israel when they passed over Jordan?

Trimming the branches from the limb of a tree, to serve as a balancing-pole and prevent my toppling over into the river, I selected suitable stones from the side of the road, and, dropping them one after another upon the sunken breakwater, essayed the perilous passage. One misplaced or unstable stone, or one false

step, would plunge me into the stream; and should I fall on the river side, no amount of praying would avail to save me, for the current was rushing at a speed which would have instantly swept the most expert swimmer beyond the reach of all human succor.

Slowly and cautiously I moved a score of heavy stones out upon the sunken breakwater, and, with my pole planted firmly in the river's bed, felt my way to and fro along the narrow wall, never venturing to look down at the rushing torrent, lest its whirling motion should get into my brain, till at last, after a

most toilsome hour, I planted the last stone and sprang upon the dry ground on the farther side of the deluged highway. Then I sat down on the breakwater to recover my expended energies and look about at the magnificent scenery by which I was surrounded.

A more picturesque region is not to be found in this country east of the Rocky Mountains. The rapid, turbulent river—here not less than two hundred yards wide—is bordered on both sides by high, rugged hills, broken often into tall, jutting cliffs, which rise one above another to a height of more than



WARM SPRINGS, FRENCH BROAD RIVER.

a thousand feet. One of the most striking of these cliffs is that which I had just passed, and which is called Lovers' Leap, from a tradition that was current among the Indians when it was first visited by the two white hunters who discovered the Warm Springs in 1766.

The tradition is of a young warrior and maiden belonging to tribes divided by long hereditary hatred. They loved not wisely but too well, and, forbidden to marry by the bitter animosity of their people, sought a permanent union in the

happy hunting-grounds of the hereafter. From the top of Lovers' Leap they sprang into the turbulent bosom of the French Broad, and, sinking in each other's arms, awoke together in the land of Elysium. It is the story of Romeo and Juliet and of the Montagues and Capulets, originating with some poet of the red race ages before the white man came among them; and what is most remarkable is the universality of the legend. It is current from the Penobscot to the Rio Grande, and everywhere, in every wild region where rises some tall, jutting



rock from which a break-neck leap might comfortably be made, is the same legend,—the same hapless lovers standing with clasped hands upon the high summit and leaping together into an eternal bridal. Does not the universality of the legend show it to be a fragment of some aboriginal Iliad sung by some Indian Homer in some far-away century?

But, leaving the dusky lovers to their fate, I trudged on again, and the reader may imagine my dismay when at the end of a short half-mile I came upon another tall cliff beetling over the road, and the boisterous river ploughing along its base with a depth of fully six feet. This was Peter's Rock,—so named from a hermit who is said to have made his home upon its summit late in the last century. By no extemporaneous break-water could I hope to ford this flood, and one upward glance at the precipitous cliff convinced me that it would take younger legs than mine to scale the almost perpendicular rock. The logical conclusion was that I was in a "box,"—bottled up, corked, and hermetically sealed. To go forward seemed impossible; going backward was retracing my steps over the unsteadfast causeway at Lovers' Leap. To get out of the "box" seemed hopeless; but, calling to mind the inventive powers of "golden-leaf," I again sat down by the roadside, lit my corn-cob pipe, and sent a few whiffs of the fragrant smoke skyward.

The gray wreaths curled lazily up into the still atmosphere; but before they had melted into thin air I heard a sound overhead, and, glancing upward, saw rising out of the earth at the very summit of Peter's Rock a human head,—or rather a human hat, badly worn, and perforated with sundry holes, through which protruded great masses of black wool. Eagerly I watched the apparition thus evoked by the wonderful weed, and rapidly it grew into a human form,—first the face, then the "torso," then the limbs, and at last, as it moved down a few paces from the topmost height, the feet. And such feet! They reminded me of those of the dusky maiden in the negro hymn, which "covered up

the whole sidewalk." As I looked up at the figure, it seemed at least seven feet high and of immense proportions,—broad of shoulder and long of limb. It was a very Hercules, though sooty of color and arrayed in the horizontal stripe which is the State uniform of North Carolina. It held in one hand a long pole, and now, planting it firmly in the edge of the cliff, it paused, as if to survey the ground before venturing down the declivity, which was here a hundred feet in almost perpendicular descent.

Soon I heard a voice from the farther side of the rock. "Jack," it said, "bring yer pole. I can't fotch dis lass stretch, nohow." The figure then moved out of sight, but soon reappeared with another of the same garb and complexion, but of less herculean proportions. The two paused as if to rest for a few moments at the summit of the rock, then, moving a short distance along the face of the cliff, began the perilous descent. Slowly they felt their way down the ice-crusted slope, planting their poles at every step, and often clutching at some stunted spruce; and it was a full quarter of an hour before they sprang into the high-road and stood beside me. Looking at them on level ground, I saw that their proportions were not so absolutely gigantic; and yet they were splendid specimens of physical development, and, despite their convict garb, had good-humored, honest faces.

"And you have been able to get over that rock?" I said to them.

"Oh, yes, boss; dat am nuffin," answered the one addressed as Jack. "It take only a stout pole and a steady head."

"And a stout pair of legs. Now, Jack, suppose I give you enough to keep you in tobacco for a month, will you help me over this rock?"

"Jack 'ud like to, boss; but he can't see how he could gib you his legs. 'Sides, we hab to gwo on to de Springs to git suffin' for de men: dey'm 'bout out ob rations."

"But it won't take long; and the men won't starve for an hour's delay."

"Dat's so, boss," answered Jack; "but how kin we do it?"

"I'll cut a pole like yours; then one of you go before me and the other follow, to catch me in case I slip."

Jack reflected a moment, then said, "I reckon dat ud do it. We am a-will-in' to try, boss."

I had a moderate sum of money about me, and to guard it carried a revolver in my trousers-pocket. The weapon would be a sufficient protection against both convicts on level ground, but ascending or descending that precipice I could not use it, and so should be completely in the power of those two stalwart fellows whom the State of North Carolina had branded as high-pressure scoundrels. However, I had heard that "the Lord writes English," and I clearly read honesty in their faces: so I cut an alpenstock and began with them the toilsome passage.

I slipped several times while ascending, but was each time caught by one of the negroes; and in descending on the opposite side, when about half-way down, I lost my foothold altogether. I clutched a shrub, which held me for a moment dangling in the air fifty feet above the rocky bed of the road. I felt the shrub giving way, and shouted, "Jack!" but before the word was out of my mouth his huge hand had grasped the collar of my coat, and there it held me as firmly as if our feet were on level ground. This was the most dangerous part of the passage, and for the rest of the way his grasp never left my collar; and in several places, where the distance from one jutting rock to another was beyond the reach of my legs, he actually lifted me—a hundred and fifty pounds solid avoirdupois—over the difficult passes with as much apparent ease as he would have handled a bag of feathers.

When I had recovered my breath at the foot of the cliff, I said to him, "Jack, tell me, why has the State put you into those clothes?"

"'Case, boss, dey say I done stole a turkey four yere ago lass Crismus."

"A turkey! They gave you four years for stealing a turkey?"

"Wuss'n dat, boss,—seven yere. But

Mas'r Stamp he say dey'll done let me out 'fore de time am clean gone. He'm bery good man, and I reckon dey'll do as he say."

"Seven years for stealing a turkey! Well, Jack, that was a high price for a Christmas dinner."

"It was dat, boss," now said the other negro; "but 'twa'n't like what dey done wid me: dey gub me five yere jess for libin' wid my wife; a good ooman as I'd been a-libbin' wid ten yere. You see, boss, we hadn't been a-jined by de book,—nigh on to nary one ob my color am,—an' it am ag'in' de law not to do it; so dey gub me five yere. But 'tain't no more dan de white folks do demselves; dar hain't half ob de white folks round yere in Madison County as was eber jined by de book."

"But I don't see them working on the road," I remarked. "You mean the law is not enforced against them?"

"Dat'm so, boss," said Jack. "'Pears to me dar hain't no justice for a man ob my color down yere. Long time ago, when I was a little chile, I yered dat de good Mas'r Linkum had sot all de brack folks free; but 'tain't so, boss. We hain't no more free dan de hoss or de mule dat you drives 'bout and beats like you hab a mind."

"But why is this, Jack? No one ever does an injustice without having a reason for it."

"It'm 'case dey hab dese railroads to build, boss, an' doin' dat dey git our wurk for jess our clothes and de rations dey gib us,—an' dey'm pore 'nuff, boss, pore 'nuff. 'Sides, boss, de white folks don't like to see de black folks git on; jess so soon as one ob us am 'dustrious an' like to git up a little in de worl', dey git up some false sw'arin' ag'in' him an' git him inter de chain-gang, like dey done me. It was false sw'arin' as done it. I neber stole no turkey; I neber stole nuffin in all my life."

"I can believe it, Jack. Men with a face like yours don't do such things. But how is it that, being convicts, you are allowed to come and go without a guard?"

"Oh, dat's along ob Mas'r Stamp, sar.

He t'ought we wudn't run 'way, so he hab us made trustys. But we hab to be in de quarters ebery night an' gwo 'bout our work prompt like."

"And who is Mas'r Stamp?"

"He'm de great man 'p'inted by de State to luck after de whole ob us ebery-whar. He sees dat we hab 'nuff to eat an' to wear, all, up to de bery last morsel dat de State allows. He'm a good man, an' a juss man, sar; an' I knows—dough he neber said it, but I knows from de look in his eye and de sound ob his voice when he speak to us—dat he feel for us 'way down to de bottom ob his heart. He'm a very good man,—one ob de Lord's own chillen."

It was touching, this gratitude of the poor convict toward the man who, however kind he might be, was still, if Jack told me the truth, the agent in inflicting upon him a most cruel wrong, an accessory after the fact in a great crime. But could Jack's tale be true? Could a great State permit such injustice to be practised upon any class of its citizens? I could not believe it, for I called to mind the couplet,—

No man e'er felt the halter draw  
With good opinion of the law,—

and the doubt checked my sympathies; yet when I came to reward the two men for the service they had done me, the sum was severai times larger than I had promised to make it. Then I trudged on again to Stockhouse's.

The distance was only four miles, but the road was so horribly bad that I made very slow progress; and when I came to the Laurel Run I found that the bridge, though not actually carried away, had been so badly damaged by the recent freshet as to afford unsafe crossing for even foot-passengers. The only course was to cross upon the long trestle which here spans the stream; and, encrusted as the stringers and sleepers now were with ice, this was a tedious and difficult undertaking. It occupied me a full half-hour, and it was long after the dinner-hour when I entered the small country store which, with a snug cottage half-way up the

hill, composes the summer resort known as Stockhouse's. The deaf landlord was behind the store counter, and he was not long in conveying to me the unpleasant intelligence that my dinner would have to be of crackers and cheese, all the hotel servants being away for Christmas. "Niggers nowadays," he added, "are just good for nothing. They go and come when they like; and if you complain, they leave you altogether."

But more than my dinner I mourned the loss of the spirited mule I had expected to secure at Stockhouse's. I was told that he was a "noble critter," and astride of him I could safely swim the swollen streams and be in Marshall long before sundown; but the landlord would not trust him with "nary stranger," not even if he were paid the "full valu' of the critter," unless one of his own darkies should go along to bring back the animal. However, a man about a mile up the road had a mule, which, as he was a pore man, he would no doubt let go for a proper consid-er-a-tion. So, with that "pore man's" mule in my mind, I trudged on again.

I soon arrived at a shanty by the side of the track, which at first I took for a dilapidated pig-sty. A slatternly woman was in the door-way, of whom I inquired for the mule's owner. He was, she said, her husband, and he and the mule had both gone on to Marshall, and wouldn't be back "afore sundown," but if I went on about two miles to the convict-station I should be sure to get one, for Captain R——, who held command there, had a "heap of mule critters."

So again I trudged on,—this time with several mules in my mind. I passed numerous gangs of convicts on the way, with the guards and overseers who were directing their work. The convicts were mostly black, healthy, robust, and powerful fellows, whose labor was certainly cheap at the price—a hundred and twenty dollars a year—paid by the contractors. But time was precious with me: so, with a passing salutation to the guards, I hurried on, and at the

end of two hours came to the convict-station.

It was a collection of whitewashed shanties, where the prisoners were housed at night, and I judged it would accommodate the number I had passed on the road, which was about five hundred. In a spacious log barn near the track was a pair of fine hybrids, either one of which would have taken me to Marshall in time for a sumptuous hot supper; and, with that

repast already partaken of in imagination, I rapped at the door of the "office," where I was told I should find Captain R——, the commander-in-chief of the prisoners. Some one growled, "Come in," and I went into a room about twelve feet square, littered over with broken bottles, old harness, worn-out saddles, and cast-off garments, about the filthiest apartment ever tenanted by a human being. A wood fire was smouldering on the hearth, and in one



LAUREL RUN BRIDGE AND THE FRENCH BROAD.

corner was a huge soap-box, made to do duty as a desk; in the other, a low, tattered bed, the bedstead manufactured from old joist and clapboards which had been torn from some dismantled dwelling. At one end of this bed was a pair of huge Wellington boots, at the other an enormous black beard, from above which protruded a couple of owl-like eyes; but, partly owing to the beard and partly to the duskiness of the room, I could distinguish no other human features. The figure lay at full length, and motionless, except that the eyes turned slightly in their sockets on my entrance, as if to inquire my business.

I soon made it known, when there was a movement of the beard, and a cavernous voice issuing from its dark

depths replied, "Sorry, sir, but both my mules is over the mountain."

"I saw a pair as I passed your barn; can't you let one of those go? I am a stranger, but I will deposit his full value with you."

"Sorry, sir, but them hain't my mules,—can't let 'em go for no price. If you go on 'bout three miles to Barnard's Stand, you'll get one thar. They hev a heap of mule critters."

I had negro evidence that the two mules I had seen were the property of the recumbent gentleman; but those gigantic boots and that ferocious beard made it evident that it would not be wise to disclose my knowledge. Such fellows, though the most accomplished liars in creation, have a strong repugnance to being informed of the fact, and

when so told invariably call for "pistols and coffee" without ceremony.

With that last "heap of mule critters" now in my mind I took to the road again, and trudged on to Barnard's Stand. I had come about ten miles over probably the worst road ever invented in this country. Where it was not slush and railroad-ties it was broken stones and ice-covered rocks, among which I had to pick my way with great caution. The thermometer was now falling rapidly, and the night was fast coming on. Marshall was still ten miles away, and between me and it there was not a solitary house where I could get decent lodging. In fact, there was scarcely a building that could be dignified with the name of dwelling. The road ran between the river and the mountain-cliffs, and, except at Barnard's Stand, there was not on the whole route a patch of arable land large enough for a flower-garden. The house at Barnard's Stand, I was told, was little better than a pig-sty, and if I should fail to secure one from among that "heap of mule critters" I should be forced to ford swollen streams and cross slippery trestles, at the imminent risk of my neck, after dark, and not get to Marshall before midnight,—altogether too late for that hot repast on which I had already regaled in imagination. The outlook was somewhat discouraging, but I walked briskly on, and at last came upon an opening among the hills, where a sadly-dilapidated frame house and a half-dozen negro shanties answer to the name of Barnard's Stand.

Not a solitary mule was in sight, and my heart sank suddenly several degrees below zero; but, plucking up courage, I strode boldly to the house and asked for Captain B——, who, I had been told by the bearded commapder-in-chief, was the owner of the animals.

A ragged, old-looking boy of about twelve years, who answered my summons, said that his father was in the "sitting-room," and at once led the way to that apartment. From the outer wall of this room had evidently come the joist and weather-boarding which

formed Captain R——'s bedstead, for there was an opening in its side as large as an ordinary window. The inside walls and ceiling were black with smoke, and two or three broken-backed split-bottom chairs were the only furniture of the apartment. Crouched over a huge fire which blazed on the hearth was the figure of a man clad in mud-besmeared "butternuts." He was lean and raw-boned, with a cadaverous countenance which was surmounted by a shaggy shock of unkempt hair. Under both his eyes were heavy black blotches, showing that his face had gone into mourning over some recent sin of violence he had committed. He was evidently just recovering from a deep debauch, and this had been his way of celebrating the birthday of Him who came into the world to seek and to save just such wretched perversions of humanity as he was.

I made known my wants to him, adding that Captain R—— had assured me that he could supply me with either a horse or a mule with which to get on to Marshall.

"Captain R—— is a d——d liar, sir. He knows thar hain't nary mule within five mile of here," he answered fiercely.

Despite the difficult position I was in, I had to smile at the ferocious energy with which the man uttered this speech, and I said, "Isn't it unhealthy to use expressions of that kind in this latitude?"

"Not to such a cuss as he are. He's both a liar and a coward; but, coward or not, I allers speak what I think, and take the consequences."

"I've no doubt you do; you look like a brave man, and a good-natured one too. So I feel sure you'll in some way help me on to Marshall."

"I would if I could,—I swar I would,—but I don't see how in the world I kin do it."

"I'll tell you how. I noticed alongside the track, as I turned down here, a dump-car. Now, rig up a couple of darkies, and let them take me on with that to Marshall. I will pay them well for it."



"How much will you pay?" asked the old-fashioned boy, not giving his father time to answer.

"Whatever you ask, if it doesn't overgo my pile."

"Will you give a dollar,—in two half-dollars?" asked the boy.

"Yes, I will,—two just out of the mint; and I'll give more, if you ask it."

"No, that's enough," said the father. "You can git the nigs to go for fifty cents, Sam, and put the rest in your pocket."

"And if you hadn't said nothing I'd ha' put a dollar and fifty cents in my pocket," said the dutiful son. Then to me he added, "Dad hain't wuth shocks at a trade; that's the why we'se so pore. But you'll pay in advance?"

"Yes, and give you the two dollars," handing him the silver. "Now, Sam, make the best trade you can with the darkies, and tell them I'll give them a dollar more if they get me to Marshall before nine o'clock."

"I will, sir," he said, and he popped out of the room like a bullet out of a musket-barrel. When he was gone, his father drew a black flask from his pocket, and, picking up a broken glass from the floor beside him, said to me, "I say, stranger, take a little apple-jack,—'twill warm you up: you've a cold ride before you."

"No, my friend; I can stand the cold better without that kind of warming."

"Well, I thought you was a Yankee when you come in; now I know it." This was said in a friendly tone, and not at all disrespectfully.

"How do you know I am a Yankee?"

"By your being so free with your money, and knowing enough not to drink before going out into the cold."

"What do you know about the Yankees?"

"A heap. I was a prisoner to Johnson's Island, and after the surrender I stayed three years among them."

"Well, my friend, I am a Yankee, and, whatever you are, you're a very

decent fellow; you've only one fault,—and if you won't shoot me I'll tell you what it is."

"I won't. What is it?" he asked, smiling.

"And you won't draw that butcher-knife you carry in the back pocket of your trousers?"

"I don't carry one: so I won't draw it," he answered, now laughing outright.

"Well, it's that flask of apple-jack in your side-pocket. Throw it away, and there isn't anything you couldn't make of yourself."

"Do you b'lieve that?"

"I don't believe it; I know it."

"Then, I sw'ar, I'll throw it away."

"Do it at once. Pitch it out of the window, and never taste the cursed stuff again."

He took the flask from his pocket and gazed at it fixedly for a moment; then he said, "But how kin I do it, stranger? What other comfort has a man that has had such losses and disappointments as I've had? It's only when I take it that I feel like a man."

"It's only a bogus manhood. No man who takes it habitually has any real manliness. It keeps him poor, and it makes his wife and children suffer. I wouldn't hurt your feelings, but I can see that Sam knows it is ruining you: so give it up on the boy's account, if for no other reason."

The man rose and paced the room with an unsteady step for a few moments; then he paused, and, turning to me, said, "Be you a preacher?"

"No, I am not; and I have no disposition to preach to you; but I've seen a good deal of the world, and it isn't in me to see a fine, manly fellow like you going straight to the devil without saying a word to stop him."

He took a few more turns up and down the room while I was speaking, and then, with a long swing of his arm, he threw the flask of apple-jack out of the opening in the weather-board, saying, when he had done so, "Sir, I don't know your name, and I may never



CLIFFS ALONG THE FRENCH BROAD RIVER, NEAR LOVERS' LEAP.

see you again, but I promise you, before the God that made us, never to taste a drop of the cursed stuff from this time forth forever."

He kept his word, as I learned from him and others more than a year after this occurrence. He told me then that he had often before come to the brink of that resolution, and that when I met

him it needed only a feather to turn the trembling scale which was to decide his future. That feather was my reference to his boy Sam.

I record this little incident simply to encourage those who would do unobtrusive good by the wayside.

We know little how much a few words dropped here and there and "fitly spoken" may help some poor fellow who has fallen and is struggling to get upon his feet again.

The reader has never ridden seven miles on the six-feet-by-six deck of a dump-car, seated on a block of wood and unable to change his position, on a cloudy night, with the wind blowing

keenly down a mountain-gorge, and the thermometer in the near neighborhood of zero. He has never had such a three-hours' experience on a steep up-grade, and therefore cannot sympathize

with my feelings when at half-past eight o'clock I staggered off that dump-car and into the warm, cheerful, hospitable inn at Marshall.

EDMUND KIRKE.

## AURORA.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### A DEEP LETTER-BOX.

**D**'RUBIERA'S first sensation when he drove down the avenue and saw his house and gardens disappear behind the mountain-spur with its old castle was one of relief. His boys were with him,—he was taking them a drive to the station,—and he drew them close, one at either side, with a deep sigh of contentment and affection. Michele, who, of course, accompanied the duke, was on the box with the coachman; and it seemed to the self-exiled master that he had within his arms' reach all that was really his own and worth calling his own in the world. In the hearts of these three, sons and servant, was a full and loyal love for him. No one could step between him and them, and there was nothing in them or in himself which could interpose an element of discord.

The boys would return to the villa; but his temporary parting with them did not grieve him deeply. Dear little fellows! they were scarcely out of swaddling-clothes as yet, and his intimacy with them had been formed in fragmentary half-hours snatched from nurses and teachers. He hardly knew them. Their companionship and the fulness of their mutual love was something for the future. He looked over their bright heads and far beyond to the time when he would see them young men entering on a career and doing honor to themselves and to him.

D'Rubiera was not sentimental about children, though their dawning characteristics interested and amused him. To his breezy, open-air nature they were crude and comical and needed to be closely looked after; but he had no mystical ideas whatever regarding them. A smiling baby had for him no suggestion of hovering angels, but rather of sufficient milk and a soft couch that hid no pins. Its innocence was very pretty, as the whiteness of a snow-drop was very pretty, and both were insipid. He saw nothing to worship in such innocence. The child had not sinned, because it did not know how to; when it should have learned how, it would sin promptly, more or less.

In fact, the Piedmontese colonel was not an apotheosizer of youth and immaturity in any form, though he considered a pretty girl a very pleasant object of contemplation as far as her sweet freshness and modesty go. As for the innocence of the maiden, it excited in him no more enthusiasm than did the same quality in a baby. "I see no reason," he would say, "why I should go down on my knees and worship a girl simply because she does no harm and is so ignorant of the world that she asks questions and slips out remarks that make your hair stand on end. When I see a woman grown who knows what life is, and who, you can see, walks in the straight road, and shrinks, you can see, in every nerve and fibre of her at a dishonest word or act, and keeps her hand back that every chance acquaintance may not touch it, I

call that a substantial innocence, and I take off my hat to it."

Perhaps if the duke had had a different mother for his children, one of those brooding doves who hang over the cradles of their infants and dream celestial dreams about them, she might have inspired him with something of her mysticism and of her reverence for these two small, nebulous men. But Madama Laura was not a brooding dove. She rejoiced as loudly as any antique Jewess that her first-born was a son, but from a somewhat different motive, perhaps. She imagined the rage and envy of the Cagliostro duchess, and set it out to her husband in glowing terms. She screamed at him when he said that he hoped the Cagliostro brat would live and grow strong, and that for his part he wanted his boy to be a soldier and a colonel. She called the child marquis before he could call her mamma, and in his youthful illnesses thought of the loss of a coronet rather than of a darling child.

"Oh, you red rose!" she would cry, pinching his cheek with her jewelled fingers as he lay smiling in his nurse's arms. "That fading weed will not be in your place long."

All this exposition of the duke's mind with regard to children and youth is preparatory to saying that he embraced his boys on leaving them in the carriage with their tutor and waved his hand at them from the car window with tenderness indeed, but with no poignant sense of loss. His heart was yet full of that feeling of relief which had surprised himself by its intensity.

But as the hours passed and he approached Rome a different phase of his act in leaving home began to show itself. He perceived that, unless his wife were more generous in the circumstances than he had ever found her or could hope to find her, it might be more embarrassing for him to return than it would have been if he had remained. If in revenge for his mortifying reminder she should resolve that he should sue for her now, if he had not before their marriage, his courtship could certainly have been

made with more reasonable hopes of success than when far away.

He resolved to write her an affectionate letter that very evening. Posted before nine o'clock, it would reach her with her coffee the next morning. Such promptness could not but convince her of his wish to conciliate.

He descended at Rome and took a public carriage to his great silent palace, where an astonished *guarda-roba* opened the door for him after Michele had nearly pulled the bell-knob out by the roots. No notice had been sent of his coming.

The large rooms were cool, thanks to thick walls and to windows always jealously closed; but it was a stale coolness, oddly, even disagreeably, perfumed. Fainting atoms of odors which had been left from the silks and laces of past festivals, emanations from wood and wool and silk and paint, all faint and stale, mingled to make a heavy and depressing atmosphere.

D'Rubiera flung open the windows, and a hot air came crinkling in from sun-smitten walls and pavements like the air from a furnace. But that was better than the stuffy air inside.

"What an infernal fool I was to leave the country!" he muttered. "By Jove! I think, after all, that she was the one who should have gone away."

Michele entered with his master's luncheon, brought from a *trattoria*. There was a cold chicken, with a salad of fresh lettuce, a bottle of dry *bisocchi* "spumante" set in clear crushed ice, and a strawberry pastry. There was also a package of morning papers and a box of cigarettes.

D'Rubiera's heart revived a little. After all, he hadn't got to sit opposite anybody while eating his luncheon.

"Put the table before the window," he said. "Find me a wicker chair and a fan. And, Michele, strawberries require Marsala."

"I've got Marsala, signor colonello," replied the man, bringing a beautiful wicker arm-chair out of an adjoining *salon*. He was happy in serving his master in the old way. The sight of

those solemn liveried servants who had usurped his place had always brought a mournful sigh to his lips.

D'Rubiera put aside his family troubles and lunched in peace, reading, at the same time, his papers propped up against the water-bottle. Then, leaning back, he smoked himself into a half sleep, his mind taking a somewhat more comfortable view of life than it had an hour before. Later he went to his club, where not a soul was to be seen but servants. In the evening the band played in Piazza Colonna. He strolled about and found an acquaintance or two. One went home to dine with him, and they sat up talking till dawn, when he sank into a bed as sweet and fresh as any in the country.

"I wonder how it is that the linen does not smell sepulchral, when everything else in the house does," he thought languidly. "It's a bed of roses." And he dropped pleasantly asleep with that impression.

It was, in fact, due to the faithful Michele that he slept with pleasure instead of disgust. That inspired factotum had had the linen airing on the house-top the whole afternoon, had bought a bottle of rose-essence with his own money, the colonel having a fondness for that perfume, and touched pillows and mattresses here and there with it, and, lastly, had made the bed only an hour before his master got into it.

Perhaps it was owing to this pleasant sleep that, instead of returning at once and with authority to Sassovivo, as he had half resolved to do the night before, the duke set out for his villa by the sea.

Bellmar was a noble casino. It stood on a slight elevation fronting the sea and about ten minutes' walk from the beach.

It was another guarda-roba taken by surprise and another stale house to open. But here the fresh sea-air rushed in through open casements, there was a soft thunder and wash of splendid waves breaking on the rocks that here and there divided the flat beach, and, beyond, the infinite variety of the sea.

It was not yet the season for bathing, but boating was a pleasure.

"It isn't a bad sort of place," D'Rubiera said. "I will stay a week or two. I must have a pair of horses down, and a newspaper or two, and some new books, and I think it will be tolerable. You can pick up what servants are necessary, Michele. But, mind, I don't want an establishment, but only enough for a skirmishing sort of a life."

The freshness and beauty of it all lifted a little the growing weight from his heart. He went out rowing or sailing, he rode and drove through the beautiful neighborhood, finding an acquaintance or two, he read novels and newspapers, or he sat in an upper window, his elbows resting on the sill, and gazed off over the water, watching to see how it mocked the land. Now it stretched out a green field and planted it with evergreens. He opened his eyes wide to see the trees stand there dark and tapering in a green like early spring grass. Then it broke up from underneath, with dark running shadows as of lava, and the green field rocked and broke and disappeared in ruin, and a blackness covered the place where it had been. Then a wide space rippled out brightly in the sunshine, and white villas built themselves up, and gardens were all about, dotted with statues; then again a simulated earthquake.

It was beautiful, but it suggested melancholy thoughts of the instability of life and human happiness. He felt, too, the desolateness of an alien element happy in itself and utterly oblivious of him. Not oblivious alone: if it should get hold of him it would strangle him.

He turned away from the sight, beautiful as it was, with a bitter impatience. The thing palled upon him. He was Sisyphus, and his days were heavy stones.

Why did not Laura write to him? He had written to her from Rome, a mere kind little note, as if nothing had happened between them, unless some unusual expressions of regard were proofs that something had happened; and he had written a letter soon after



his arrival at Bellmar. The second had been a long letter for him to write, for he was a laconic correspondent; and he had told his wife that his days passed heavily, and how he missed her and the boys. He had hoped that the implied regret would win an invitation to return. It did not win any reply whatever.

D'Rubiera was not a patient man, but he waited. He waited the more patiently from a consciousness that he did not love his wife. Besides, he said to himself that this was a crisis in their lives, and he must do nothing hastily. But he ground his teeth as the days passed.

In one of those days an incident occurred which would have interested him had he known of it.

Michele, who was Jack at all trades and excellent in several, found himself one day obliged to assist the cook, their *ménage* being a rustic one. Some wonderful fishes had been brought in fresh from the sea that morning, and he proposed to surprise the colonel at luncheon with a dish which he particularly liked.

There were certain duties which Michele had always taken upon himself, and one of these was to go to the post-office for his master's letters. But the office had become a sinecure, and on this day Michele broke through his rule and sent one of his improvised servants.

Pietro went with delight, for at that very hour would pass the fair Chiara, the fascinating daughter and assistant of a washwoman; and he was Chiara's slave. He hastened to the office, found two letters, and ran breathlessly back to where at the corner of the villa wall, where a lane led from the main road to the public washing-fountain, a girl stood with a basket of linen on her head. She set it down when he reached her; and when he found her disposed to smile upon him he forgot everything else. Leaning on the villa wall, he gave himself up to the delight of her society.

They talked a good deal of nonsense,

and the girl indulged in some little coquettish familiarities,—one of them being to snatch the letters that Pietro carried from his hand and terrify him by pretending to break them open. Of course he tried to get them away from her, and of course she resisted.

One of these letters was in a large square envelope, the very pink of ceremony, and loaded the duke with titles; the other, though directed with elegance and in characters which were models of labored and fastidious beauty,—such characters as the old manuscripts show,—was a rather awkwardly thick letter in a yellow envelope of the most common description. The first, which bore the Roman post-mark alone, Chiara presently handed back to her admirer; the second, a letter from Sassovivo, forwarded from Rome, she retained, and, while talking of other things, turned it over, tossed it up in order to show her bright eyes in looking after it, laid it down and studied over it in order to show her long lashes,—in fine, made it the instrument of a dozen coquettish movements.

The superfine letter, which even the impudent Chiara did not dare to trifle too much with, was from the duke's wine-merchant; the yellow one she was tossing carelessly about contained the letters of the duchess and the ambassador, with a few words from Fra Antonio written on a sheet of rather poor paper, but exquisite in penmanship and irreproachable as to ceremonious Italian style. The inner address was written at the middle top of the page, in the manner of a proclamation, and the subject-matter began at some distance below. The letter closed with the due "ossequi" and declaration that the writer was his excellency's most humble and most devoted servant. Between these professions and the signature, which shrank in small letters into the lower right-hand corner of the page, the date was interposed, running in from the left hand,—a style which gives the impression that the writer wishes all this devotion to be understood as up to date, but not to be

taken for granted beyond that without further confirmation.

The wall on which these two leaned was low and supported an iron railing. The stones were large and closed with a white cement. Between two of the stones a strip of the cement was wanting, leaving a long narrow opening, which looked so much like the slip of a letter-box that Chiara, as she talked, made a feint of dropping the letter she held into it and drawing it out again.

"It's all nonsense for you to talk of being jealous of Claudio," she said, dipping the letter into the hole. "In the first place, you have no right to be jealous of any one. In the next place, I don't care anything about him."

"Don't you really care for him?" cried Pietro fervently, and tried to seize the girl's hand.

She made a pretence of rejection, and in doing so dropped the letter into the hole in earnest.

There was a simultaneous "Oh!" then an instant of silence. Then both heads were bent over the wall.

"I see a corner of it," Chiara said, in a breathless whisper. "Find me a slender stick, and I will get it up again."

Pietro found a slender twig, and the girl set a pin deftly into the end of it, then, with light and careful fingers, tried to transfix the spot of dull yellow visible in the dark orifice.

There was a moment of suspense, then a cry of distress from Chiara. Instead of catching the letter, her light touch had pushed it from some frail support, so that it had quite disappeared.

The two looked at each other, all thoughts of love-making quite out of their minds for the time. "What shall we do?" whispered the girl.

"Let me try," said Pietro, and, seizing the twig with the pin in the end, thrust it down till his fingers went in with it. It did not touch bottom, still less did it bring the letter to light. The opening was a profound one. Dividing the two upper stones, it probably

reached the ground between the inner and outer ones.

"It's lost!" exclaimed Pietro, in despair, and dropped the twig in after the letter.

Steps were heard in the garden inside, and an omnibus was visible coming down the road.

"Anyway, it was only a yellow cover," said Chiara, brightening a little. "It can't be important. Signori never use those envelopes. Just you keep silent, and nobody will ever know anything about it."

She put her finger to her lip in token of her own secrecy, and slipped away, while Pietro, in a sobered frame of mind, went to the house and gave his one letter to Michele, who asked no questions.

No questions were asked by any one, and consequently no lies were told, though they were all carefully prepared in case they should be called for.

That evening Pietro stole out alone and found a long slender stick, and put a pin into the end of it and spent an hour in stabbing down into the hole in the wall, but without effect. It was his last chance. Having been sent to the post a second time, he could still present the letter, if he got it, and the stamped date of its arrival would not betray him. But on the morrow the stamp would be a day too late. And, besides, he might not be allowed to go for the letters again.

For the duke's loss he cared as little as possible, but he cared a good deal for what might happen to himself if the loss should be discovered.

A day or two passed without any questions having been asked, and Pietro felt himself safe. The postmaster would have forgotten by this time. And, besides, the duke was going away.

The duke, in fact, had become as disgusted with Bellmar as he had been with Rome, but, restraining his impatience yet a little longer, he set out for Como instead of Sassovivo. Not a word had reached him in reply to his three letters to his wife.

"I am going to Como," he wrote her

on the eve of setting out. "I shall stay but a few days, and return to Sassovivo on the last of the month."

The month was June.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A CHANGE OF PLAN.

THE visit which the duchess had promised Aurora was made with the most charming cordiality and lack of ceremony. She came up on foot by the rocks above her garden, accompanied only by her maid, and she chatted with the greatest familiarity, affecting not to perceive that Aurora looked as white as a ghost and made only the most languid replies to her compliments.

"I have received a letter this morning from poor Cousin Paula," the duchess said, lying graciously, "and my heart quite aches for her. She has lost everything which makes life worth living. She had a husband whom she adored, and a large fortune, and the husband died and the fortune was lost. She had a little girl in the first year of her marriage, and the child lived only six months. She had saved a small pittance out of the wreck of their possessions, and with that she went back to end her days in her native place. And then came the last blow. Their palace was sold, and she is left homeless."

"It is sad to be homeless," murmured Aurora faintly.

"I have written her that I will try to find her a place as companion to some nice person," the duchess went on airily. "She could board in a convent, but that does not please her. So I am going to look about immediately for a place for her. There will not be the slightest difficulty, as she is the dearest creature in the world."

At the first intimation of the speaker's meaning, Aurora lifted a quick glance to her face. What! was this the woman who only the day before had wished to turn her out of the castle in order that these same cousins might take possession of it? What new turn

was this? Was it a trap? The woman before her was perfectly capable of setting one. Aurora read her duplicity of character, as sincerity always can read duplicity if it be an intelligent sincerity. It knows the true ring of truth.

"Do you mean that the Signora Paula wishes for a place where she may be a companion?" she asked, somewhat breathlessly.

"Precisely, my dear signorina," replied the duchess, smiling affectionately at her and tapping her own fingers with her fan.

A color began to flutter in Aurora's face. "Of course she would expect a large remuneration," she said.

"I do not know that she would expect anything," answered Madama Laura, shrugging her shoulders. "What she wants is a peaceful home. In fact," here she bent her affectionate smile again on Aurora's face, "if you had not been already supplied with a friend and protectress, I could have wished for nothing better for Paula than to come and live with you and be close to me when I am in the country. I am sure that you and she would be very happy together."

A deep sensitive blush had covered all of Aurora's face while listening, and her eyes filled with tears. It was such a relief that for a moment she could not steady her voice to speak.

"It is providential," she said tremulously. "Only this morning I received a letter from the Signora Nina, my friend, and she has disappointed me. Some American lady has offered her a high salary to travel with her and give her lessons in Italian and French at the same time, and she wrote me that she was too poor to refuse such a chance. I should be so very glad if your cousin will come to me, and come at once. I cannot pay her anything, but also I require no service but her company. She will live as I live, and be served as I am."

"How delightful!" cried madama, and in her enthusiasm bent forward and kissed Aurora on both cheeks. "You are so amiable, my dear contessina!

It is, as you say, providential. Ah, my dear, God always takes care of us if we trust in him. I must go home and write to her at once. When will you come to see me? Very soon, I hope."

Aurora murmured her thanks, but made no promise. She was relieved, certainly, but she was not reassured. What can the change mean? she asked herself over and over, as she accompanied her visitor down-stairs and replied to her profuse compliments.

"What does it mean?" she whispered to herself, as she went up-stairs again and shut herself into her own room; and, though all that she had seemed about to lose seemed to be restored to her, her heart was troubled. She had no confidence in Madama Laura's good will. There was a sense of something evil in the air.

As when one approaches a great cataract, and, while yet unseen, the air gives warning of it by a trembling sense of unheard sound, so, approaching that terrible moment of life when all men should seem false to her, and, looking about for some one on whom her trust could repose in security, and finding none, she should feel herself standing dizzy on the brink of a dark abyss, Aurora trembled with a premonitory chill, and a sense of some foundation sinking away from beneath her heart.

And then, while she studied over the problem, a sweet ray of light stole in. It was Fra Antonio's letter! D'Rubiera, on learning what his wife had done, had written her at once and forbidden that the castle should be taken from its rightful tenant. "And perhaps he may have suggested that she should be kind to me," Aurora thought. "It would be like him."

It was a comfort and an assurance; but, though consoled, she was not restored to her former tranquillity. Treachery and wrong had been presented to her as possible, and the thought left an impression.

The duchess, for her part, went away in the best humor in the world. Cousin Paula would be the wedge. Once in,

it would be impossible to put her out, unless Paula were fool enough to let herself be ousted. She was glad to have been able to make this arrangement and keep up a semblance of friendship with Aurora. The girl's unexpected resistance had alarmed her, and a letter she had that morning received from a friend increased her alarm at the idea of a pronounced combat in which her husband would most certainly take part against her. The girl's position proved stronger than she had anticipated.

"Dearest Lauretta," her friend wrote, "I did not reply at once to your letter, because I was thinking it over. And now I have thought to some purpose. I know the Coronari well,—used to know Emilia,—and I confess frankly that I never liked them. They are assuming, they are impertinent, they are of the sublime high-and-mighty sort. They are countesses who look down upon princesses.

"Well, Providence favored me. I met Nina Campana, this girl's companion, and I have taken possession of her. A rich American woman, of limited education as far as languages go,—poor thing! she has been rich such a very short time,—wanted a travelling-companion. I recommended Nina to her, and her to Nina. I arranged a good—in fact, an enormous—salary, and finished the whole business in an afternoon.

"By this same mail the news will go to the sublime poetess that her companion is lost to her. Make the most of it, and never say again that I am not a good friend to you.

"But let me tell you, my dear, that you will have a battle. If the girl is anything like her mother, she will go to any extreme whatever to maintain her place."

Well, extremes were not necessary, and open war could be avoided. But Madama Laura by no means intended to pardon Aurora for having braved her.

"Did you talk with Giovanna?" she asked of her maid as they went down to the villa together.

"Oh, yes. I've been all over the house and down into the cellar with her," Rosina answered, laughing.

"Make much of her," said the duchess, with emphasis. Then, "What did she say?"

The letter was written to the Signora Paula, who sat amid her trunks and boxes at La Cala, anxiously waiting for news. They seemed to have forgotten her. She almost believed that Clemente and the duchess meant to leave her in La Cala, and she had already begun to look about there for some tiny place where she and Martina might find a refuge, when she learned what provision had been made for her.

"But what is to become of me?" cried Martina, who had read the letter over her mistress's shoulder. It had never occurred to her that she would be left behind.

"I will try and get you a place in the castle, Tina," said the Signora Paula soothingly. "You see, I must go at once. You can stay with some friend here till I send for you. Be sure I will not leave you behind a great while. Perhaps there may be some servant who can be got rid of. I am sure they cannot all be as faithful as you. And, poor Tina mia, if you cannot get much pay, or if you have only your living, you will still be as rich as you have been with us this many a day."

"I will go for nothing," cried Tina, beginning to sob. "Rather than be left behind, I will work for the signorina and you for my living only."

So the trunks were corded and the last good-byes said to friends.

"I must set out by the morning diligence, so that nobody may see me cry," the Signora Paula said.

The morning diligence left La Cala a little after daylight. And with early dawn the traveller was dressed and had swallowed her coffee, and a sob with it, and then took her last and hardest leave-taking of all. Accompanied by Martina, she went from room to room, looked at floor, ceiling, and walls, and out at each window. She seemed in each brief fixed glance to have photographed what

she saw. As she went, her tears dropped on brick and stone, and on window-ledge, and on the stones and weeds outside the windows as she leaned to see each view once more. A little yellow marguerite grew just under the window-ledge of the *salon*, and, as the Signora Paula bent to look into the piazza, a tear dropped into the centre of its disk of gold and set it trembling. Martina, leaning beside her mistress, saw it, and when the Signora Paula turned away she put her arm down and gathered the flower carefully and carefully laid it between the leaves of her prayer-book, tear and all.

Then they went down to the diligence, and Martina drove out a mile on the road with the signora, and walked back. There was no other passenger, and only the driver saw how the two women wept in each other's arms at parting and heard the last words spoken:

"Don't leave me alone here."

"I will not leave you long."

Then the diligence rolled on toward the mountains, and the Signora Paula half forgot her grief in anxiety for the future. For the first time in her life, she was to be a dependant. All her happiness, all her peace, would depend on the dispositions of another. What would those dispositions be?

Her future began well, most certainly. Descending at the Sassovivo station in the afternoon, she was met by a servant of the villa, who took her through the station. And there were the duchess and Aurora in a carriage waiting for her. Her cousin's compliments were quite a matter of course, and meant simply that she wished to be amiable at the moment; but she turned quickly to the other, and at the first glance her heart expanded and a smile sprang to her lips.

The lovely sweet face was looking at her with the same anxious inquiry which she had herself felt, and her own smile found a swift reflection. Moreover, Aurora insisted on taking her place on the front seat, which was a sign that she was not to be treated as an inferior.

The duchess left them at the castle



gate, to their great satisfaction, and drove away, feeling that she had behaved in the most amiable and condescending manner possible.

Aurora led her companion to the door, and kissed her when they reached the threshold. "Let us try to make each other happy," she was about to say, following an old habit of thought and feeling, but the impulse seemed to have lost its force. "Let us try not to make each other unhappy," she said instead.

How charming it all was!—the pleasant rooms, of which her own was one of the pleasantest, the comfort, the elegance, the freshness, which was not painfully fresh, the sense of peace and friendliness. Having cried at early dawn with grief, the Signora Paula cried at evening with joy. She had been made to lie down and rest on her arrival. The persiane had been closed by Aurora herself, who breathed a soft "*Buon riposo*" and as softly went out, closing the door behind her.

The Signora Paula did not dream of sleeping; but she slept nevertheless, and when she waked the stars were coming out. Then there was the pretty dinner,—a delicate, modest festa dinner for two ladies,—and a long after-dinner talk. Won by the kindness of her patroness and by the simplicity with which Aurora always told what she told at all, the Signora Paula poured out all her heart that evening, not forgetting even Martina's sorrows.

"Why, she might come here and stay with you," Aurora said. "I cannot pay any more servants, and I do not need any more, but perhaps she might find a place near by after a while."

What a good fairy she was! The next day a letter went to Martina, and two days later the woman arrived, bag and baggage, as happy as a queen, and ready to scour the castle from its lowest to its topmost stone, if such service were needed.

"I don't see what *she* is here for," grumbled Giovanna, after having forced herself to give the new-comer a civil reception.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### JEALOUSY.

"Now that everybody else is well settled, we must think of you," the duchess said to her cousin Clemente, after it became evident that Aurora and the Signora Paula were pleased with each other. "I must own that I am in a quandary about it, though. Of course we need the duke's help, or rather he must do all; and I don't see well how I can ask him to interest himself without consenting to his coming back. I don't want him here. Besides, I don't know how he will like your being here with me."

"He wouldn't like it at all if he knew how I admire you," said the count.

The duchess smiled and cast her eyes down.

"How I love you!" pursued the count in a lower voice.

The lady remained silent, her eyes fixed on her fan.

A mocking smile passed over her cousin's lips. "I don't see why the duke need enter," he said, changing his tone. "The best thing to find for me is an heiress, and you are the one to do that. Who is this rich American whom the Campana is to travel with? Find her out, and tell her that a coronet awaits her in Sassovivo."

The duchess colored and pressed her lips together in a moment of angry silence. Then she said sweetly, "I'm afraid the heiress will not be so easy to catch. They look very high nowadays."

The count bit his lip at the retort, but conquered his desire to resent it. "I will take anything that has money," he said obligingly. "I think that some old maid would be willing. Of course I don't dream of love, Lauretta;" and his tones ended softly.

"I don't see why you need marry," she said, with an impatient movement of the head. "Your wife will be a torment to you. Of course she will be jealous."

"I need not see much of her," said the count. "If she is disagreeable, I certainly shall not."

"You will injure yourself in society, and society is your idol," exclaimed the duchess. "People like an appearance of decency in a married man. Then your wife would be a bother to others. Many a time you would yourself miss an invitation because some one did not wish to ask her. An agreeable *garçon* is always sure of a welcome."

The Signor Clemente became pensive. It had not occurred to him that he would lose any bachelor-privileges in taking a wife.

"Well, we will think it over," he said, after a pause. "And now I will go up to the piazza for half an hour, if you permit."

"You mean that you will go up to the castle," his cousin said jealously. "You went there last night."

"I might take the castle on my way," the gentleman admitted mildly, as if the idea had just been suggested to him.

In fact, he had "taken it on his way" a great many times, and since his sister's arrival had been so attentive to her that the most ingenuous mind could but suspect that she had acquired some new attraction for him.

"He is certainly a good brother," Aurora thought, witnessing these attentions. Some people, she reflected, were affectionate in their families, devoted and true, but did not attach themselves to any one outside that circle, or attach any one to themselves. That might be the way with Count Fantini, whom most certainly she did not like. She did not like his long, bony look: from the high forehead and large ears to the long, slender feet he was unpleasant to her. She did not like his cold, green, penetrating eyes. He had a way of looking straight ahead when it was evident that he was attentive to some object the image of which entered those clear eyeballs from the side. She did not like his guarded air, which gave the beholder an impression that the man was conscious of something in himself which would not be to his advantage if seen. In fine, he was distasteful to her, and she was not displeased to see that he seemed by no means to be attracted by her. He

scarcely noticed her more than politeness required.

"I do wish that you would be more attentive to the signorina," his sister said to him. "She is a sweet creature. Besides, she is mistress here."

"She ought not to be mistress here," he muttered.

"But she *is* mistress," the Signora Paula insisted, "and as such entitled to respect. Besides, she is my benefactress. She has done more for me than any one else in the world ever did." Her thought added a bitter, involuntary "even you" to the sentence, but her lips did not utter it.

"Well, if you think it necessary," the count said hesitatingly and with well-feigned reluctance. He had attained his point. Paula would tell their cousin that she had to scold him in order to make him civil to Aurora. He could safely open the full battery of his fascinations. Not that he had any intentions either matrimonial or otherwise with regard to Aurora. It was simply that he always made it a point to fascinate all the women he could. One never knew when they might be useful.

Of course this practice sometimes led him among shoals, but he had formed a system of his own which nearly always extricated him from the difficulty. If two or more of his charmers were present at the same time, he would take refuge in a fit of sulks and be uncivil to everybody. This might be afterward explained to each one separately. Or he sulked at one and paid violent attention to another,—a course easy to explain as pique born of jealousy. His devices were many, and always clever.

Aurora was too gentle-hearted to resist an evident desire to be amiable to her, and she owned that the count could be interesting, if he was not agreeable. He certainly was clever in his way, and had read more than one would have believed, though his literary references were matter of memory rather than of thought. She began to smile at his coming, to show him something of the kindness she felt for his sister,

and to find that the aversion she had felt for him was not gone, indeed, but almost hidden behind an accumulation of pleasant incidents and thoughts.

"They are getting to be the greatest of friends," the Signora Paula said to the duchess one day, when she had gone down alone to the villa. "I shouldn't be surprised," she added, with a smiling glance at her brother, "if the whole matter were to end with Clemente being master of the house and Aurora mistress at the same time."

Poor, simple Signora Paula! She had found her brother so very affectionate, and was altogether so pleased with the situation, that she forgot her discretion. Her forgetfulness was brief, however, for he recalled her to herself with a suddenness which made her almost jump out of her chair.

"You are a fool!" he shouted. "I have been civil to the girl because you begged me to be. You said it would do harm to you if I continued to treat her so coldly. I've only done what you teased me to do."

The Signora Paula sat for an instant silent, pallid, and confounded.

"You needn't be so violent, Clemente," the duchess remarked bitterly. "It proves too much."

The sister recovered herself, rose, and, with a civil good-by to her cousin, walked out of the room and the house. "He didn't want *her* to know," she murmured, as she made her dizzy way through the garden. Clemente had often been rude to her, but never so rude as that. "Yes, that is the trouble: he didn't want *her* to know."

And, thinking the matter over, she forgave him. Poor Clemente! His advancement depended on Laura; and if Laura were disposed to be jealous, of course he must humor her. She was so vain and revengeful. But he would

know how to make peace. Clem was clever enough for anything. She was glad that she had come away and left them together.

Clemente was not so clever, however, but that the duchess concluded to recall her husband and send her cousin away.

And so it happened that D'Rubiera's letter announcing his return was met with an amiability which surprised him even more than the preceding silence had. His wife replied immediately:

"I shall expect you the last of the month. And do look out something for Clemente before you return. He is here waiting for employment, and it is quite a bore. You might find out something on the way home."

"Roberto is coming home," she announced to her cousin that evening at dinner, speaking with her sweetest smile.

"Indeed!" he replied, reddening. The presence of the servants prevented any further words on the subject.

But as they passed through the vestibule, in going from the dining- to the drawing-room after dinner, the count seized his cousin's wrist and drew her rudely out into the garden.

"You said he would stay away all summer," he exclaimed angrily, as soon as they were out of hearing-distance.

"You hurt my wrist, Clem!" said the duchess.

He released her. "Have you written him to come?" he demanded.

"No: he means to come. What a savage you are! I really need his protection against you. I will show you his letter if you doubt my word. I have never once written to him since he went away"—"till to-day," she added mentally.

MARY AGNES TINCKER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A HOLIDAY IN SCOTLAND.

THE roaring night mail hurried us along past the busy Midland towns and through that Gehenna of the upper air, the Black Country, with lurid spouts of flame lighting up its dark desolation. A few short snatches of troubled sleep, and at last the cool light of the early morning broke on us among the hills of Cumberland. Scotland, the land of promise, was now within a few miles, but the district at this moment being traversed, the Borderland, was rich with interests and associations of its own. Soon, however, the train whirled me over the Border and began to penetrate swiftly into Scotland proper. In something like twelve hours from London Perth was reached,—a station which usually presents a scene of confusion worse confounded. It is an object of reverence and admiration to the Scotch, for reasons that are not so obvious to the less enlightened stranger. There the three great English lines, or rather their Scotch continuations, converge and terminate, the onward traffic from this point being managed by the Highland Railway. The principal expresses of the southern lines are timed to reach Perth within half an hour of each other, and the Highland Railway train is supposed, by a convenient fiction, to run in connection with these. Put not your trust, however, in time-tables, or you will find your confidence wofully misplaced. A loss of ten minutes or so may well be excused in the journey of four hundred and fifty miles from London; anyhow, it must be reckoned upon; and as the express glides into Perth somewhat behind its time, you reflect in your innocence that, as the Highland line depends for seven-eighths of its traffic upon what comes to it from the south, the company may exercise a generous forbearance toward the small unpunctualities of its feeders. Vain hope! There stands the Highland train, fizzling impatiently to be off, while the station is thronged with a

struggling mass of bewildered passengers, striving to get assistance or information from a handful of still more bewildered porters. Stories have been told you of the fabulous excellence of the breakfast which awaits the wayfarer at Perth station; but the shortness of the time left you forbids the idea of breakfasting, unless the rigor of the law be relaxed in your favor. Ah, blessed sight!—there is the superintendent, splendid with gold and embroidery. He will relieve your doubts.

"Can you tell me if the Highland train will start at the advertised time, or will it wait to let the passengers from the south get breakfast?"

An expression of vague perplexity comes over his hard features, as if this problem had never been presented to him before, and, after a quarter of a minute's deliberation, he slowly replies, "'Deed a'm no varra shoore."

You just pause to murmur a hurried benediction on the intelligence and capacity of Scotch officials, and then dash off to procure a bag of buns, biscuits, or anything you can lay hands on before entering upon the struggle for a seat. As a matter of fact, with the dilatoriness that characterizes Scotch railway management, the Highland train will very likely be a quarter of an hour late in starting,—a fact which may not conduce to soothe your reflections in your totally unwashed and only partially fed condition. But these minor discomforts are beneath attention to the robust imagination of "Caledonia stern and wild." At last, however, you get off, and, having munched your buns, the first pipe of morning brings a calm of its own.

Moreover, soon after leaving Perth a change comes over the face of the land, and the loveliness of the scenery repays you for everything. From Dunkeld almost up to Forres different types of beauty are revealed in turn, varying

from the richest green of the tree-clad slopes and valleys to the rugged grandeur of the storm-scarred mountain or the wild expanse of the deer-forest. The train roars through the historical pass of Killiecrankie, better known in these more peaceful times for the salmon river which foams down it. At Blair Athol the line pierces the heart of the Grampians, and moorland is heaped on moorland to the horizon on either side. Farther on the hills close in upon us, their rough sides clothed with the tender green of larch- and fir-tree, set off by the darker hues of birch and beech; and at Aviemore the train seems to have wandered into fairy-land.

The carriage is full, and the impedimenta of the passengers make it uncomfortably crowded. But the circumstances are favorable to good temper and *bonhomie*, and the impedimenta themselves reveal a common bond of union. There is no mistaking the purpose which the whole party have in view. Gun-cases and magazines protrude from under the seats, while the racks overhead are laden with creels and fishing-rods. The conversation soon takes a decidedly sporting turn. The prospects of the different moors, the prevalence of the grouse disease, the state of the rivers, are all eagerly discussed, and sporting experiences are related and compared. When fairly launched among the moors, some enterprising spirit starts a sweepstakes for the side of the carriage which shall see the first grouse, and keen is the excitement till this is decided.

By the time, however, that Inverness is reached the party will probably be greatly reduced, and a traveller like myself to the far north may possibly be left to finish the journey alone. Then indeed it is borne in upon you with irresistible force that you have not shaved for the last thirty-five hours, and this, added to the fatigues of a long journey and a subconscious sense of extreme dirtiness, slightly oppresses your spirits; at least it did mine. But here nature's sweet restorer—a nap—brings oblivion, broken at times by

dreamy impressions of blue seas, purple hills, or long expanses of tidal sand alive with countless hosts of screaming sea-fowl, as the train winds its tortuous way along the Firths of Moray, Cromarty, and Dornoch. But the end was at hand; and as the train slowly drew up to a rough little station in the heart of the moor I recognized my host's bays in the wagonette waiting outside. The hearty welcome so gracefully peculiar to the Scotch awaited me at the end of a six-mile drive; and after a cheery but quiet evening I was not sorry to get to bed.

"Breakfast in half an hour" was the laconic announcement outside my door which broke my slumbers the next morning. Laziness tempted me to steal a few minutes from this half-hour, and then the accumulated remonstrances of conscience, quickened by a sudden fear that the day's programme might be arranged in my absence, drove me with a bound out of bed. Dressing with what speed I might, I hurried down to the breakfast-room. There I found that my anxiety had been wasted, for the original computation of half an hour had evidently not included "grace," a ceremony whose exuberance completely put to shame the curt thanksgivings of the south. Indeed, a genuine Scotch grace is rather a formidable affair, demanding some powers of composition and a certain amount of literary ability. It should comprise a neat *résumé* of the creative and economical processes to which we owe the existence of food in general, gratitude for the particular supply immediately vouchsafed us, compassion for those who have no such plenty before them, some general remarks on our personal shortcomings, and perhaps a pious prayer for the speedy conversion of infidels and heretics. The breakfast which followed was as substantial as the grace, and was worthy, as well as suggestive, of the "land o' cakes."

After breakfast the serious business of the day came under discussion. Would I go shooting, or would I rather take my chance with the salmon? A



glance at the river which foamed below the window soon decided me to devote this day to the fly-rod. The river was clearing after a heavy spate, which would have brought many a clean-run fish from the sea into the tumbling pools of their fresh-water haunts. Grouse may be shot on almost any day, but it is only under certain conditions of water and weather that salmon become possessed by that mysterious craving for artificial flies which so often proves their doom. In low, clear water they lie stolidly at the bottom, or only "rise" in the early morning or late evening. When the river is swollen with rain and mud, they prefer to gratify a deplorable and degraded taste for worms. Thus the time for the fly-fisher is the mean between these two extremes. While the keeper was "sorting" my salmon-rod, as he called it, I took up a light trout-rod which was lying in the hall, and hurried down to the water, intent on some smaller quarry than the royal salmon. There is a species of *Salmonidæ* whose name might be called legion, but which is popularly known as the sea-trout or salmon-trout. There is a good deal of doubt as to the exact nature of these fish; there is none whatever as to their qualities. In the British Isles they rarely exceed six pounds in weight, and they usually average from one pound to three pounds. The thorough-going salmon-fisher despises them, but to my mind they show far finer sport and are much better to eat. Of course they must be fished for with appropriate tackle. The power of the salmon-rod is too much for them, and crushes all possibility of resistance. But on a twelve-foot trout-rod this game little fish will fight desperately for his liberty, and as often as not will achieve it.

The river as it flowed at my feet was a sight to gladden an angler's heart. All the impurities of the flood had disappeared, leaving a full stream of water, which, though clear, was stained to a deep brown by the peaty soil of its banks. To the eye of imagination it seemed that in every eddy a fish perforce must lurk; and for once, in a way,

the imagination was not far wrong. The foam and turmoil of the broken rapid, where the river struggled impetuously over an irregular barrier of rocks, was hardly suited to my present quest. Fifty yards lower down its fury subsided into a swift stream, whose surface, however, still retained many a dimpling swirl, the scars, so to speak, of the whirlpool wounds inflicted by the rocks above. Here I cast my first fly, in eager expectation, which was not long disappointed. As I watched the gray wings of the lure working down with the current to the tail of the "run," a sudden gleam of silver under the dark water, followed by a sharp tug, sent my heart into my mouth. Down went the hooked fish with a rush to the bottom; the next instant the strain was relaxed, and a bright little "whitling" (a sea-trout that has only been once to the sea) bounced up into the air,—a detestable trick, which has lost me many a good fish. However, in this case the barb retained its hold, and after one more sharp rush I got the mastery, and before long my quarry was on the grass beside me. Here the keeper came up with the salmon-rod, and, though I was sorely inclined to continue my attentions to the sea-trout, I could not bring myself to face the contempt which he would certainly have felt for me, and not improbably would have expressed. Salmon-fishing, though its prizes are greater, hardly requires such skill as the humbler trout-fishing. The tackle is strong, and, though the battle is often longer than with a trout, the issue, in my opinion, is not nearly so doubtful. Like my betters, I have lost plenty of salmon, but in most cases my misfortune has been due either to pure accident or to my own carelessness. If a salmon does not break away in his first mad rush, I feel a modest confidence under ordinary circumstances that I shall kill my fish. On the other hand, when I have hooked a heavy brown trout, and *a fortiori* a sea-trout, I cannot escape a depressing conviction that the odds are very slightly, if at all, in my favor. Moreover, the brown trout,

from his constant residence in fresh water, has acquired more accurate views as to the character and purpose of artificial flies, and consequently is much less impressionable in this respect than his royal relative the *Salmo salar*.

For the first two hours I fished diligently without raising a fin. Pool after pool yielded nothing to my labors. Every variety of fly had been offered in vain, and even the much-enduring Donald began to get desponding and to hint darkly at the efficacy, under these circumstances, of the "garden-fly" (a delicate euphemism for a worm). I had enough of the sportsman still left in me to resist this unhallowed suggestion, and plodded on to the next "cast," where my attendant assured me that there must be a fish "whateffer." Truly it was as likely a place for a big fish as I ever set eyes on. A wall of rock rose sheer across the river, hollowed out in the middle by the waves of centuries into a channel, through which the stream dashed the full volume of its waters in a low but massive cascade. The bed of the pool into which it fell was piled with mighty boulders, as the swelling waves of the surface revealed, forming just the ideal haunt wherein the salmon loves to lie. A fresh-run fish—i.e., newly arrived from the sea—usually makes for the rough water at the head of a pool. After a few weeks, his marine vigor gets relaxed, and he gradually drops down to the quieter retreats at its tail. But the late flood, I knew, would have brought up many new-comers, and I determined to try at any rate for one of these. Nature, however, has done her best to protect the salmon from human foes, and from the character of the surroundings it was not very easy to get at "the whirlpool's roaring heart." A thick fringe of overhanging bushes guarded the greater part of the banks by the fall, and the only practicable means of access was under the boughs of a mountain-ash, where the foothold was uncomfortably scanty. However, I contrived to get into position, and, by a sort of modification of what is called

the "Spey cast," I tumbled my fly rather untidily into the water. It fell, however, about three feet short of the foam which I had aimed at. I drew some more line from my reel and cast again, at the same time turning to ask something of Donald. In an instant there was a tug which nearly pulled my rod out of my hands, the reel whizzed and screeched like a live thing as the line was rattled off it by the mad rush of a salmon, who leaped quivering into the air thirty yards below me, and then dashed on with hardly slackened speed. All this was the work of a couple of seconds; and the suddenness of the whole thing, combined with the strain on the rod, made me lose my balance, and I toppled over into the stream. Fortunately, there was a ledge of rock running out along the bank, a couple of feet or so below the surface; and as I fell on this I was able to recover myself and stumble along through the water after my salmon, which by good luck still remained hooked. "Doon, mon, doon!" shouted Donald frantically from above, though indeed I needed no such exhortation, being only too intent on getting out on shore before the fish made another rush. A hurried scramble for thirty or forty yards along the sunken ledge, barking my shins horribly the while, brought me to a place where I could regain the dry land. And here I was able to shorten line and get on even terms again with my fish. In an ill-advised fit of despondency he had taken to sulking at the bottom, and thereby lost a chance of liberty which he never got again. Reeling up my line to a convenient length, I turned the butt of the rod upon him with all the vigor that I dared employ, but to no purpose. "Shy in a stone, Donald. Whew! take care of the line, though." Whir-r-r-r! went the reel again, as a fragment of rock, which must almost have pitched on him, startled the fish from his inaction into a short, sharp rush of twenty yards, ending as before with a somersault in the air and a sullen plunge again to the depths of the river. For more than an hour the fight went

on in this way, and Donald began to wax impatient:

"Mon, a's a dour fish; we'll no be getting him noo. Press him a wee what-effer."

However, I resisted these importunities, being pretty well convinced from the fish's play that he was only slightly hooked and would not stand pressing. At last he began to waver, and the glimpse of a broad side under the water showed plainly that his struggles had told upon his strength. I knew the end was at hand now. A few more rushes, each fainter than the last, and then I was able to draw my unresisting prize carefully within reach of the fatal gaff. One rapid stroke, and the salmon was transfixed with the glittering steel, and quickly despatched by Donald. Just over eighteen pounds the steelyard declared him. A good fish, but not heavy enough to justify a fight of an hour and twenty minutes. However, the explanation was not far to seek, as I pointed out with some pride to the keeper. The hook had struck in the nerveless cartilage at the side of the lip with a comparatively slight hold, causing the fish no pain and very little inconvenience. This accounted for his sluggish resistance, and justified my refusal to put pressure upon him, which would certainly have resulted in breaking the hook's hold. We both "wetted" our capture in orthodox fashion from the whiskey-flask; and then the sight of the sea-trout, leaping in a pool below, determined me to abandon big game for the rest of the day and to devote my energies to the *Salmo trutta*. Seventeen of these found their way into my basket before the end of the afternoon, and thus ended one of the best days' sport that it has ever been my luck to enjoy.

On entering the breakfast-room the next morning, I saw a mischievous light dancing in my hostess's eyes. "Here's an invitation for you," quoth she, "to the Golf Club Ball to-night. We are all going, and it will be such fun! Of course you dance the reel and the schottische and the usual Highland dances?"

I instantly disclaimed any such dangerous knowledge, thereby evoking a chorus of surprise and indignation. I felt called upon to retaliate by some disparaging comparisons between the Anglo-Saxon and the Celtic races respectively, and a merry fire of repartee arose, in which everybody took part except one venerable Scotch dame, to whom the institutions of her country seemed too sacred to be trifled with.

Golf is one of the national games of Scotland, to which Scotchmen are passionately devoted, but which seems to the outsider rather a wearisome performance. It consists, shortly, in striking a ball into a succession of very small holes a considerable distance apart, the object being to complete the round of the "links" (as the golf-ground is called) in the fewest number of strokes. Speaking vaguely from memory, a complete round of the links means a journey of about three miles; and, in order to enhance the difficulties of the game, a tract of broken land, studded with hillocks and sand-dunes, is usually chosen for the links. As may be easily conceived, a misdirected stroke often lodges the ball in a very awkward position for the player, and consequently a variety of differently-shaped "clubs"—e.g., the "putter," "long spoon," "short spoon," etc.—are provided to meet the emergencies of the game. The links of this neighborhood formed part of the shore of an estuary which stretched inland for some miles and was alive with rabbits and sea-fowl. As the moors were to be allowed a day's rest, I strolled out after lunch to this wild region with my gun, accompanied by another of the party, and between us we managed to pick up a mixed bag of rabbits, a few snipe, a couple of ducks, and a curlew,—this last being only secured after a stealthy and exciting stalk.

The ball in the evening was held in the little town which lay down by the sea, a short mile from my host's house. Once it must have been an important place, for it possessed a small cathedral, and a castle whose massive tower still

remained grimly guarding the firth. But the railway had diverted the traffic, and the commercial glory of the town had departed. The ball itself was a very interesting and, so far as I was concerned, a unique spectacle. The mixed character of the company was at once apparent. To these honest folk it was the one ball of their year, and everybody came. The local duke brought a large party, so did the local publican; and among the ranks of the latter I found a bonny bright-eyed lass, to whom with some difficulty I obtained an introduction. The national dances were quite beyond my powers, and even the names of some of them were new to me. The schottische and occasionally the reel I had seen danced in England, but "Flowers of Edinburgh" and "Patronella" were as far beyond the range of my experience as the "Circassian Circles" of the village green. However, my partner made allowance for my incapacity, and consented to sit with me chatting as long as the dance lasted; but the moment the music stopped she insisted on being taken back to her chaperon. As a concession to our southern ignorance, one or two walses and polkas had been introduced into the programme; but these were hardly danced except by the duke's party and our own. The rest of the company stood round the room, regarding with good-natured contempt the strange antics (as they evidently considered them) of their barbarous visitors. I persuaded my damsel of the bright eyes to venture upon a polka with me, but just as we were starting a matron friend exclaimed, in a tone of reproof, "Jeannie, Jeannie, dinna fash yer heid wi' the like o' yon." The "yon" was a little ambiguous. I modestly assumed it to refer to the dance, but my hostess, who overheard the remark, assured me with much emphasis that it was meant for me, wantonly adding that the advice was remarkably sound. Such are the indignities which await the blameless stranger in the far north! The ball was kept up with vigor till past five in the morning; but I was going after the

grouse the next day, and, being anxious to "hold straight," I slipped off home with the first detachment, and got to bed fairly early.

The dawn ushered in one of those lovely days which are almost peculiar to mountainous districts and perhaps owe something to the atmospheric moisture which mountains usually attract. However, in our present mood we reflected less upon the beauty of the day than as to whether the birds would lie; and it was with an eager and exceeding light heart that I first set foot on the moorland heather. Curiously enough, the red grouse is found only in the British Isles, and certainly grouse-shooting is the prince of English sports. As a matter of skill it hardly requires the quickness and accuracy of partridge-shooting, though a driven grouse goes like a sky-rocket, but the surroundings of the two will not bear comparison. Instead of the level turnip-field there are miles and miles of purple heather, undulating in gentle slopes, or rising abruptly into the rude grandeur of the deer-forest. Every here and there a "burn" tumbles merrily down the hillside into the blue waters of the loch below, while at each breath you inhale not common air, but ethereal champagne.

The dogs scour the heather under the supervision of the keeper, with whose giant strides I struggle in vain to keep up. Suddenly he raises his arm. There is a point!—and a strong one, too. My companion and I hasten up to it as well as our breathless condition will permit. Crouching low, and crawling forward more like a reptile than a dog, the pointer noses his way stealthily toward the hidden game. It is an exciting time, for at any moment something may rise. The dog leads us on and on, and yet no sign of bird or beast. Bad luck to it, it must be running, and will escape unseen. Whir-r-r! Up bounces an old cock grouse, and instantly makes tracks down the wind. Bang! And he falls without a flutter to my friend's gun. "Steady! there's more yet," says the keeper, in an excited whisper: "look

at the dog." There he stands pointing like a rock. "Good dog! forward!" Slowly we advance in the direction indicated. All at once there is a sudden flutter of wings, and the air is alive with the frightened covey, who will never meet again with their family circle intact. When the popping is over, the hunt for the slain begins. Two brace for five shots. Not so bad, that! and we feel that the day has begun prosperously. "Mark!" shouted a gillie wildly, as a cunning old blackcock skimmed over our heads at a hundred miles an hour. All four barrels were discharged at him, but he flew on apparently unscathed. However, the keeper had his doubts, and, on searching the birch clump where the bird went down, he was found stone dead. This frequently happens in blackcock-shooting, and keepers sometimes declare that this bird will carry away more shot than a roe-deer. After three hours of this sort of thing, we were not sorry to see the shaggy little mountain-pony come in view, laden with our lunch, and escorted, so to speak, by two of the girls of the party. It was a welcome meeting, and a right merry lunch we had. There is an unspeakable charm about this *al fresco* repast which baffles description. The blazing sun overhead, which makes the shade of the rock and the mountain-ash so grateful, the burn which babbles at your side and has to pay frequent tribute to your cup, the gillies, talking Gaelic over their lunch at a respectful distance, the dogs, wandering with wistful eyes from one party to another, mutely entreating scraps, and, to crown all, a ravenous appetite and a practically unquenchable thirst, supply the baser elements of an enjoyment over which the magic of woman's presence, the chat, the mirth, and the *abandon* of the whole thing, throw a delicate glamour of more refined delight. Just five minutes for that precious half-pipe, and then we must to work again, if the bag is to attain a respectable size before the day is done. Even now the keeper waxes impatient, and so the lunch is packed up in a twinkling, the dogs are

unleashed, and, waving *au revoir* to the ladies, we plunge into the heather once more. In the course of the afternoon, a bird that I had shot "towered" and then fell like a stone into a cluster of birch and tangled underwood. Knowing that it must be dead, I went in search of it without a dog; and it was lucky that I did so, for in the middle of the clump I was startled by a creature springing up almost at my feet, and darting off. As it bounded away, I saw that it was a roe-buck, and by a lucky shot brought it down. This was the first specimen that I had ever seen alive of this graceful species of miniature deer. They are elegant little creatures, and, except that they are very destructive to such cornfields as are to be found among the Highlands, it seems almost a pity to shoot them, as they are very poor eating. Nature, however, has adorned them with a *letale donum* in the shape of very pretty horns, and this no doubt contributes to their destruction. Evening, and the midges which a Scotch evening usually brings forth, drove us home at last, just in time to dress for dinner.

Five miles across the moor as the crow flies lay a lonely loch, which rumor declared to be the haunt of some giant trout. It was rarely visited, for it could only be reached by a stiff tramp over a very wild country. No road or track of any kind led to the spot, and the difficulties of the journey were increased by the presence of shifting swamps, which sometimes necessitated considerable *détours*. However, being a keen fisherman, I determined to try my luck there. Accompanied by a gillie, I set forth, and real hard work it became as the moor grew steeper and the morasses more frequent. Still, the walk had attractions of its own, which I thoroughly appreciated. Once, as we were crossing a bare knoll, a sudden exclamation from the gillie called my attention to a magnificent adder which was basking in the blaze of the sun. A sharp stroke of his stick disabled the reptile, and then I was enabled to observe its mode of attack. Hissing



fiercely, it coiled itself up with head erect and struck twice at the stick presented to it, but with such rapidity that the eye could hardly follow its movements. A post-mortem examination revealed the immense size of its formidable poison-fangs, and the thin black tongue with which it is supposed to feel an object before striking it. The gillies declare that its bite cannot penetrate an ordinary knickerbocker stocking; but this I should doubt, and I could not find that the belief rested on any individual experience. Half an hour later, while struggling through an obstinate conglomeration of heather and swamp, I was startled by the sudden uprising of a huge bird on my left. It was a specimen of the black eagle, which fifteen years ago was nearly extinct in Scotland, but which the energetic efforts of some large land-owners in the north have succeeded in preserving. It had been gorging on the carcass of a dead sheep, and consequently its sluggish flight enabled me to get a good view of it. At last, after nearly three hours' toiling, the longed-for loch appeared, nestling in a mountain-hollow at our feet, and we speedily made our way down to its desolate shore. Loch-fishing has not the charm of variety which river-fishing enjoys, and the angler who is accustomed to the banks of a stream will sadly miss the opportunities for individual judgment which a stream affords. Here there are no quiet eddies into which you can pop your fly, nor brawling stickles to relieve their calm. Out on a broad expanse of water one wave looks just like another. There is nothing to tell the eye where the haunts of the fish are most likely to be, and you must toil on in simple faith, relying on your gillie to take you over the best "drifts." On the other hand, this peculiarity adds something to the uncertainty which gives half its zest to sport, and your enthusiasm will be kept alive by the feeling that at any moment the black ripple may be lit up by the gleam of a yellow side and you may find a monster of the deep doing battle with you for his life. This ripple, by

the way, is the chief essential to success. The stream-fisher's anxiety for rain need not vex the soul of him who cleaves to the loch. Too much sun is a bad thing, as indeed is too much wind or too much rain; but none of these are absolutely fatal to the loch-fisher's sport. The fishing itself does not require the delicacy so necessary in a fine stream, but some dexterity in striking is needed, especially if the water be rough and you get a rise on the far side of a wave. If the rises come quick it is capital fun, and not unfrequently you may hook two fish at once. Between the two you are likely to have plenty of trouble; but if you lose them you let them go with a light heart, knowing that there are plenty more to take their place.

On this particular occasion I was not very successful. I never fish from a boat when I can fish from the bank, and accordingly, contrary to the gillie's advice, I determined to try from the shore first. So far as sport went, this move was a failure, for, after journeying all round the loch, I only basketed four or five fair-sized trout; but in other respects I enjoyed it. Being some seven hundred miles away from my law-chambers, I could afford to indulge in a little romance, and so it came that "the ripple washing in the reeds" recalled a memory of the "*Morte d'Arthur*" and its lonely mere. With a more prosaic interest I watched a row between two curlews and a kestrel, which ended in the total rout of the latter. I wish I could honestly add that I saw the wild-cat which the eagle-eye of my gillie detected among some rocks; but it disappeared into the scrub which lines a cleft in the hill-side before I had made out where to look for it. This creature is getting very rare, and perhaps on utilitarian grounds this is hardly to be regretted, for it is a fierce and destructive beast, and is said occasionally even to attack men. After lunch my gillie's forbearance was exhausted, and he insisted on putting out into the middle of the loch in a boat which was none too seaworthy for the purpose. However,

my bad luck continued, and at last I openly expressed my disbelief in the monster trout. I was fishing rather carelessly at the moment, and had allowed my fly to sink somewhat too deep; but the words had hardly left my lips when a "boil" broke the surface of the water, and a vicious tug jerked five or six yards of line off my reel. I knew I was "in" a big one, but how big I never discovered, for he bored straight down toward the bottom, wriggling, twisting, and tugging, as only a big yellow trout can. It was exciting while it lasted, but it did not last long, for, after a tussle of about a minute, during which I never once caught a glimpse of my fish, the strain suddenly ceased and my fly came up to me again through the water. After this I concluded that the Fates were against me for the day, so I packed up and trudged home.

On my arrival I found the whole party in a state of the wildest excitement. Between the firth and the moorland there ran a strip of rich alluvial land, which yielded heavy crops of roots and cereals. The deer of the neighboring forests,\* which reared their bleak slopes to the north, were quite aware of this, and would frequently make incursions upon the lowland cornfields. This was the cause of the present commotion. Traces of deer had been found on a neighboring farm, and an expedition against them was immediately resolved upon. The herd was known to be still about, and it was presumed that they would revisit the cornfield during the darkness for another meal. We were told to be ready at two o'clock in the morning, and I hurried off to bed early to get a short rest, of which I was really rather in need.

The sound of a pebble thrown against my window roused me from the fitful sleep into which I had fallen. It was still dark when we assembled at the keeper's lodge to receive our rifles and

his final instructions. My two companions were despatched with a gillie about half a mile up the river to a ford, over which the animals might attempt to escape, while the keeper proceeded to place me in ambush in a small copse, through which a pony-track ran down in the direction of the nearest forest to another ford. These were the only two points at which the deer could cross, and we hoped in this way to cut off their retreat effectually. I was told to conceal myself in the bracken at a point which commanded the approach for nearly a hundred yards, and, with a whispered injunction to keep perfectly quiet, the keeper softly disappeared into the darkness. The deer were accustomed to leave their forest retreats soon after nightfall, and, crossing the river, to feed in the cornfields till the break of day, at which time they might be expected to return. The situation and its surroundings were rather impressive. Alone in the darkness, and crouching like a wild beast in my lair of bracken, I felt that there was something weird in the moaning of the trees overhead and the roar of the river fifty yards to my left. Every sense was strained to detect the first signs of the approach of the deer, and the excitement of anticipation—combined with the diabolical activity of the midges, whose roost in the bracken I had disturbed, and which were crawling all over me and biting with the healthy appetite of early risers—effectually prevented anything like drowsiness. A shower of rain now began to fall, which increased alike the discomforts of my position and the difficulty of keeping a sharp lookout. At last it seemed to me that above the patter of the rain-drops there was a sound of something moving through the fern. I raised myself on my elbow and listened intently. In a few seconds there was the sound again, and this time there could be no doubt. Some animals were approaching my hiding-place, and apparently browsing as they came. I stealthily rose to my knees and slipped a cartridge into my rifle. Suddenly I was aware of a dark body standing out

\* Perhaps it may be well to explain that in Scotland "forest" is the name given to the wilder mountain-tracts which harbor the red deer, and which, so far from answering to the common meaning of the word, are usually quite devoid of trees.

in faint relief to the sky about sixty yards above me. Now for it, I thought, as I slowly raised my rifle and tried instinctively to get the sights to bear. At this moment I accidentally dislodged a fallen bough, which rolled noisily down toward the river. There was a sudden scamper of hoofs in the darkness, and a shrill neigh luckily revealed to me just in time that I had nearly fired upon a herd of ponies. This fiasco was rather depressing, and, feeling that I could endure the discomforts of my lair no longer, I strolled down to the river-bank to see if any salmon were moving. Before long the "faint, fresh flame" of the new day showed in its setting of delicate green above the eastern hills. As I stood watching the beauty of the changing hues of the sunrise, the crack of a rifle rang through the clear morning air. This recalled me at once from the clouds, and I hurried off to learn the result. I soon met the others returning from their posts, and found that, though they had been more fortunate than me in seeing the deer, they had not succeeded in bringing one down.

So the days and, indeed, the weeks slipped away, but my host would not hear of my departure, till at last my dormant conscience, strengthened by the claims of another engagement, compelled me to take my leave. I wandered south by rather a devious route, in order to get a glimpse of the Caledonian Canal, the sea-lochs of the western coast, and the loveliest of all the waters of Scotland, Loch Lomond. On its shores I spent a week with an old college friend, shooting rabbits and playing lawn-tennis in the intervals of fine weather, and fishing religiously in the loch for sea-trout during the storms which here are supposed to stimulate this fish's appetite for imaginary flies.

After this I went into Roxburghshire to pay a long-promised visit to a Scotch minister whose parish lay among the Cheviot Hills and only five or six miles from the English border. Many causes have combined to stamp the inhabitants of this district, the Borderland, with a

character of their own. In the old days its isolation was almost complete. Railways have done much to disturb this; but even now in the upland valleys external influences are but little felt; and, strange as it may seem, it is less than a hundred years since the first wheeled vehicle was seen in the Liddesdale made famous by Sir Walter Scott. The Borderers still retain a good deal of the lawless spirit which belonged to their moss-trooper ancestors. Game-laws, especially fishing-laws, meet with little regard. Smuggling was extensively practised within living memory; and two years ago Borderers of all ranks and stations combined to violate the act prohibiting the transport of cattle and sheep from one country to the other. Keen sportsmen, too, are the Borderers, but perhaps they are still keener poachers. Most of the Scotch rivers are carefully preserved, but in the Borderland they are nearly all free; and the Borderer will not abate one tittle of his prescriptive right, though he knows that the concession would turn to his own advantage.

However, the most striking feature perhaps of the Border character is the open-handed hospitality which prevails among the people, from the highest to the lowest. By a graceful and touching custom, poor relations are still welcomed under the name of "sorners" into the houses of their wealthier relatives; and throughout their visits, which sometimes last for many weeks, they are invariably treated as honored guests. As might be expected, this hospitable spirit becomes the *causa causans* of a good deal of drinking. One Armstrong, of Sorbie, who lived about 1750, quaintly observed that it was a better world when there were "more bottles and fewer glasses in it." And my host assured me that his official "visittings" were positively a dread to him, from the amount of food and drink that he was expected to consume. The old-fashioned clergy of these parts, however, are by no means indifferent to the carnal pleasures of the whiskey-bottle, and drink manfully with the stoutest of their flock. A jovial old divine of this

type was once invited to an evening party where the host affected a degenerate moderation. Being asked afterward how he had enjoyed himself, he replied, "Hoot, mon, indeed nae muckle ava. Ba-a-bee whust, and the leddies cheating; yare tumbler o' toddy, wi' twa weemen oot o't." (*Idem Anglicè redditum* :) "Indeed, not much at all. Halfpenny whist, and the ladies cheating; one tumbler of toddy, with two women sipping out of it."

There exists, however, among the Borderers, as among the Scotch proper, a strong clannishness, which sometimes conflicts with their instincts of hospitality. There is a quaint story told of a woman in distress who wandered through a certain Border hamlet imploring help, but in vain. In her despair, she exclaimed at last, "Is there no' a Christian in the village?"

"Na, na," was the reply: "we're a' Johnstons and Jairdens" (Jardines) "here."

During my stay in this district I had special opportunities of studying the habits and character of the people, and by a great piece of good luck I became initiated into the mysteries of a particular branch of industry which does not suffer in the eyes of the Borderers from being illicit. It happened in this wise. One morning, after breakfast, my host was peculiarly meditative over his morning pipe. At last he broke the silence: "I suppose, as you're a barrister, you stick up for legality and that sort of thing?"

I at once disclaimed any low professional prejudices on behalf of law and order.

"Well, then, would you like to see the water 'burnt'?"

Now, I am a keen sportsman, and hate a poacher like the devil, but this offer was more than flesh and blood could resist, and I coyly murmured that I shouldn't mind.

Accordingly, after solemnly binding me over to secrecy till I was out of the place, my host went off to make the necessary arrangements.

And here I may explain that "burn-

ing the water" is a form of poaching which may be successfully practised wherever the majesty of the law is obscured by local circumstances; and perhaps the two districts most notorious for it in the United Kingdom are Wales and the Scotch Borderland. It is commonly employed for the destruction of salmon; but the object of pursuit in this part of the world is usually not salmon, but the bull-trout. This is a species of the salmon-tribe which is not very common and of which not much is known. For the ordinary angler it has little interest, inasmuch as it is very rarely to be tempted by any kind of bait. It might be taken readily by nets, but, owing to the clumsiness of the English salmon-laws, the netting season, as a rule, closes before the bull-trout begin to run up into the rivers. The bull-trout is a fine fish and excellent to eat. It varies in weight from three to about twelve pounds, and in appearance resembles a dingy-looking salmon.

When the fish are fairly running up, the commotion in the usually peaceful little villages is wonderful. According to the letter of the law, killing a bull-trout after a certain date otherwise than with rod and line is illegal. But the absurdity of extending such protection to a fish that will take no bait is so palpable that breaches of the law are frequently winked at if only they be decently veiled. At this time the whole population seem possessed with a mania for hurrying down to the river-brink on every possible occasion. About mid-day, for instance, you may see a slim tailor lad, dismissed from work for an hour, stroll pensively down to the water's edge, dangling with an absent air a business-like club. In half an hour you may meet him walking briskly back. There is a certain corpulence about his figure which strikes you as a little unusual. But this no doubt must be attributed to the wholesome effects of a constitutional; and if perchance you catch a glimpse of a fish-tail protruding from beneath his closely-buttoned coat, charity should impose a caution on any hasty inference.

In a short time my host returned, and informed me that his negotiations had succeeded, and that if I presented myself at a particular place on the evening of the following day I should be permitted to watch the operations of a gang of "burners."

When the time came, I slipped quietly out of the back door and made my way to the appointed trysting-place. It was a cold night, with a wild east wind which sent masses of low cloud scudding across the sky, in which the moon had not yet risen. A turn in the very dark lane down which I had been stumbling revealed to me the glimmer of a lantern about a hundred yards ahead. At the sound of my footsteps this was instantly shaded. I stopped and executed to the best of my ability the prearranged signal. The light immediately reappeared and advanced toward me. It was carried by a powerfully-made man, with a blackened face, who, after a rough greeting, conducted me to his companions, who were similarly disguised. The party consisted of five men, one of whom carried a large sack, another was laden with what I afterward found to be the "torch," and the remaining three carried spears. The spear is a weapon rather formidable to look upon, but admirably adapted to its special purpose. It is furnished with three or four prongs, eight inches in length and about an inch apart. I was offered one of these, but a lingering instinct of respectability compelled me to refuse it; and then we all moved on to the river. On reaching the water-side the torch was got ready and duly kindled. In this case it was an old piece of sacking steeped in paraffin oil and fastened to a pole. Sometimes it consists of a kind of crate filled with pine roots or some other combustible material. But, though this gives a brighter light, and is therefore in some respects better, the inconvenience of replenishing it has caused it to be generally discarded in favor of the sacking.

The bull-trout, like the rest of the Salmonidæ, run up into fresh water to spawn, for this purpose betaking themselves to open, gravelly reaches, where

the volume of water is moderate, the current brisk, and the bed of the river suitable for their "redds." Some of the smaller shallows were worked with no success, and I began to fear that I had sacrificed comfort and conscience to no purpose. But the promise of the head-poacher reassured me; and he was as good as his word. Three-quarters of a mile up the river lay a reach some hundred and twenty yards in length, with a tract of broken water at the upper end and a still, deep pool at the lower. Here the burners were confident of finding fish, and my flagging interest immediately revived. The torch-bearer entered at the lower end of the reach as soon as the depth of water permitted, and, waving the blazing mass in front of him, waded cautiously up-stream, attended on each side by the spearmen. For sundry reasons I preferred to remain on dry land. It was rather a striking sight. The hoarse roar of the rapid above us rising defiantly through the darkness, the glare of the torch, which threw a wild light on rippling water and gray crag, the blackened faces of the men, and a general sense of the lawlessness of the whole affair, combined to produce a variety of conflicting feelings. Suddenly the men paused, and, in obedience to a gesture from the right-hand spearman, the light was turned in his direction. He advanced stealthily for a pace or two, and then by a sudden stroke he transfixed a fine bull-trout, which was immediately consigned to the sack. In a very short time another fish was sighted. Again there was the savage plunge of the spear, but to no effect. However, instantly turning round, the man dealt another stroke into the water behind him, and this time secured his prize. The explanation is simple. A bull-trout when attacked in this way never runs up-stream, which probably would be his safest course, but instantly makes down. The burner knows this, and by striking behind him at random often spears a fish which would otherwise have escaped. The effect of the light on the bull-trout was not quite what I had expected. It did not seem



to exercise any direct fascination upon them, such as the attraction which draws moths or birds to a lantern or lighted window. On the contrary, the fish seemed rather to be dazed or paralyzed as the glare fell on them.

After finishing this reach, the gang broke up into two parties, one of which proceeded up the main stream with the torch, while the other explored two or three small tributaries with the aid of the lantern. I attached myself to the latter, and after seeing five or six more fish taken I made up my mind to return home. I was offered a share of the spoils, but of course declined the offer, and, after hearty thanks (for they would accept nothing else) to the poachers, I was not sorry to part company and make the best of my way back.

I spent a few more days among the hills, fishing in the streams and trying to persuade myself, in spite of the hoar-

frost which lay every morning on the lawn, that the summer still lived. Alas! it was a vain struggle of imagination against fact. I woke one day to find the hill-tops covered with snow and a bitter north wind howling down the valley. I knew enough of Scotland to be aware that this warning must not be neglected if I wished to avoid a flight in the winter. Moreover, my cockney cravings, so long suppressed, arose once more within me, and I began to yearn for my native pavement. A holiday usually seems to fly too quickly; but though it disappear with all its pleasures, yet its works live after it. Busy London now claimed me for her own with a mandate that would not be denied. But I felt, nevertheless, that I was returning to my daily toil with a quickened vigor of mind and body from my brief sojourn in the far north.

NORMAN PEARSON.

## AT SUNRISE.

IT is the last dark hour, and from their cars,  
That wheel them down through glimmering voids of light,  
Leaning reluctantly, the hearkening stars  
Hear the faint final music of the night  
Blend with the far, sweet voice of coming day,  
And with the moon, low riding, wane away.

Like some soft-footed maiden, bearing high  
A silver lamp above her timorous head,  
The dawn mounts up the stairways of the sky,  
Flushing the ashen east with lambent red,  
Till from her topmost tower she looketh down,  
Smiling through cloudy tresses wildly blown.

The world awakens; hark, from glen and copse  
Music and many voices of delight!  
The splendor on the purple mountain-tops  
Descends, and all the summer plains are bright,  
And all the luminous, pure sky above  
Is calm and tender as the smile of love.

CHARLES L. HILDRETH.

## JOHN BRIGHT AS A TEMPERANCE REFORMER.

IT is generally supposed that Mr. Bright commenced public life in connection with the Anti-Corn-Law League. That movement did not, however, take definite national form until 1839, when Mr. Bright threw the whole force of his ardent nature into its work. Mr. Archibald Prentice, in his "History of the League," records in 1839 the presence of Mr. Bright at a public dinner to Mr. Paulton, at Bolton. Among the speakers, he says, was "Mr. John Bright, of Rochdale, a young man, then appearing for almost the first time in any meeting out of his own town, and giving evidence, by his energy and his grasp of the subject, of his capacity soon to take a leading part in the great agitation." But the first public question with which Mr. Bright was identified was that of temperance. His biographers credit him with having introduced it into Rochdale in 1830; but, as the movement as now understood was not originated until 1832, the former date is considered an error by some who remember Mr. Bright's early efforts. It is true that an anti-spirit movement was in existence as early as 1829 in Scotland, and, according to one of our correspondents, it excited great interest in Rochdale a year or two later, and was taken hold of by some of the towns in the neighborhood. One of the first professional lecturers introduced into the town was the Rev. W. Cruikshank, known as the "Dundee Carter." Experiments formed a feature of his lectures. To prove the existence of alcohol it was his rule to put a pint of tenpenny ale into the still and to show the spirit in the presence of his audience. The effect of such a practical illustration to clinch his argument is thus described by one correspondent:

"Mr. Cruikshank was at that time a very effective lecturer, and his lectures and addresses produced great results. It was thought that if he could be

brought to Rochdale a society might be formed, and accordingly he was invited to come. He gave an address in the theatre with great effect. After the meeting a good many people signed the pledge, notably members of the Society of Friends, whom I remember very well; but I do not recollect Mr. Bright, though I believe he joined at that time. The society being established, meetings were held; and some time after a member who was connected with the Unitarian Sunday-school at Cattley Lane Head said there was an interest in the cause in his neighborhood, and that if the Rochdale folks would send some speakers he would undertake to have a good audience for them. Accordingly, Messrs. Bright, Oliver Ormerod, John Scott, James Ecroyd, Charles Renshaw, and Thomas Booth went up, and had a meeting which was so successful that another meeting was arranged for at Whitworth, and subsequently many other meetings were held in the neighborhood. The original half-dozen attended most of the early meetings, but soon extraneous help was obtained. Mr. Bright and Mr. Oliver Ormerod were, however, the most laborious, and, being the best speakers, were of course the most popular."

Another version of the circumstances under which the great tribune of the people became connected with the movement is thus described by Alexander Somerville, also known as "one who has whistled at the plough:"

"It was during the agitation of the Reform question, when Rochdale was unrepresented, struggling for the franchise, that he [Mr. Bright] first attempted public speaking; but with what effect he then spoke is not now well remembered. In the month of May, 1833, the year after the Reform question was settled, he with other young men of Rochdale called together a meeting to discuss the question of temperance. This was a

few miles out of the town, at a village called Cattley Lane Head, to which they went in preference to beginning in Rochdale, lest they should break down and be laughed at by those who knew them. Nothing particular occurred, save that they got thoroughly drenched to the skin coming home. And that was the beginning of Mr. Bright's career as a public speaker. The rest have long since retired within their factories and counting-houses, though men of talent and some of them of high social position. Mr. Bright has been known to break down more than once from nervousness, but he had always the courage to begin again."\*

Mr. Bright's efforts in the promotion of temperance were confined to Rochdale and the neighborhood; but no report of any of his meetings appears in the temperance literature of the period. The patriarch of the movement, Mr. Joseph Livesey, visited Rochdale in 1833, and addressed a very successful meeting at "The Butts;" but in his account of the visit he makes no mention of Mr. Bright. The first time they appear to have met was in 1835; and in his autobiography Mr. Livesey thus refers to the young orator:

"In other towns in our own county and also in the neighboring counties the principles of teetotalism made great progress during this year. In January I find the name of a man who has since attained a world-wide reputation as a statesman and an orator, even those opposed to him in his political creed giving him due honor. I allude to John Bright. I find in 'The Advocate' and also in the report of the Heywood society that he advocated the cause of temperance at this early period of its history. It was at a tea-party held on Monday, January 12, in a large room of a mill belonging to Mr. Schofield, at Heywood, the society at that place having only the teetotal pledge."

Mr. Bright did not believe in "moderation," nor does he now,—for in his address at the opening of the Cobden

Coffee-Tavern, at Birmingham, in August last, he described alcoholic liquor as "the pernicious drink."

The announcement of a tea-meeting drew large numbers of people in the early days of the movement; and Mr. Bright's appearance at one of these gatherings nearly fifty years ago is thus recorded:

"Heywood. — On Monday, January 12, the members and friends of the cause of temperance met together in a large room of a mill belonging to Mr. Schofield, Heywood, when about four hundred and fifty took tea, including old and young, rich and poor. After tea, the Rev. R. Minnett, clergyman of the village, took the chair, and the meeting was addressed with great zeal and eloquence by the Revs. T. Harbottle, Baptist minister; B. Slack, Wesleyan minister; Messrs. Bright, of Rochdale, and Townsend, schoolmaster of Heywood. The walls were covered with cloth, on which were fixed mottoes of various kinds,—such as, 'Wine is a Mockery,' 'Intemperance is the High-Road to Ruin,' 'The Drunkard shall be Clothed with Rags.' Many persons joined the society at the close of the meeting, which separated highly gratified with the entertainment."†

Thirty years later, the above extract is quoted by another temperance periodical, which says,—

"We are tempted to give the following paragraph because of its including the name of Bright, who at that early date was found on the temperance platform, and where his talent for public speaking was first acquired. Would that his advocacy was still directed to temperance reform! That would do far more good for the nation than the greatest political changes that can ever be achieved. John Moffatt and John Bright often occupied the platform together."‡

Mr. John Moffatt is reported to have been an orator of the highest order.

† "The Temperance Advocate," February, 1835.

‡ "British Temperance Advocate," April 1, 1864.

\* "Free Trade and the League," second edition, p. 531.

"The wonder has been why one so gifted has given the best years of his life, with little remuneration, uncompromisingly to this work; why he has been apparently oblivious both to the calls of self-interest and the promptings of ambition. He has shunned no labors and avoided no sacrifice which would serve to stay the tide of intemperance, yet asked not for the world's applause. Those who have listened spell-bound to his speeches have sought in vain to find some clue by which to unravel the mystery." A neat Sicilian marble obelisk in Roohdale Cemetery marks the place of the burial of this heroic advocate. It was erected by subscription, and in the list of subscribers appeared the name of "John Bright, M.P., who for a quarter of a century took a deep interest in Mr. Moffatt."

When a man has acquired fame as an orator, it is natural that the account of his first efforts at public speaking should be read with great interest. But some of the current stories about Mr. Bright's temperance addresses are not quite accurate. For instance, it is recorded that Dr. F. R. Lees, the philosopher of the movement, accompanied the young orator to a meeting, that Dr. Lees broke down, and that Mr. Bright delivered a long and eloquent address. But Dr. Lees assures us that the story is a pure myth, so far as he is concerned, and that he never spoke at any time with Mr. Bright. Mr. Bright's speeches cannot have been uncommonly eloquent, for in a report signed by his colleague Mr. Oliver Ormerod, in 1836, Mr. Bright's name is not even mentioned. "We have," reports this enthusiastic secretary, "long since emerged from under the dark cloud which appeared for so long a time to overshadow the operations of our Society, and are now basking in the meridian splendor of the sun of prosperity. We have many reformed drunkards now actually engaged in uprooting the machinery of intemperance, and in persuading their fellow-men to flee to the refuge of abstinence, in which they themselves so peacefully repose." But if Mr. Bright

had not then developed his brilliant oratorical powers, it is quite certain that he was an earnest advocate of the teetotal cause. He not only spoke but wrote in its behalf. He contributed a stirring article to the series of "Norwich tracts." In this he discussed the knotty question, "At what point does the taking of strong drink become a sin?" and answered,—

"The state in which the body is when not excited by intoxicating drink, is its proper and natural state; drunkenness is the state farthest removed from it. The state of drunkenness is a state of sin. At what stage does it become sin? We suppose a man perfectly sober who has not tasted anything which can intoxicate; one glass excites him, and to some extent disturbs the state of sobriety and so far destroys it; another glass excites him still more; a third fires his eye, heats his blood, loosens his tongue, inflames his passions; a fourth increases all this; a fifth makes him foolish and practically insane; a sixth makes him savage; a seventh or an eighth makes him stupid, a senseless, degraded mass, his reason is quenched, his faculties are for the time destroyed. Every holy and generous and noble principle within him withers, and the image of God is polluted and defiled. This is sin, awful sin! for 'drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God.' But where does the sin begin? At the first glass, at the first step toward complete intoxication, or at the sixth, or seventh, or eighth? Is not every step from the natural state of the system toward the state of stupid intoxication an advance in sin, and a yielding to the unwearied tempter of the soul?"

It is clear from this extract that Mr. Bright was at any rate a thorough-going advocate of teetotalism; and his sympathies toward the cause were strengthened, in 1839, by his marriage to Miss Priestman, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. She was an indefatigable worker herself, and her father is described by one of our correspondents as "the best man I ever knew." Mr. Bright was elected a Vice-President of the British

Association for the Promotion of Temperance (now the British Temperance League) in 1841, and in the following year President. He is reported, however, to have done very little during his term of office. He attended one of the annual conferences, but declined to stay to the public meeting, as he thought there was quite sufficient speaking-power. A formidable number of speakers has always been a characteristic feature of teetotal meetings, and is not unfrequently in our day a rock of offence to a long-winded orator.

An examination of the literature of temperance reveals the fact that many of our public men took a very hearty interest in the temperance cause in their early days; and it would be interesting and instructive to know the reasons which led to their withdrawal from a movement which still needs the assistance of patriotic men. Mr. Bright's withdrawal can, however, be satisfactorily explained. Three other questions claimed his attention: the question of Free Trade, the question of Public Education, and the question of Church Rates. The repeal of the Corn Laws became the burning question of the time, and upon it Mr. Bright eventually concentrated his efforts. It was impossible for him to take a leading part in all the movements with which he sympathized. Otherwise it is not likely that he would have withdrawn from the temperance cause, for he gave up his favorite recreation, cricketing, in order to gain more time for public work. Want of courage was certainly not the reason which led him to fall out of the ranks of teetotal workers, for he advocated the cause when arguments for total abstinence were often answered by brickbats. From the British Temperance Association he withdrew his connection in 1844, but some years before then he had become absorbed in other questions. He visited Ireland in 1841 to promote Free Trade, and was the guest of Mr. James Haughton, who thus records his impressions of the young reformer: "I was much gratified with the company of Mr. Bright: he

is an intelligent man, and very enthusiastic in the pursuit of benevolent objects, both able and willing to give good reasons for the opinions he holds; he is an ardent Free-Trader, and an advocate of freedom in every sense of the word, and, to crown all, he is a teetotaler."

There is yet another reason which may have had some weight with Mr. Bright. It was said of Samuel Rogers, banker-poet, that he dearly loved a lord at his breakfast-table; and, if we may judge from the reception given to them, the organizers of teetotal meetings dearly loved converted drunkards on their platform. "The King of Drunkards" and "Cockle Dick" were in greater demand than plain John Bright at teetotal festivals. The walls of a room at Preston were on one occasion decorated with the portraits of "His Most Gracious Majesty Thomas the First, King of the Reformed Drunkards," and "Her Most Gracious Majesty Sarah, the Consort of Thomas." Reformed drunkards certainly appear to have been the most successful advocates. A report from Oldham, in 1835, states, "Our chief speakers are blacksmiths, mechanics, hatters, colliers, weavers, spinners, etc., and by their plain and pithy language deep impressions are made." And a clergyman who had by his valorous deeds in the cause of temperance obtained one of the highest titles, "the Teetotal General," said, at a meeting in 1836, that the principal instruments of good in temperance societies were the reformed drunkards, who took a lively interest in the welfare of their fellow-workmen and old companions. One of the speakers at this meeting said he had been a confirmed drunkard thirty-six years; but about twenty months ago he went to a temperance meeting where the General "wur agait o' describin' t' mischiefs o' drunkenness; how some ended their lives on the gallows, and others wor transported; how some gait into t' canal and wor drowned, and others helped to fill t' prisons. An' he thou't to his sen at he wor one 'at had helped to fill a



prison through drunkenness; but, glory be to God, he wor like a robin caught under t' riddle, and now he wor honored wi' ministers o' the gospel and doctors and all macks o' gentlemen."

Homely speeches of this kind, in the dialect of the district, produced a greater impression than the more logical address of an educated man, however eloquent; and, when delivered by men who had themselves been bitten by the enemy, the effect was increased. Even in 1852 Mr. Livesey expressed himself in favor of reformed drunkards as speakers: "To produce a good, soul-stirring meeting, give me half a dozen plain, home-made speakers, especially reformed drunkards. The words of these men are understood; they tell in the right place; the common people hear them gladly. Many well-educated gentlemen speakers are dwarfs beside them. Our assemblies of workingmen cannot bear fine-spun addresses, and hence in their estimation, with some exceptions, they say that ministers of religion deliver the tamest and least interesting speeches."

The movement, it should be remembered, sprung from the people, not from the upper or from the middle classes; and to the noble efforts of workingmen in the past its exalted position at the present moment is due. Mr. Livesey's conviction is evidently shared by a large number of representative teetotalers in our own day, if we are to judge from their handsome treatment of certain Blue-Ribbon "missioners,"—treatment which is in striking contrast to that of men who have borne the heat and burden of the day. But we believe that the leading temperance societies have more faith in speeches which appeal to the reason than in the orations of converted drunkards.

Whatever the reasons which led Mr. Bright to sever his connection with the movement, he remains an abstainer. Speaking at the yearly meeting of the Society of Friends, in 1874, he remarked,—

"One Friend has said that he had not taken intoxicating drinks for thirty-five years. I will not say that I have ab-

stained for so long, but for thirty-four years—from the time I became a householder—I have not bought any wine or spirituous liquor whatever. I have in my house no decanters, and I think I have no wineglasses, and have not had them since 1839, when I took to house-keeping. It has cost me some inconvenience and trouble, but altogether I have had no occasion to regret the steps I then took, whilst I may say that if I had again to live those thirty-four years I sometimes doubt whether I should, considering the difference occasioned thereby, take such a step again."

Mr. Bright was speaking of the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage. That they have their uses as medicine, few teetotalers deny. During a serious illness, which began in 1870, Mr. Bright was urged to try the benefit of some light wines; but he abandoned alcohol when the necessity for it had ceased. When he said, at the opening of the Cobden Tavern last August, that he had been in the habit for the last more than ten years of entire abstinence from all these things, he dates from the time he returned to his first love. He also spoke of personal abstinence in a strain which indicated no abatement of interest in the old cause. "It is supposed," he remarked, "that when a man attains a certain age, and especially if his health for some time has been very indifferent, hardly anything can be better for him than a very fine claret, or something that contains some proportion of alcohol. Well, I was in that condition at an age when people begin, or are supposed to begin, to take care of themselves. I had been for a long time—two or three years—in very bad health; but I have not found abstinence from these things in the slightest degree prejudicial to myself. My own opinion is that the great bulk of the people—I do not say that there are no exceptions—would find that the less they take of this description of stimulant the better would their health be, I think the better their temper, and I think it very likely they would be more pleasant neighbors and friends,

and their lives in all probability would be prolonged."

Although Mr. Bright is such a staunch abstainer, and speaks so strongly in favor of total abstinence, his action in the House of Commons has not been very encouraging to the advocates of prohibition. The editor of a temperance journal, in 1850, includes him in a list of members of Parliament believed to be favorable to prohibition, and in his "History and Progress of the Temperance Movement," published in 1854, Mr. James Silk Buckingham also refers to Mr. Bright's support. "In the House of Commons," he says, "the cause has able advocates in Mr. Cobden, Mr. Bright, and others, so that the prospects of success for legislative measures to restrain and suppress intemperance were never, perhaps, so bright as at the present moment." Unfortunately, these high expectations have not been realized. Mr. Bright does not believe in legislation as a cure for the drinking and drunkenness which still prevail among us to such an alarming extent. He has never voted for Sir Wilfred Lawson's Permissive Bill, and confesses that he often felt it a grief and a misfortune that he was not able to march under that banner; but he contends that the friends of the United Kingdom Alliance had not very admirable tactics, and that "their mode of proceeding was not the most likely to attain the end they had in view." Mr. Bright's objections to the Permissive Bill were expounded in a speech in the House of Commons in 1864. After admitting that the bill could not be spoken of as a scheme of wild enthusiasts, he said,—

"I think there would be in all probability sudden, capricious, and unjust action under this bill, which would have a very unfortunate effect upon the interests of those immediately concerned. And I think it might also create throughout the country violent discussion on the question, and I am afraid might even produce a great and pernicious reaction against the very honest and good objects which my honorable friend desires to carry out. For this rea-

son, as a member of this House representing a very large constituency, and having my sympathies entirely with those who are endeavoring to promote temperance among the people, and after much consideration on this subject, I have never seen my way at all to give a vote which would tend to pass a measure such as that now proposed to the House."

Though opposed to the Permissive Bill, Mr. Bright thought that municipal councils of boroughs might be intrusted with the decision of how many licenses should be granted in their districts, thus avoiding that capriciousness of action which he thinks would exist if the matter were left to the decision of a majority of rate-payers. But he added, "I have not that faith in any act of the legislature on this subject which my honorable friend has. I believe in the effects of the instruction of the people and of the improvement which is gradually taking place among them."

Twenty years have passed since Mr. Bright uttered these memorable words, the compulsory-education law has been in force fourteen years, and drunkenness, with its attendant crimes, shows no sign of diminution.\*

It is clear, therefore, that something more than education is needed to produce reform in the habits of the people; and it is certainly curious and inexplicable to find Mr. Bright opposed to Parliamentary legislation, because the methods of the United Kingdom Alliance are

\* "The Alliance News" of January 26, 1884, records the following list of fruits of the liquor-traffic from papers of the last week of 1883 and the first of 1884:

- 26 perilous accidents through drink.
- 13 robberies through drink.
- 5 cases of drunken insanity.
- 63 drunken outrages and violent assaults.
- 20 drunken stabbings, cuttings, and woundings.
- 5 cases of drunken cruelty to children.
- 74 assaults on women through drink.
- 13 cases of juvenile intoxication.
- 70 drunken assaults on constables.
- 94 premature, sudden, or violent deaths through drink.
- 18 cases of suicide attempted through drink.
- 15 cases of drunken suicide completed; and
- 12 drunken manslaughters or murders.

precisely those of the Anti-Corn-Law League.

During the existence of the brewers' Parliament Mr. Bright's utterances against the drink-traffic were very pronounced. At a meeting in Birmingham in January, 1876, an amendment to the usual vote of confidence in Mr. Bright and Mr. Dixon was moved, regretting and condemning the action they had pursued in the matter of direct labor representation. The amendment was, as might have been expected, lost; but the occasion gave Mr. Bright another opportunity of protesting against class-distinctions and class-representation in Parliament. After paying a high tribute of respect to Mr. Burt, he said, "The only people now who think they are to be returned to Parliament because of a particular trade are the brewers. I have some very kind friends with whom I am on very intimate terms, but they are the very last for whom I should vote because they are brewers; and I am not sure that I should want to bring forward a man under the present state of public opinion on the drink-question who is a brewer because I thought I could better represent him than a man in any other business."

This supplementary, off-hand speech, remarks a special correspondent, "was far more in Mr. Bright's old style than his more eloquent and carefully-weighed address. It expressed no little feeling, and abounded in humor of a characteristic kind,—as, for instance, the reference to the brewers, which doubtless came home to the honorable member for East Staffordshire, who was not far off."\*

On another occasion Mr. Bright said that the licensed victualler is a sort of irrepressible evil, and that he felt certain that in the long run he would be beaten. One step in advance was taken by Mr. Bright in 1878, when he met the executive of the United Kingdom Alliance, with whom he discussed the question of the Permissive Bill. By his advice, they substituted a local option resolution for the Permissive

\* "Manchester Guardian," January 24, 1876.

Bill. Mr. Bright voted for this resolution; but, although the motion has been carried by large majorities, the government have taken no steps to give effect to it.

Few of Mr. Bright's speeches have been more severely criticised than the address delivered at the Cobden Tavern. His main proposals, that compensation should be given to publicans and that the control of the liquor-traffic should be placed in the hands of municipal authorities, were vigorously attacked, and considerable amazement was expressed at the change in the attitude of Mr. Bright in reference to the question. "On the whole," said one religious newspaper, "it is the publicans rather than the friends of the temperance reformation who have the most reason to be pleased with his deliverance."

But the feeling that Mr. Bright is an enemy rather than a friend of the temperance movement is not shared by all. One of his early associates writes, "When we consider what Mr. Bright did during the Anti-Corn-Law struggle, I am not much surprised that he has not done more in the promotion of temperance by his speeches. I am satisfied that it may be accounted for without imputing to him want of earnestness and courage. Some years ago a demonstration of licensed victuallers waited upon him in Birmingham, and the address he then delivered was remarkable for its fidelity. His address, too, last August showed the deep interest he feels in the temperance cause. I do not agree with all he said, but good has arisen from the discussion which his speech occasioned."

Most people will probably be of the same opinion; and even some members of the advance wing of the temperance party have not lost all hope in Mr. Bright. We believe, with one of his critics, that Mr. Bright may yet advance, as many other good men have done, to an apprehension and advocacy of his higher principles in their relation to the liquor-traffic.

*The Author of "Study and Stimulants."*

## DOMESTIC PETS.

MANY strange creatures are added to the family menagerie in the way of pets nowadays. In addition to dogs, cats, birds, the occasional monkey, and white mice, one friend brings home a baby jaguar from Brazil, another a mongoose from India, and a third a young 'coon who learns to follow him about like a dog. Other pet-lovers adopt a family of lizards, and even snakes, which they would persuade us are not only free from most of the vices popularly attributed to them, but are capable of displaying estimable qualities in the way of docility, affection, and so forth. Tame toads, too, are not uncommon pets. A friend of the writer's will show us one who comes at his call and accepts food from his fingers. Buffon's toad was, in the time of the great naturalist, such an exceptional pet that it became historical, and was quoted in books of natural history for at least two generations. There are zoophilists of the present day who would persuade us that no animal, however ferocious and obnoxious, is wholly untamable or devoid of interest. This increasing taste for the study of animals is greatly due to the facilities enjoyed for observing them in public menageries and to the important place now assigned to natural history in popular literature. The passion for sport and travel feeds it, too, not only by affording means of procuring strange pets, but by inducing habits of observation, through which old-time prejudices are gradually discarded. The traveller or the explorer sees and judges for himself; and in the matter of zoology personal observations are always of value. In recording his own experiences, therefore, he is able to do much toward contributing to our knowledge of natural history.

One new feature of this new era in biological science is the sweeping away of the old-time distinction between

"reason and instinct," a sort of conventional barrier which for ages no one attempted to break down. Man, however brutal, was said to be endowed with reason; brutes, however amiable and intelligent, were said to be endowed with instinct only. But many observing and thinking persons began to inquire into the nature and limits of this so-called "instinct," and to discover higher and even moral qualities in dumb brutes. Students of animal life continually claimed for their own especial pets evidences of superior intelligence which should entitle them to rank as reasoning creatures, and whereas formerly the dog, the elephant, and the monkey divided the honors for "sagacity" unrecognized — probably because unlooked for — in most other animals, we are now induced to believe that all living creatures are more or less endowed with reasoning powers. Sir John Lubbock would take a high stand for his ants; and other naturalists, who have made special studies of one or another class of animals, bring forward convincing evidences of rationality in them also.

Instinctive habits are ancestral, performed without any previous education or training, no better, no worse, than ages of ancestors have performed them. Yet in the skill with which the brute creation perform many instinctive habits they far exceed us, who, with all our wisdom, if bidden to construct a wren's nest or a honey-comb, would produce but a poor imitation of the original. Instinct, however, is not progressive. From the first it enabled the creature to accomplish in the best possible manner all that was necessary to fulfil the purposes of its existence. But in addition to these instinctive habits birds and animals show themselves capable of being taught, or in some cases of teaching themselves, what their ancestors were never in a position to do. They can "make new adjustments or modify old

ones in accordance with their own individual experiences," which Romanes considers a criterion of mind. The modern thrush continues to build the ancestral nest, but in a cage learns to adapt itself to a different mode of life. It will watch for the person who feeds it, take food from his hands, and carry a hard crust of bread to its water-pan and leave it there until it is softened. Its ancestors may have discovered the solvent powers of water thousands of years ago, and may also have softened some hard food thus; they may have carried snails or nuts, whose shells were too hard to break, high into the air and dropped them to get broken by the fall, so that the contents might be got at, as the modern thrush will do; but this only proves that the thrush of ancient days was endowed with reasoning as well as instinctive capacities. In monkeys the imitative power is in a great measure instinctive because inherited. Their ancestors no doubt imitated the actions of men as living monkeys now do, but the faculty has developed almost into talent, and is accompanied by adaptiveness which displays reason, observation, and reflection in a remarkable degree. I have seen a monkey place a lump of sugar in the palm of its hand, and then hold it carefully in the water-pan till the sugar was nearly dissolved, when he sucked it up with great gusto. He must have done that before, and more than once, by the expert manner in which he went to work, having evidently ascertained that the softened sugar was less likely to hurt his gums than munching the hard knobs. I once watched a monkey trying to reach a nut that was lying on a ledge outside his cage. He examined the wires to see where he could most easily pass his arm between them, but no space admitted the elbow. He tried high and low, first one arm and then the other, but could not reach the nut. A considerable time elapsed in these attempts, observation, reflection, and perseverance all assisting his efforts,—alas! found to be fruitless. Then he deliberated sorrowfully, yet now and

again making one more attempt, when suddenly he espied a bit of broken stick in his cage, and a new idea evidently struck him. Seizing the stick, he again set to work, and grinned with delight when he found it would pass between the wires where his arms could not, and that it would reach the nut, which by care and skill he then managed to drag within his grasp. A child of six years old would not have more readily adapted means to an end. Probably Jacko had often seen a stick thus thrust between the wires by persons who were trying to reach something which he had snatched from them; but mere imitation would not have dictated an appropriate time for using the stick as an accessory toward a desired result, and he was evidently profiting by previous experience in the present use of it.

"Where does instinct end and reason begin?" it is often asked. The one merges into the other, as the reflex actions of the lowest organisms merge into volitional actions and these into instinct. We talk now of the "behavior" of globules, of chemicals, of plants, of rotifers, and we must begin at the mere protoplasmic mass to discover where any action at all, as any organism at all, originates. Just as the higher organisms have been evolved from the lower ones, so in process of ages have instinct, intelligence, mind, advanced from reflex actions, which in the first stages are nothing more than a response to stimulation. Romanes, in his work on "Animal Intelligence," makes clear the differences between the three activities in living organisms, which he classes as reflex, instinctive, and rational actions. In the lowest forms of life he calls motion "non-mental behavior," because it is produced from stimulus, not will. Similar—that is, reflex—action exists in the higher forms of life in the way of natural functions, over which we have no control, the circulation of the blood, digestion, etc., which are therefore non-mental. They correspond with a machine under manipulation. It is touched by certain stimuli,—a spring, perhaps,—



and the whole is thrown into appropriate movement.

Instinctive actions Romanes describes as those into which there is imported an element of consciousness, but without reflection as to means to an end, and which are similarly performed under similar and frequently-recurring circumstances by all the individuals of the same species; as, for instance, all the robins building the same kind of nest, all the bees making the same-shaped wax cells. Reason or intelligence is the faculty which is concerned in the intentional adaptation of means to ends, a knowledge of cause and effect exercised continually under new conditions, novel alike to the individual and the species. These distinctions enable us to observe with increased interest the actions of the creatures around us, and to discriminate between instinct and reason in our especial pets. When we see an animal profiting by previous experience so far as to modify its actions in order to produce a wished-for result, we may give it credit for possessing some share of reason.

Nothing more strongly marks the change of sentiment regarding what we have been pleased to call the brute creation than the now almost universal use of the pronoun *who* in animal biographies. It is a concession which grammarians have made to zoologists. In the good old time of Murray and those of his disciples who wrote grammars for the American youth, the rule was to use "who for persons, which for animals and inanimate things." We now feel that we almost insult our pets in alluding to them as "which" while setting forth the unmistakable proofs of "mind" or reason displayed in their actions.

For many years it has been my pleasure to endeavor to analyze the springs of these actions in pet creatures and of the reputed "virtues" of very hungry animals, and I am driven to the conclusion that disinterested affection is as rare among them as among men. That it exists in the dog no one will deny, and, though occasional indications of it have

been accredited to some other creatures, none can compare with the dog for pure, unselfish devotion. No other animal will risk his life for his master or lie on his grave refusing to be comforted. "They do everything but talk," we hear persons say of their favorite dogs, who, though not uttering human language themselves, can comprehend it well enough when addressed to them, and are eloquent in their own mode of expressing themselves. Speaking of the elephant, Romanes says, "Its higher mental faculties are more advanced than in any other animal, 'except the dog and the monkey.'" Cuvier said of the elephant that his intelligence was "not higher than that of the dog." The three have always divided honors for "sagacity,"—as qualities in advance of instinct have been denominated,—but so diverse are the natures of dog, elephant, and monkey that a comparison between them can scarcely be drawn. An elephant does not instinctively imitate human actions like the monkey, nor apparently submit things to a similar process of reasoning. On the other hand, a monkey cannot be taught to be useful to man, to become a carrier, a mason, a hewer of wood and drawer of water, or to comprehend the situation and do promptly what is required of him, like the elephant, even in proportion to his lesser physical power. The qualities of a dog also are of another order, and it is doubtful, even had he the physical capacity of the elephant, whether he could be brought under such perfect discipline. A cat can ring a bell or knock at a door as well as either of them to gain her own ends, but she displays little capacity for practical training. The horse, again, possesses intelligence, a capacity for training, and a wonderful memory for locality, but his docility and obedience cannot be compared with those of the elephant. For higher and more admirable qualities all yield to the dog.

In an interesting paper, entitled "My Own Dogs," in the March number of LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, "A. D. C." said that her pet dogs had furnished her

with "examples of deductive reasoning, hospitality, humor, gratitude, love of applause, generosity, gallantry, and comprehension of language." Several other canine virtues might have been added to the list. Strong personal attachment is perhaps so generally recognized in them that it need not be cited; but I quite believe that dogs evince an affection for individuals very much akin to what psychologists term love at first sight, arising solely from a study of individual physiognomy. A little dog, of the long, silky-haired terrier breed,—appropriately named Mop,—manifested this sort of affection for myself before I had begun to show her any kindness whatever. I never knew a dog who studied countenances more intently in order to be guided in her own actions, or to whom verbal orders were less necessary. Most tender feelings had Moppie, a gentle, spaniel-like nature, and a keen sense of justice. She had been the chief pet of her mistress—the friend whom I was visiting—until the arrival of a Maltese terrier, much smaller than Mop, and an untrained, noisy, rollicking, mischievous little scamp, who with impunity took possession of the sofa and certain elegant cushions from which Moppie had been always unceremoniously driven. Tim was permitted to break through rules to an extent which exceedingly perplexed Mop's comprehension, while she looked harder than ever into first one face and then another in order to seek a reason for it all. The sympathy she saw in mine, and the slight caress of a pat or two, won her heart. From the consolation she found in my small attentions her affection rapidly increased to an inconvenient extent, for when separated from me she moaned and cried in such a pitiable manner that she was voted a nuisance in the house.

In our walks, Tim would be off across the wet grass, and, true to his terrier instincts, scratching and burrowing in a ploughed field until he was an unrecognizable mass of mud. Mop would look entreatingly into my face for permission to have some fun too, not discriminating

between damp and dry weather and the risk to her white silken fringes. One morning, both just washed and combed and looking like two little bundles of white floss, they were out for their airing, charged strictly to keep on the dry path, when we stopped to speak with friends whom we met. Tim made off instantly, and for once Moppie's terrier nature was too strong for the voice of conscience or to resist companionship. Before we were aware of it, both had darted through the hedge, across a wheat-field, and into some rabbit-burrows, out of hearing. When, after vainly calling them, they in their own good time reappeared, two such disguised objects you rarely met with. Instead of bunches of white silken fringe, both now more nearly represented two heaps of rubbish which the gardener might have swept up. What with dewy grass, soft earth, brambles, burrs, cleavers, and all other clinging vegetation, they were but moving rubbish-heaps. Mop was so entangled that she could only hobble along with difficulty, for as she got a bramble off one leg it clung to another; her head was in a mist, and, indeed, they were sticking out in all directions. Such a mortified, shamefaced little dog was never seen. Tim's mistress at once set to work to relieve him of his fetters, but I was blind to Mop's appealing look: her punishment was to walk home in that grotesque plight. I cut away enough of the brambles to permit the free use of her limbs, but left them trailing behind her as a practical lesson. Poor little Moppie! She knew as well as any human being how she had transgressed and why she was thus disgraced, and her appeal for forgiveness, as she slunk along behind us, was almost too eloquent. Dismissed for a second bath on reaching home, probably she was punished still more severely by the maid; but by and by, returning to us timid and doubting, yet with her self-respect in some measure restored, she saw in my face that she was forgiven, and her ecstasies now exceeded her previous shame. After this, she comprehended

the distinction between bath-days and the end of the week, when a scamper in the fields was permitted. I might multiply instances of intelligence, sensitiveness, and devotion in this little canine physiognomist, but no more space can be spared to Mop.

A French poodle in the same household contrived to let herself into a room where she liked to be but was not always admitted, by turning the handle of the door which we had been careful to close. One day, when several of the family were seated there, suddenly the door flew open and in bounced the poodle. I rose and went to see who had let her in, when my cousin, at the other end of the passage, explained that the dog had made a leap at the handle. It was a round, smooth knob, not at all easy to turn, and the feat must have required some practice to accomplish it. After this, the dog was watched, and we found that she would first go close to the door and scratch with her paws, as dogs usually do, then listen to ascertain if any one were within. Her demands for admittance meeting no response, she would retreat three or four yards for the spring, then run and jump at the handle, which she contrived to turn with her two paws pressing on the same side. This was undoubtedly the "adaptive action" which Romanes considers a criterion of mind. No one had taught her how to open the door, there or elsewhere: it was entirely original with her. Both dogs and cats understand very well that the handle is a means of getting a door open, and will sit and watch it when they wish to enter or to leave a room, and even endeavor to reach it; but few so practically make use of it in their own service. A pet cat succeeded equally well in opening a door. He was a large, long-haired Persian cat, belonging to a neighbor, but such a general pet that he divided his time pretty equally between the two families. The rule was that Ruffy must go to his own home at dusk, all the year round. Sometimes when he had been taken home he reappeared in some mysterious manner after doors and windows had been closed for

the night. Another puzzle was to know how a door leading into the garden was frequently found to be open when the servants declared it had been closed. It fastened by an old-fashioned latch on the outside, and was not one to fly open by itself. The mystery increased, when one evening we heard some one moving this latch, as if trying to gain admittance. Access to the garden was impossible except by climbing high walls or through one of the neighbors' houses, which were as private as our own. After various alarms and mysteries, Ruffy was detected in the burglarious act. He jumped at the latch-handle, and with sufficient force to press it down with both paws; then, letting his weight down against the door, he pushed it open, and in he came. This sort of fastening was more easily managed than the round knob; but a knowledge of cause and effect was no less exemplified in Ruffy than in the poodle dog. Farm-animals learn to open gates and barn doors, but the fastenings of these are generally within reach of their head and of more simple construction.

I lately read of a cat that managed to produce a rapping sound at a door which she wished to enter by pulling at a loose piece of the wood-work partially split and letting it fly back. She might in the first place have discovered by accident that it answered the purpose of a knock and afterward practised it successfully. But I knew a cat in London who contrived to use the door-knocker itself with good effect. It was a house in Oakley Square, near Regent's Park, and it had an area opening from the kitchen. The knocker of the door was quite out of pussy's reach, but she understood the use of it nevertheless, and, climbing on to the window-sill, gave a skilful leap at it, at the same time raising it with her paw and letting it fall against the door as she herself descended to the ground. This was really a very clever acrobatic achievement, — a nice estimation of distance, a twofold action, and a skilful manipulation of the knocker all being requisite. For a long while the servants wondered who had knocked at the door, they finding no one there, and

never suspecting the ingenuity of Miss Puss; but after a time it was discovered that she was the performer, and how she managed it.

A cat belonging to a clerical friend was taught to shake hands, jump over a stick or through a hoop, and sit on her hind legs and beg like a dog. She also came at a whistle. Her education had been conducted by means of rewards. A favorite morsel was held in front of her, first close, then with a stick between, or a hoop, which was held higher by degrees as she learned to jump through it to obtain the prize. Persian Ruffly also shook hands, and gave the right paw, or when occasionally the left was offered he quite understood what was meant by "Not *that* paw, Ruffly." He was undoubtedly a feline of superior intelligence. He was allowed to sit up at table, and was disciplined by having a tempting morsel placed close before him, while to take food from the table, or even to put his paw on the cloth, was strictly prohibited. After this lesson of patience and self-control had been sufficiently prolonged, the morsel was put in a plate, when he ate it neatly, not once putting his paw on the table-cloth. In the garden he had acquired a knack of helping himself to drink from a tub or pail containing water for the plants by balancing himself on three legs on the edge and dipping the fourth paw into the water to act as a ladle. Very graceful was this action, the paw curved and lifted repeatedly to the mouth until he had dipped up enough water; and a nice adjustment of balance was necessary during the performance. We saw him sometimes help himself to water from the corner of a square tank, two legs on one side and one on the other, while he had to dip at least six inches, poising himself across the corner, and yet never once losing his equilibrium. That was really a difficult feat to perform, and it was observable that he acted with extreme caution.

A relative of Ruffly's—a great-nephew—was presented to me. It was quite a kitten, too young, in fact, to be separated from its mother,—but the friends who

owned her were leaving the neighborhood, and there was no alternative but for me either to become its guardian or to decline the gift. It could not even feed itself; and the plan adopted was to dip a little twist of soft linen in milk and then put it to its mouth. It soon learned to suck up sufficient nourishment in this way; only, as the reader will surmise, "baby" kitty required an immense deal of time and attention. I am convinced that young creatures take many a lesson from their mother in the art of first feeding themselves, unobserved by us, perhaps because unobservable. That kitten lacked maternal instruction when the time came for it to partake of solid nourishment; and, although it grew apace and consumed more milk each day,—also time,—it showed no disposition to relinquish its acquired habit. On the contrary, when lying on the lap, or whenever it could get hold of a soft handkerchief or a linen serviette, the creature would commence kneading and sucking in a most ludicrous manner, apparently as well contented as if the article had been soaked in milk. By very slow degrees, and with much prompting, it learned to suck bread instead of the artificial nipple, and then some meat minced very fine, but still through the medium of milk; nor even when fully grown did it ever cease its rag-sucking propensities. This cat was a singular case, in which instinct appeared to be dormant and abnormal habits to be substituted. It did not play like other kittens, run after its tail and pretend to catch mice, and I much doubt whether it ever became a mouser; but its fate is unknown to me. I was absent from home for a time, and on my return "Baby" had been bestowed elsewhere.

Cats must be deficient in some nice perception that enables them to discriminate, or else they are remarkably accommodating nurses. It is not uncommon to see kittens taking nourishment from one who is not its mother, and the latter permitting it. A singular example of indiscriminate nursing occurred where three generations of cats were petted

by an elderly couple, who permitted them—kittens and all—to make themselves at home on the hearth-rug. The grandmother cat, at an advanced age, had a solitary kitten, her daughter then having a kitten about two weeks old, and soon after a grand-daughter had kittens, one of which was permitted to live. There were thus six cats of various sizes and four generations. The grand-daughter, though herself a parent, had never ceased taking the maternal nutriment, and this she continued to do, sometimes from her own mother, sometimes from her grandmother, while the three kittens were altogether indifferent as to whence they drew their milk,—sometimes from their parent, sometimes from the grandmother, sometimes from the elder sister, or even the niece. The most accommodating “happy family” of cats that could be imagined were that half-dozen.

A singular case, in which a cat really appeared to comprehend language, must complete these feline biographies. It was at St. Heliers, in one of the Channel Islands, where I was spending the winter. Going down-stairs one day, I found the landlady and her daughter holding a discussion in the hall regarding the disposition of a litter of kittens just added to the family, which they decided must all be drowned. A black cat—there was not a light hair about her—was purring and mewing piteously around the feet of the elder lady, who had the kittens in her apron. Until that moment I did not even know there was a cat in the house, and I believe puss was equally ignorant of the existence of a lodger, as she never came upstairs. Looking at the kittens as I passed, I said, “Oh, Mrs. Huxtable, don’t let them all. Do let her have one.”

That evening, while sitting reading, I heard a singular little noise in the room, rather like a mouse’s squeak, but not exactly, nor like a bird. I paid no particular attention till it was several times repeated; and then it appeared to come from a corner behind a sofa. Going near, to assure myself that I was not mistaken, and again hearing the same

sound, I drew out the sofa, when, lo! all alone in the cold corner lay a miserable little kitten.

Finding an excuse to go and speak to the landlady, I casually asked, “Well, did you drown all the kittens?”

“Only three of them. I told puss she might keep one for a day or two, so as not to deprive her of them all at once.”

Then I related my discovery, and she said, “The cat must have heard you beg for the kitten’s life.”

Whether or not pussy had comprehended my entreaties, it was certainly remarkable that she—a singularly timid, nervous cat—should have brought it up to my room, where she had never been before, and have consigned it to my care. The motherly act caused her mistress to relent and to spare the kitten’s life, and forthwith, a soft bed in a basket being provided, both mother and child were duly installed in the chosen corner.

That cat displayed a passionate caprice of temper that was quite unaccountable. Purring and fondling about me, taking milk or accepting food from my hands, she would, without any apparent reason or provocation, suddenly grasp my hand with her claws and cover it with scratches, at the same time spitting, putting up her back, and acting with all the demonstrations of fury. Then, as soon as I had shaken her off and got angry in my turn, she became penitent and manifested all her previous affection, licking my hands and seeming to express the keenest sorrow for having hurt me. Sometimes I thought a sudden pain had seized her; but if so it was quickly over.

These paroxysms were, happily, only occasional, her general habits being those of warm attachment, as if she regarded me as the preserver of her child. In some other entirely black cats I have observed similar though less pronounced caprices of temper; and I can but think that cats in common with human beings have certain temperaments which more or less correspond with the color of their hair and eyes. We find



in women the passionate, the phlegmatic, the sensitive, all more or less agreeing with hair and complexion.

But "baby" puss recalls some baby birds that I reared from the nest. Thrushes they were, and their cousins the mocking-birds. These also lacked the mother's instructions, and remained the most helpless, silly baby birds, even when fully grown. In picking up food they all exhibited a degree of awkwardness and stupidity that was laughable, and in order to induce them to feed themselves I was obliged to keep quite out of sight, for so long as they saw me there was no hope of their attempting it. The mocking-birds grew so knowing that if they only caught sight of the flounce of my dress they began in their usual tone to ask me to come. As plainly as birds could speak they would look at the food and then at me with an expression and movement that eloquently said, "Do give it to us." And whenever I approached the cage the great big, full-fledged babies opened wide their mouths and went through all the fluttering and performances of fledglings.

What, after all, is "tameless" but a state of subjugation, a submission to superior intelligence? The captured or the immature creature feels first its utter helplessness, and presently hunger. The captor feeds it, and, continuing to do so, the fears of the captive begin to subside: it learns to recognize the one who feeds and cares for it, and by degrees manifests pleasure at his approach. We will not wrong our pets so much as to infer that theirs is all "cupboard love," and that only; but it is certain that if the person for whom the pet had evinced the strongest affection should cease to feed and care for it and some one else performed the office, the affection would be quickly transferred to the second guardian, though the first, even after an absence, might continue to be recognized,—that is, remembered as one who *had* fed and petted it and from whom it still expected a lump of sugar. In animals long domesticated and whose

progenitors have been domesticated, certain features are by degrees so modified as to become specific distinctions. Domestication does within a few generations what in a state of nature natural selection might do in process of ages. The taming or subjugation of a pet is the beginning of this.

Quite lately there were given me some of those quaint little reptiles commonly known as "horned toads," or "horned frogs," but which are neither toads nor frogs, but lizards (*Phrynosoma cornuta*). They were presented with the rather unsatisfactory assurance, "They won't live long, for they never feed in captivity." Poor little things! how could they feed unless in a sufficiently ample space, where insects could come and where they could run about and catch them according to their native instincts? However, the only alternative was to secure all the tempting insects attainable and get them down the creatures' throats in some way. The first time I attempted to open their mouths they resisted, and clinched their jaws with such incredible strength that it was almost impossible to separate them. One could not have supposed such small animals to be capable of such resistance. "Superior intelligence,"—acquit me of vanity, kind reader,—let me say human device, gained the mastery, and the insects once in the mouth were swallowed readily. Each time the process was repeated the jaws made less strenuous resistance, and in a few days yielded easily; and, though the little reptiles continued to protest against being held by hard struggles and a good use of their sharp spines, it was but momentary, and I soon fed them without any difficulty. They were subjugated. I am sorry to say that a somewhat deficient intelligence stood in the way of their becoming exceedingly interesting pets; but one of them did turn its head on one occasion and stare at me stolidly for about half an hour when I spoke to it in a tone adapted to its intellect.

CATHERINE C. HOPLEY.

## JACK MINER'S WOUND.

JACK MINER swung his loose-jointed body over the rough pine counter of Moore & Campbell's general merchandise store.

"I will take it easy for a while, now," he said, as he rescued a half-smoked cigar from the edge of the cheese-box, where it had been in imminent danger of falling into an open barrel of cucumber pickles, and relit it with proper care for the safety of his light-red moustache.

Miner was manager, chief clerk, book-keeper, and errand-boy of the store, which was a branch of Moore & Campbell's branch establishment in Omaha, and had just had a fine spurt of business for an hour or two since dinner. He had done up the parcels of sugar, coffee, and bacon for the last customer, and sent a parting joke after him into the dusty, sunlit street. He had been busily at work for two hours, and thought his respite fairly earned, as he threw his powerful frame at full length upon a couple of shoe-boxes, with a feeling of contentment and general satisfaction with himself and all the world, and puffed away at his cigar with as much apparent pleasure as if it had been a good one. It was not a good cigar,—the firm bought them for thirty dollars a thousand and sold them for five cents each,—but Miner was not fastidious, and the consciousness of honest labor faithfully done, the appreciation that he had justified the trust his employers had placed in him, and, during the year since they had opened their branch store in Speedville and placed him in charge, had looked after their interests as if they had been his own, and the knowledge that the success of the enterprise had been great even beyond their expectations, awakened in the young man so strong a feeling of self-congratulation, so great a disposition to be in a good humor with himself and everything else, that the thought of the very poor

quality of his cigar never entered his head, but he lay back on the two shoe-boxes, with his freckled face turned toward the shawls and scarfs and red flannels that hung by way of samples from the unpainted board ceiling, and smoked his cheap cigar in comfort and in silence.

"Hey, old sock, wake up!" shouted Nealey, the cattle-man, his Mexican spurs jingling with every heavy step as he came in at the side-door and reeled up against the counter near where Jack was taking his well-earned repose.

"What yer sleepin' away this time o' day for?" demanded Nealey, and he prepared to bring his huge open hand down with all his force on Miner's leg, which was his festive way of showing delight on meeting with a friend. Jack, however, had no desire to feel the weight of his hand, for he knew from experience what these love-taps were. He adroitly interposed the hammer-handle, and the cow-boy's wrist came to grief.

"You durned Texas steer! I didn't know you had horns. Get your old lazy carcass up here, and come along over to Charlie's and have a shake," he said, seizing Jack by the arm and hauling him from his comfortable boxes.

"Wait a minute till I put on my coat," said Jack, "and I will."

"Hah, you don't need any coat! I ain't proud. Shirt-sleeves are good enough for me,—anyhow, if it's a b'iled one. Come on!" And he dragged Jack, without much resistance, out of the store and across the street into Charlie Kahn's sample-room.

"Set out yer nose-paint, my thoroughbred," he demanded of the barkeeper, "and be lively: me and my friend here are pretty dry, an' I'm a dashed impatient-natured sort of a man."

The barkeeper paid no attention to his new customers, but continued to stir a cocktail with that peculiar motion

which only barkeepers know the trick of,—holding the long, slim spoon with his little finger and the end of his thumb, and with a dexterous movement sending it twirling around among the ice and liquor like a ballet-dancer.

Nealey waited a very short time, and then burst out with an oath, "*Ain't* you goin' to set out the bottle? I'm d——d nigh tired o' waitin'."

The barkeeper strained the cocktails and carried them to a table where the two men who had ordered the mixtures were waiting for them.

"Here's your cocktails, doctor," he said, in the most deliberate way, and waited as if for the pay. He did not receive it, however, and the cow-boy watched him with open-eyed astonishment. He was not used to being waited upon in this manner. Generally, the saloon was his own from the moment he entered. This was a new barkeeper, and evidently knew not Nealey's fame and felt none of the terror with which he usually inspired the class.

"D'ye know who I am?" roared the half-tipsy and enraged cow-boy.

"I know you well enough, Tom Nealey," said the barkeeper, as he passed behind the bar, and, taking a small revolver from a drawer, he cocked it coolly.

He steadied his elbow upon the bar, and, looking Nealey square in the eyes over the sights of the revolver, continued, "Yes, you're Tom Nealey, and I've heard all about you; but I'm not goin' to have any foolin' round here,—I just give *that* out solid. If you want any liquor over this bar you'll ask for it civil."

"The h—ll you say!" exclaimed Nealey, sweeping the threatening revolver out of the barkeeper's hand with a motion of his long arm that was as quick as it was unexpected. The weapon, however, was discharged, and the ball took effect in Jack Miner's arm.

"Now *will* you set out the liquor?" asked Nealey, in what he meant to be a tone of righteous indignation. With any one else it would have been a bully-

ing command; with Nealey it was, despite the dire results it threatened should the "liquor" not be set out, simply ludicrous. A bottle of whiskey and some glasses, however, were forthcoming, and Nealey, filling one to the brim, remarked that he wasn't goin' to take a bath, but he wanted to feel as if he had something for his money, and drank it off like water. He then gave the barkeeper a few words of friendly advice, protesting his own harmlessness and good will as long as he was treated white, but he was sort o' impatient-natured, and hereafter the barkeeper would do well to remember it and act civil. That gentleman listened to his advice with sullen indifference, and Nealey, catching sight of Miner's bloody shirt-sleeve, exclaimed,—

"Why, if that durned pop-gun didn't carry fur enough to hit ye! Well, drot *me*, if I'd 'a' thought that I'd 'a' knocked it down on the other side. Here, throw away that snipe and have a good cigar. Not them" (to the barkeeper); "the other box,—them twenty-five-cent ones. And have another shake, Jack."

"I'll not drink any more now, I think," said Miner. "Wait till I see what the doctor thinks of this." And, rolling up his sleeve, he held out his arm to the old gentleman at the table, who with his companion had been drinking cocktails since early in the forenoon.

The ball had ploughed a furrow for about two inches along the flesh of Jack's forearm, then penetrated about an equal distance farther towards the elbow, and lay embedded beneath a thin layer of flesh. The doctor felt Jack's arm nervously with his shaking fingers. He easily located the ball without probing.

"That's nothing," he hiccupped; "jess a scratch. I've done slit balls like that out by the dozen when I was in the army,—in the Union army," he took haste to add, as he rose, and, steadying himself against the table, drew a case of instruments from his pocket. For, now that Dr. Erskine had moved from Virginia to Nebraska, he

thought it would be more to his credit to have attended wounded soldiers in blue instead of the poor fellows in gray, who had been very grateful for his really skilful help. But the doctor since then had grown blear-eyed, nervous, and perhaps color-blind,—at least as far as blue and gray of the past were concerned,—and a long and faithful friendship for cocktails had cost him the larger share of what was left of his father's estate after the war, together with a good practice in Richmond. His fidelity to these same cocktails was likely, in spite of his faithless desertion of his colors, to prove an insurmountable difficulty in the way of his acquiring anything like a respectable position among the younger and more enterprising members of the profession in Speedville. A young fellow with a tall hat and a few small bottles of insignificant pills, who taught a class in Sunday-school and played poker all night in the back room of his office, and who didn't know a ball-and-socket joint, said Erskine, from a wooden leg, be-gawd! was getting all the practice,—and he would order "another cocktail, Billie," in his shaky voice, and implore Billie to make it strong and not use too much syrup. One couldn't drink many cocktails, he would explain to any who chanced to be near and disposed to listen, if there was too much syrup in them. The syrup sort o' took off the edge of one's taste and clogged the appetite. Ordinarily, his language, except for the want of the letter *r*, was irreproachable, but when he became excited his conversation approached near to the conventional negro dialect.

Nealey plucked Jack by the sleeve. "I wouldn't let the old gentleman go to cuttin' an' slashin' around my arm till he sobers up a little. He's bowlin' full now," he said, with an immense wink that distorted all one side of his face, and a jerk of his thumb in the direction of Erskine, who was not more than three feet away.

"Full!" exclaimed the doctor, guessing rather than overhearing the cow-

boy's whispered warning to his friend. "I reckon you're like the man who guessed the lamp-posts an' everybody else in Lon'on was drunk jess 'cause he couldn't walk straight. I'm 's sober 's evah I was."

"That's so," muttered Nealey, "when-ever I saw you."

"An' 's foh that bullet, why, see heah," and the doctor took a glittering knife and a probe from his case: "all I've got to do is run this probe up till I feel the ball, an' then slip this heah knife along this groove, an' thar's your bullet. Jess as easy 's rollin' off'm a log. Why, my Sally could do that with her eyes shet!" And the doctor wiped his probe on his coat-sleeve, with the air of a perfect master, but in so doing he lost the friendly support of the table, and swayed for a moment with oracular uncertainty between falling north-and-south or east-and-west, and finally settled into his chair, a relaxed heap of helplessness.

"If I was you, Jack," again cautioned Nealey, "I'd let his Sally do it with her eyes shet before I'd have him touch my arm. The old 'nebriate—he's fuller'n I am!" Nealey was a fair-minded man, with his eyes open to his own faults, and thought, not without some reason, that this admission was enough to prove any man intoxicated.

Just at this moment, when the bar-keeper was endeavoring to express his sorrow to Miner for what had happened, and the doctor, backed up by the assertions of his maudlin companion, was insisting on his ability to treat the wounded arm, and Nealey was warning his friend to let the old 'nebriate have nothing to do with it, Miner, who had about made up his mind to cut the whole matter short and bolt the entire outfit, was surprised to see the slim figure of a young girl in the door-way. She was about seventeen, and dressed in a plain calico gown; a small, faded shawl, folded like a hood about her head, left none of her hair in sight, but, held together under her chin with a small white hand, framed in as delicate and beautiful a face, thought Miner, as

he had ever looked upon. She seemed hesitating between a desire to enter the place and a natural repugnance toward doing so.

Erskine caught a glimpse of her in the door. "Good Lawd, Ca'tah, heah's Sally!" he exclaimed, in a hoarse whisper. "What d'ye reckon can be the mattah?" And the old gentleman, in obedience to Carter's injunction to "brace up," leaned confidently back in his chair, crossed his legs with great dignity, and fixed his eyes with a vacant stare upon the southwest corner of the ceiling, assuming, as he imagined, an attitude of profound meditation.

"Papa," said the girl, when she saw the doctor.

"What, Sally, you here!" exclaimed her father, with great astonishment. Then a happy thought struck him: "But I'm not so very sorry; for I've just been telling these gentlemen that you could take care of Mr. Miner's arm, here. Sally, my young friend, Mr. Miner.—Miner, let me introduce you to my daughter.—He has accidentally been wounded; and, as I was feeling rather nervous this afternoon, I was—I was wishing you were here; and now here you are." And he looked from his daughter to the others for approval,—from the former because of his evident state of soberness, from the latter for the ingenuity of his speech.

Sally, however, was not deceived, and, after a timid glance at her father and at Jack's bloody sleeve,—she had acknowledged the introduction with a pretty little bow and lowered lashes,—she came close up to her father, and, speaking low and rapidly, said, "The baby is ever so much worse, and mamma is getting anxious. She wants you to come home directly, please; and, if you will, I will fix Mr. Miner's arm." She understood but too well why her father did not do it himself.

"Why, certainly, child: why did you not tell me sooner your mother wanted me?" And the old doctor stroked his peaked beard nervously. "Here are my instruments," he continued, fumbling in his pockets.

"Never mind; I have them," said Sally, taking the case from the table, where it lay in a little pool of liquor from the doctor's glass,—for he was indeed nervous; "but you must go home immediately, for mamma is quite frightened about baby."

"Yes, yes, Sally. You had better go over to Mr. Miner's store. It is just across the street."

"Nealey, you walk home with Dr. Erskine, will you?" said Jack, who knew the old gentleman would never exhibit his unsteady gait to his daughter; and he somehow felt a strong aversion to seeing this young girl striving to get her father started from such a place. "My friend will go with your father," he continued, addressing Sally; "and I think we—" She turned to him with a look of thankfulness and relief in her great brown eyes that made Jack think of his dog Smiler. He blushed till his many freckles became invisible. "I think we had better—we might go," he stammered on. "Shall I carry your case?" And, taking it hurriedly from her hands as if he feared to burn his fingers, he started away. Sally, after an imploring look at her father and a questioning one at Nealey, in whose charge she was to leave him, followed him out. The cow-boy bore this look with great composure, and thought to reassure the young lady with his untranslatable wink and a rapid and highly-expressive dumb show, in which he tucked the doctor tenderly under his arm like a sack of corn and transported him safely from the reach of temptation. Temptation was signified by an almost speaking crook and elevation of the elbow.

Jack and Sally arrived at the store and found no one there. Miner had feared to discover some waiting and impatient customer, and was more relieved than mere consideration for the firm's advantage would have seemed to warrant when he entered and saw Smiler with his nose between his paws, blinking contentedly as when his master had left him. The dog cast a quiet glance or two of inquiry on Miss Sally as she prepared to play the surgeon, and with



his half-shut eyes followed her light movements persistently while she flitted about the store and got some cloths and fresh water and a sponge and the tin wash-basin together.

The dog's master, too, was an interested observer of the young lady's preparations. It was natural, though, that he should be, for they were being made for his benefit; yet it is quite possible that under other circumstances Jack Miner would not have been so completely absorbed in them. Now, had Miss Erskine's father not been—but what is the use of speculating upon what was not? The old gentleman's failing is not a pleasant topic; besides, he was well on his way home, under the secure guidance of Tom Nealey, and it was his daughter—with her shawl laid aside, her sweet, kind face losing nothing in beauty by the delicate framing which her soft, shining black hair furnished in its place—whose lithe, graceful figure was moving softly about the rudely-littered store. She seemed not in the least out of place, yet Jack could not divest himself of a feeling half of wonder at seeing her there and half of surprise at the facility and gentle decisiveness of her preparations.

"I should think you would be afraid of blood," said Jack at last, when she was bathing his arm,—for neither of them had spoken, and he was growing restless at the prolonged silence.

"It isn't very nice; but it is nothing to be afraid of," she answered, dipping the sponge into the water and then squeezing it dry. Jack watched the veins on her small hand swell as she pressed the sponge, and wondered if those on the back of her other hand were similar. He could not see, for with it she was holding his arm, and therefore he was content to imagine how the back of it looked, as long as he could experience how pleasant the inside felt.

"Do you—have you done this often?" he asked, suddenly seized with a hope that this was her first experience.

"Only once by myself; but," she added, to reassure him, "I have often

helped father; and then it is a very simple operation."

"When did you perform it alone?"

"About a year ago; just a few months before we left Virginia. But you shall see I haven't forgotten how."

"Who was the—the fellow?"

"Oh, she was my cousin," she said, with a pleasant little laugh; and, resting her forefinger as lightly as a breath on his arm just over the embedded bullet, she looked him full in the eye an instant.

Jack's freckles again began to disappear. "Oh, was she?" he said, and felt thankful that Sally did not persist in looking at him, for he had a strong conviction that he always looked ridiculous when he blushed. When he was not blushing he never thought of how he looked.

"Yes," said Miss Erskine; and for a little while she seemed inspecting the quality of Jack's boots. If this had really been her object in covering her eyes with those long lashes, she finished her investigation in a remarkably short time, considering the amount of leather there was to be gone over, and turned her eyes again toward Miner just in time to see the last freckle at the top of his forehead go out like the star of morning at the edge of the horizon.

"But if you don't feel exactly confident in letting me," she began slowly, "because of my inexperience—"

"Oh, bother the inexperience!" interrupted Jack, with warmth. He was brought entirely to the end of his wits by this unexpected remark. His ears now commenced turning red, and, though they were fairly large ears, they seemed entirely inadequate to accommodate his blush. He was really a pitiful sight, and the sweat began to gather on his forehead. He thoroughly wished he had not attempted to break the silence, embarrassing as it had been. "I meant—that is, I didn't mean—I rather wished, you know, Miss Erskine, that you had never had any experience."

"Why?" she asked, with a little lifting of her eyebrows that, slight as it was, entirely completed Jack's confusion.

"Because I wanted to be the first one," he blurted out in desperation, and was nearly adding, "and the last one," but stopped himself in time. "But I suppose your cousin doesn't count. Didn't it seem like wrapping up your little brother's finger when he had jammed it in the door?"

"Oh, no: she was older than I was."

"I meant your little sister's finger," muttered Jack almost inaudibly.

"And the wound was a more serious one than this. Papa was away in Richmond, and when he got home he said I had done very well, though Minnie was lame for ever so long."

"Oh," said Jack; "then mine is the first arm."

"Yes," she said demurely. "Now, you must not flinch, because if you do it will hurt you all the more." And she laid his arm in the proper position on a cloth which she had spread out on the counter.

"I will not budge." But he had hard work to keep his word as she delicately but resolutely inserted the probe; especially was it difficult for him not to jerk his arm away when she found the bullet. But with a deft and rapid movement she performed the operation her father had described, and before Jack realized what had taken place the bullet rolled to the floor, when Smiler immediately pointed it.

To tie up the wound, for it did not need stitching, and leave Jack with his arm in a sling and a few cautionary words about keeping cool and quiet sounding softly and somewhat meaninglessly in his ears, occupied Miss Erskine but a short time. In fact, the entire operation had required only a few minutes, and Sally was home nearly as soon as her father.

She met Nealey on his way back to the store, and the gallant cow-boy doffed his huge sombrero with clumsy grace as she passed him.

"That's a mighty fine girl," he muttered; "an' it's a demnition shame for her to have to be a-runnin' after that old 'nebriate. I wonder how she fixed up Jack's arm. Durned 'f I don't sort o' wish 't

had been mine. 'T ought to 'a' been: 'twas my fuss." Then he swore at the barkeeper, and considered for a while if it were not his duty to give him a thrashing. He restrained his pugnacious disposition, however, and contented himself with giving him an energetic bit of advice, which, as he accompanied it with the cash in payment of the doctor's bill as well as his own, the much-abused barkeeper accepted without a murmur.

Then Nealey stepped across the street to see how Miner was getting on. He found him contentedly smoking the cigar which he had brought from the saloon.

"You've got me into a nice pickle with your recklessness," he said, in answer to Nealey's inquiries. "I shall not be able to use my arm for weeks; and who is to do up the bacon and sugar and silk dress-goods is more than I know."

"Well, what could a feller do? The durned gopher! He's a new hand, you see, and I had to show him who was boss from the start. That feller was no tenderfoot, you can bet, and 'twas the only way to hold on to my dignity."

"Well, you were not obliged to disable me," growled Jack good-naturedly.

"I am sorry, Jack; I s'pose 'f I'd not been drinkin' I 'a' knocked it down on the other side, an' there'd 'a' been no harm done. But how did the young woman make out? I'd take a scratch like that every day regular, if I could have her to 'tend to it."

"Oh, she did very well," said Jack carelessly. Then, after a pause, he asked, "Did you notice any brothers around the house?"

"Yes, there was one young fellow,—sort o' bright-lookin',—about nine or sixteen, I should guess," for Nealey's notions in regard to children were crude; yet he had a tender heart, and was always kind to dogs and, what is more unusual among cow-boys, considerate of his pony.

"Well, I must have some one to help me in the store," said Jack meditatively, "and I did not exactly like to offer her money, though I feel sure they need it." And he resumed his cigar and patted Smiler on the neck.

"Which is their house?" he asked

suddenly, starting to his feet and going to the door.

Nealey gave a long, low whistle, and favored Smiler with a complete and revised edition of his wink.

"Whose house?" he returned, with provoking obtuseness.

"Why, her—their—the doctor's house. Didn't you just take him home? Whose house did you think I meant?"

"Oh, I didn't know. You see, the doctor don't make as lasting a trail as his daughter, though he did step pretty heavy, an' I couldn't be expected to keep him in my head as long as you—"

"Oh, shut up, and point me out the house."

Nealey finally did so; and the next day Jack left his cow-boy friend, whose money was about spent and his spree therefore rapidly drawing to a close, in charge of the store while he called to see about getting Dr. Erskine's son of problematical age to assist him at the store as long as his arm should remain lame, and perhaps for a more extended period,—for the business was rapidly assuming dimensions to warrant such a step. He found the house without difficulty; indeed, with Nealey's directions it was next to impossible to miss it. It was what the carpenters of Speedville designated as a "balloon frame," probably because it seemed so likely that the least wind would raise it bodily from the four piles of small, loose stones at the corners and waft it beyond the borders of the State. The balloon frames, however,—in which style of architecture all the houses in Speedville, with the exception of some six or eight comfortable and substantial sod houses, were built,—withstood the most violent blasts of the boisterous and almost incessant prairie winds; and the people who lived in them generally outgrew during the first few months the fear that they might any morning wake and find themselves in Kansas.

Miner easily found the doctor's house, as it was the only one in its neighborhood that had been painted, and its frail boards shone white and cheerful in

the warm June sun among its dull-looking and less pretentious companions. A boy about fourteen, bright-looking, as Nealey had said, and with his sister's hair and eyes, was sitting on the doorstep when Jack came up. He had already made friends with Smiler, and had thrown "Tom Brown at Rugby" on the ground to receive the dog's demonstrative offers of affection.

The boy had just told Miner his name—his mother and sister called him Johnnie, he said, but his name was John,—John A. Erskine—when Sally opened the door to send Johnnie on an errand. She recognized the dog, and looked up quickly for his master with a pleasant smile:

"Good-morning, Mr. Miner. I hope your arm is not worse?"

Jack had firmly made up his mind not to blush, but, though this was almost the identical remark he had expected to be greeted with, he felt his face growing hot and uncomfortable. "I wish she wouldn't look at a fellow in that way," he thought; yet he would have been hard put to it to say just what kind of a gaze he would have had substituted for that frank, open look.

He raised his hat with an effort to be polite,—for, though he could sell a young lady a spool of cotton thread or a bolt of muslin with all the grace imaginable, the abstract requirements of conventional politeness were not so familiar to him,—and kicked Smiler carefully out of the way.

"No; my arm is all right, thank you, and doing very well."

"Did it keep you awake any last night?"

"Not very much. How do *you* do this morning?"

"Oh, quite well, thank you. Baby is ever so much better, and mamma had a very comfortable night. Father, however, did not sleep well, and has a bad headache. He is not up yet. Do you want to see him?"

"Oh, no,—or rather yes, I did; but it is nothing important. You see, I can't get along by myself in the store with this," and he pointed to his arm,

"and I thought I might get your brother John to help me."

"What! Johnnie!" she exclaimed, with that slight elevation of her eyebrows that always "broke him up," as Miner was afterward once heard to say. "He is too young to be of any use to you, surely—"

Here Johnnie, who had heard Miner's words with joyful satisfaction, broke in with the usual expressions of a younger brother who is trampled and crushed down by a tyrannical sister. He would be fifteen next May, and his sister always wanted him to stay a little boy, and called him Johnnie, just so she wouldn't be an old maid. He could lift a sack of flour, and do a lot of things that she couldn't.

Miss Erskine suddenly thought of the errand, and sent John A., Esq., down town immediately.

"How did you ever come to think of getting Johnnie?"

Now, this was just the question Jack could not well answer, and he was too blunt a fellow to have thought of an evasion in advance. So he stammered and blushed, as usual.

Miss Erskine had become so accustomed to this that she thought nothing of it. A blush or two more or less was nothing in a young man who turned red to his ears every time you looked at him.

"Why, I knew him to be a bright boy, and I must have some one; we don't need a second man, you see; and I have always liked Johnnie more than the other boys I have seen about the place—charge, Smiler!—since I have known him," he added, endeavoring to keep in sight of the truth. He could truly say he had known the youth for the last ten or fifteen minutes.

"Well, it will depend on what father says. Will you come in?"

Jack declined this invitation precipitately: he had no time, and that was all he had come to see about. He did not think it necessary for Dr. Erskine to see his arm; he was sure it could not possibly do better. Yes, he believed the weather *had* been very beautiful, now

he thought of it. He understood that June was generally a pleasant month.

"Of course he would be paid a fair salary," he said suddenly, when a short pause had begun to grow awkward, and made his escape—for so he looked upon his departure—as if he had been late for a train.

When Johnnie returned, his sister called him to her. She said, "John," as naturally as if she had never known him by any other name,—“John, did you ever talk with Mr. Miner before this morning?”

"Never saw him before," answered the guileless youth. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing: I just wanted to know."

"What do you reckon made him come after me to help him?"

"I haven't the least idea." It was Sally's turn to blush; and, though Johnnie had gone off to coax his mother's consent to the new scheme, and there was not a soul in the front room, where she was dusting the furniture, to see her, yet she veiled her eyes with those long lashes of hers in evident confusion,—evident because there happened to be a mirror in the room.

Johnnie prevailed with his mother, and together they prevailed with the doctor, who really had no serious objections, though he intended, of course, that eventually Johnnie should become a member of his own profession; and the young man was soon initiated by Miner into the mysteries of trade. Jack's arm grew better and better, and finally well; still Johnnie remained with him, and thought him the embodiment of good nature, strength and skill, honesty and shrewdness. At home he could not say enough in praise of Jack, as he soon learned to call him. He was the best fellow, the sharpest fellow, the honestest fellow, the kindest fellow Johnnie had ever known.

Nealey, too, continued to loaf around, as he expressed it, and of course spent most of his time in Jack's company. The friendship between these two dated from the latter's first week in Speedville. He had rescued Nealey from a

drunken brawl, in which the "durned 'nebrates," as Nealey said, "didn't use their guns as God had meant 'em to be used; if they had, he wouldn't 'a' got the worst of it; but they commenced pounding around with their revolvers for clubs, no better 'n a lot of city policemen;" and as Nealey was unaccustomed to this mode of warfare, and was, moreover, rather unsteady on his feet, he was likely to have fared very badly in the *mêlée* had not Jack, who had opened the store across the street only the day before, dragged him out of the fight just as a huge Irishman, one of the graders on the new railroad, was going to brain him with a brandy-bottle for having tried to use his revolver "in the way God meant it to be used." Since then, whenever Nealey was in town he was with Miner. He had a bunk in one of the rooms over the store, and felt at liberty to use it or not, as he pleased. He had made Jack a present of Smiler and of a well-broken broncho. In fact, he could not do enough for him, and, though Jack was far from being delicate or effeminate, always insisted when in town on taking the heavier and more disagreeable work of the store upon his own shoulders.

Jack was somewhat surprised to see him linger about the town and continue to patronize Charlie Kahn's. "I thought your money was all gone long ago," he said one morning. "I expected to see you starting for some ranch a month ago."

"Are you in a hurry to see me gone, old pard? for, if you are, I'll skip the outfit on the jump." And the cow-boy rolled a cigarette and lit it.

"You ought to know better than that, Tom; but when you borrowed a V some time ago I thought—"

"I s'pose you want it back," said Nealey rather ungraciously. He had been out late the night before, and had a headache.

"I always did, didn't I?" said Jack, in a tone of reproach.

"No, you didn't; an' I swaller it, Jack. But I've had a bad night. You see, I've been attendin' the little parties

in the back office of this young homiopath, or whatever he calls himself, an' I've had a streak of luck; but last night it went ag'inst me."

"That's where you made the raise, is it?"

"Yes; no great shakes, but enough to keep a fellow's pockets from bein' clean empty. I've been payin' my way, an' before last night I was a hundred ahead o' the game."

"And how do you stand now?"

"Oh, I've got enough to play on," Nealey replied evasively. "But a certain friend of ourn hain't been so lucky." And he looked significantly toward Johnnie, who was occupying himself during the dull hours of the morning by arranging the cans of fruit with their highly-colored lithograph labels turned religiously to the front in a most original and eye-taking manner on the shelves.

"Here, John," cried Miner, who respected the young man's dislike of the diminutive, "take this letter to the office, will you? And when you come back, go round by the barn and let out Smiler."

Johnnie seized his hat and started off on a trot. Nealey called him back.

"How long ago was the Fourth of July?" he asked sternly.

"A week ago yesterday," answered Johnnie promptly.

"Well, this is awful hot weather, and you'd better go slow an' keep on the shady side. I've known boys about your age to be sun-struck just at this time o' year fur hurryin' too fast to the post-office."

Johnnie was so impressed by Nealey's words and manner that he was very careful not to hurry, though a pleasant breeze was blowing into the dusty town from the green and blossoming prairies, and the mercury was only ninety in the shade. As soon as he was gone, Jack turned to his companion:

"You don't mean to say the doctor has been playing poker with you and that Sunday-school-teaching fellow,—that—"

"Perry? Yes, that's about the size o'



it. An' some more've been in the game. Young Dodge, o' the bank, is out his last month's salary, I should say."

"But I thought Erskine would have nothing to do with Perry?"

"Well, he's come round. He don't stick on the homipathy business now any more. In fact, I guess they're goin' to set up a shop together."

"Why, I can't imagine such a thing. Don't you remember how Erskine used to 'damn his sugar-pills, be-gawd,' and talk about his ignorance of a—"

"Astronomy? Yes, I recollect; but Perry is in better shape now. You know the three lots next to yours, opposite the post-office? Well, he is goin' to build on 'em. He's got the store already rented, and you'll soon have some competition in your business."

"But I thought Erskine owned those lots."

"He did, but he don't no more. He's sold 'em to Perry."

"How much?"

"Thousand dollars."

"For the three?"

"Well, he only give fifty dollars apiece for 'em last fall."

"That doesn't make any difference. I expect to get a thousand dollars for each one of mine next spring."

"I don't doubt but you will; but you can afford to hold on. Doc. couldn't: he was hard up."

Jack mused for a while in silence, and relit his cigar, which had gone out. Nealey got the sprinkling-pot and began watering the hot floor.

"But what does Perry want to go in with Erskine for? He is doing well by himself, and Erskine shows no signs of success. If Perry can clean him out at poker, what does he want to go into partnership with him for, Nealey?"

"That's just what I say," and the cow-boy winked for full thirty seconds with all his might at Jack, while he stood still and let the streams of water from his sprinkler flow and unite on the floor at his feet, until they threatened to inundate a barrel of dried apples that stood near him. With an

evident effort he brought his face to its ordinary expression and resumed his occupation before any harm had come to the fruit.

"I think," he presently resumed, as he put down the sprinkler and rolled another cigarette, "that Perry's got his eye on Sally;" and he narrowly noted the effect of his remark on Miner. He could see that Jack clinched his fist and muttered something under his breath which sounded very much like "damn his impudence!"

Now, Jack, during the months that had passed since his acquaintance with Miss Erskine had begun in so novel a way, had inclined more and more to be obliging and kind and friendly—to whom? Why, to Johnnie. He had let him ride his broncho over most of the country, and in the store had treated him as if Johnnie had been the son of the proprietor. Johnnie had grown to be his very good friend and partisan, and when Jack became the subject of conversation at home the young man's assertions were made in the loudest tones and strongest terms. He would not suffer a word to be said against him; and when Sally used to laugh at his freckles and large-jointed hands and huge feet and little red moustache, Johnnie would wax impotent with rage, and could only retort by saying, "You don't know anything, anyhow," until one day, when, in a fit of mischievousness, she had goaded the young champion to utter desperation by her ridicule of his hero, he was somehow inspired, and, with no thought of quieting his tormenting sister, but simply because he felt he must say something, he broke out,—

"Well, I reckon it don't make any difference to Jack what you think about him: you ought to hear how he talks of you."

From that day Johnnie was never troubled to maintain Jack's reputation. In fact, his name seemed no longer to be a subject of conversation at home; and the next time Jack called—for he had found excuses to call at least a dozen times since his accident, or,

to speak more accurately, he had found excuses for the first three calls, and the others followed because he was so charmingly welcomed by Miss Sally and he flattered himself his visits were especially agreeable to her—he was received with marked coolness. And now he remembered, in connection with this and Nealey's bluntly-spoken opinion, that he had met this young physician not far from Erskine's house as he himself was coming away from there, considerably chilled by the way in which Sally had somehow rendered him extremely uncomfortable and sent him about his business, as he told Nealey with great bitterness the next day, and yet retained throughout a most perfectly polite and dignified, ladylike deportment.

"I never *could* understand that girl, Tom!" he declared, when, after Nealey had put away the sprinkler and found the "softest spot" in the rough pine counter, Jack happened to look through the open door and saw her walking down the street by the side of Perry. They were in earnest conversation.

"Humph! that's wonderful, considering the time you've known her!"

"I've known her long enough to have understood her had she been like most girls."

"Like most girls! I'd like to know how many girls *you* ever knew. As for understandin' 'em, no man's ever done that," said the cow-boy almost tenderly; and he blew clouds of soft white smoke from his broad-curved, sensitive-looking nostrils while he stared at the ceiling in silence, and when he turned his eyes toward Jack again there was an absent, far-away look in them.

"Jack," he said suddenly, as if recalling himself to the present with an effort, "I'm goin' to skip out. You storekeepers and farmers are comin' in here so fast, and, what with railroads and settlers swarmin' as thick as yellow-jackets around a broncho when he's jumped onto their nest, there'll be no rangin' about here in a little while. There's an old rancher up on the Loup I can herd for,—Martin: you've heard

me speak of his head-man, I guess, Josh Hanson. I knew him once down in Texas, when he was a little fellow. If I save up my wages instead of spree-in' 'em away, and buy a calf now and then, I may get a little herd started after a while, and live decent."

"I think myself, Tom," assented Jack earnestly, "that would be the best thing. It is better, at any rate, than playing poker around here with such men as Perry against fellows like Erskine and Dodge."

"Now, I wasn't goin' to say anything about that; but, since you look on that side of the hide, I guess I might as well tell you that every cent I've won from the old man at Perry's he won back the next day at the saloon."

"I didn't think you would win from the old man, Tom;" and Jack held out his hand. "You won't mind what I said?"

"And as for this pretty young miss," continued Nealey, taking Jack's hand with fervor, "with the black hair and her red lips curved like the dart of a meadow-lark after a butterfly,"—and Nealey drew Hogarth's line of grace in the air with his open hand,—"if you want her you'd better strike in and get her. I guess the young homipath won't trouble you much after I put a flea in his ear. I caught him passing the cut last night, and he knows it. I've been expectin' him to come round before this and offer to divvy, and when he comes I'll make him deed back the lots to Erskine and then give him twenty-four hours to skip the town."

"But what if he refuses? I don't believe Sally cares for him; but she might for the sake of her father—"

"But he won't refuse; or, if he does," said Nealey calmly, "all I've got to do is get in another game with him." And he patted one of his heavy revolvers almost affectionately.

"Oh, no, you mustn't, Tom!" said Jack, with a rueful face. "It may be she does care for him, after all."

"Well, you'd better find that out right away, though I'm bettin' he skips." And Nealey walked to the door to greet

Smiler, who was scampering joyously in ahead of Johnnie.

"Here comes the durned prairie-wolf now," he said when he reached the door. "I thought he'd be along."

"You had better take him up to my room," said Jack, glancing at Johnnie, "and I'll act upon your advice;" and he left the store in charge of the young man, who was always pleased when this occurred, and, with Smiler at his heels, sought the little front parlor of Dr. Erskine.

That night when Johnnie went home for tea he was surprised by Sally throwing her arms around his neck.

"Don't," he said gruffly. It is needless to remark that a few years worked great changes in Johnnie: at present he disliked hugging and kissing, especially from his sister.

Sally released him. "Oh, Johnnie!" she said, "why did you tell me a story about Jac—about Mr. Miner's talking of me before a whole storeful of people?"

"I didn't."

"What, Johnnie?"

"I didn't say anything about a whole storeful of people."

"Well, you said I ought to know the way he talked about me; and I don't believe he ever said anything."

"Of course he didn't; he wouldn't be that mean; but you had to go and make fun of him all the time."

"Did you ever tell him what I said, Johnnie?"

"I reckon I will if you don't let him alone. I tell you he is the best—"

"Yes, I know he is; but you must not tell him, now will you, John? for I was only in fun, you know."

"Don't," said Johnnie again: "can't you find any one else to hug? I must get my supper and hurry back to the store."

That week's "Speedville Journal," in its column of personals, told of Dr. Perry's being suddenly called East by the death of a near relative, whose fortune, which he would inherit, would enable the rising young physician to give up his lucrative and growing practice in Speedville, and regretted the loss of the pleasant, energetic, and talented young man. In religious circles especially would he be missed, for it was in the Sunday-school work that he had made his really strong influence for good most perceptible. A three-line item in the same column announced that Mr. T. Nealey had started for Kearnsby, on his way to Martin's Ranch on the Loup River; while a facetious paragraph hinted that a marriage would take place in Speedville at no distant day if the bridegroom could obtain the consent of his parents. "He is a Miner, you know," said the witty newspaper gossip.

FRANK PARK.

## AMERICAN AUTHORS AND ARTISTS IN ROME.

ONE of the most delightful evenings I passed last winter in Rome was at a literary and artistic reception given by Mr. Ezekiel, the Virginia sculptor. His studio, where the *soirée* took place, is one of the most picturesque and interesting in Italy. Ascending a flight of antique stone steps, I found myself in a quaint old apartment that had once formed a portion of the Baths of Diocletian. The

studio was lighted by innumerable wax candles, some of which were held by eight elephants' heads; a hanging basket of blooming flowers, suspended from the centre of the ceiling, was surrounded by two dozen lights, while around the walls scores of candles threw fitful gleams over the ancient frescos and modern groups of statuary, the latter being some of Mr. Ezekiel's recent

work. Of these the most interesting is a group representing Homer reciting the *Iliad*, while an Egyptian youth is sitting at the poet's feet accompanying him on the lyre. A bronze bust of Liszt—the only one he ever sat for—represents a strong, characteristic head, with a face displaying both sarcasm and benevolence. The bust was ordered by the Conservatory of Music at Pesth, of which Liszt is the director. More remarkable still is the torso of Judith, in which the artist has represented the Hebrew heroine at the moment when she has nerved herself to strike the blow which shall liberate her people. The face is of a striking Semitic type, and the hair is confined at the forehead by a wide band; a cluster of curls hangs on both sides of the low, broad brow; she wears around her waist an Oriental scarf, and the whole appearance of the bust recalls those Eastern reliefs which excite the wonder and admiration of Oriental travellers.

By ten o'clock the studio was filled by a gathering such as no other city could assemble. Tall, slender, fair girls, the descendants of that Saxon race whose hardy warriors had conquered Rome, mingled in social intercourse with dark-eyed Roman ladies; a Greek girl from Zante, with a face of classic regularity, formed a striking contrast with a brilliant Frenchwoman whose vivacity was the life of the evening; a stately Spanish lady sat next to a lovely American girl. There were also poets, musicians, priests, and professors; and as every nation was represented, so was every language spoken.

Mr. Ezekiel is a strong friend of Miss Mary Agnes Tincker, and my only regret was that she could not be present at this delightful entertainment. She was spending the winter at Assisi, entirely occupied by her new novel, and I was thus prevented from meeting one of the cleverest of American female writers. I was fortunate, however, in seeing F. Marion Crawford, whose literary reputation has been made almost as suddenly as Byron's. He is the son of Thomas Crawford, the eminent American sculp-

tor, whose death, cutting short a brilliant artistic career, was regarded as a national loss. The son has not inherited his father's genius for art, and he was twenty-eight years old before he discovered that he possessed any literary talent. It was, in fact, an accidental discovery, and happened in this way. Three years ago he went to India on a newspaper speculation, which failed. On his return to Rome he told his uncle, the late Sam Ward, a great deal of his Oriental experience. The uncle saw there was the material for an interesting novel in his nephew's adventures, and advised him to turn them to account. This was the origin of "Mr. Isaacs." The manuscript was sent to Macmillan & Co. After a long delay, the publishers wrote Mr. Crawford that they would issue the work upon the usual royalty,—ten per cent. The terms were accepted, the novel was published, and another name was added to American literature. Mr. Crawford is thirty years old, over six feet in height, with broad shoulders, high forehead, brown hair, eyes, and beard. His manners are very frank and unaffected, he enjoys a good laugh, and speaks unreservedly about his literary work. He has written four novels since the publication of "Mr. Isaacs," thus averaging one every five months. Mr. Crawford was born in Italy, and speaks Italian better than English.

It was a melancholy sight to see Mr. Randolph Rogers sitting in his studio, surrounded by the beautiful creations of his genius, but incapacitated by paralysis from any further work. Twenty-eight years ago he went to Rome as an enthusiastic student of the art of which he soon became a recognized master. His bronze doors of the Capitol at Washington gave him a great national reputation. Mr. Rogers was commissioned by the State of Virginia to execute the marble statues of Nelson and Lewis which form one of the most striking features of the group of illustrious Virginians that surround the superb statue of Washington in the Capitol Square at Richmond. Until stricken by disease, Mr. Rogers was one of the most indus-

trious artists in Rome. Among other interesting works I noticed in his studio "The Lost Pleiad," a marble figure of exquisite grace and beauty; "Nydia," the blind girl of Pompeii, who will be remembered as one of the sweetest characters in Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii;" a lovely figure, representing Son-nambula holding an antique vase in her hand; and a replica of Cupid breaking his bow, which possesses an interest from being the first piece modelled by Mr. Rogers. The family residence, on the Via Magenta, is a favorite resort of Americans visiting Rome. Mrs. Rogers is a Virginian, and the proverbial hospitality of her native State is not forgotten on the banks of the Tiber.

I found Mr. Eugene Benson in his secluded studio at the foot of the beautiful promenade which leads to the Pincian Hill. Mr. Benson has lived abroad twelve years, during which he has visited Egypt, Syria, and other Eastern lands. He was accompanied in this trip by his wife and his step-daughter, Miss Julia Fletcher. The latter, as the result of her Eastern experience, produced "Kismet," a fresh novel of the Nile, and "Mirage," a Syrian story. Mr. Benson showed me some clever bits of Eastern landscape, which, although not so attractive in themselves, are more true to nature than some of his Italian landscapes. Several of the latter are spoiled by the introduction of undraped female figures in the midst of lovely scenery. It certainly is not now—and, so far as I can learn, it never was—the practice of females to walk along the sea-coast or through beautiful gardens, or to recline on mossy rocks or in flowery bowers, in the state of Eve before the fall. The old Greeks and Romans worshipped beauty, and Venus was the goddess of their idolatry. The human form was a part of their religion, and they loved to represent it. But Mr. Benson's scenery is so full of light, warmth, and grace that his pictures need not the foreign aid of figures, however lovely, which are out of place on his canvas. His recent works are very little known in America, as he has exhibited them chiefly at the

Grosvenor and other galleries in London.

Mr. Benson invited me to meet his step-daughter, Miss Fletcher. Their home is in a palace not far from the famous Quattro Fontane. Princes alone occupy entire palaces in Rome, and many princes occupy only one wing of their ancestral home, renting the rest in suites. Mr. Benson's apartments are very cosy and have a very home-like appearance. The parlor tables were covered with new books and magazines. Among the former I noticed the English edition of Miss Fletcher's last novel, "Vestigia." A comfortable wood fire blazed on the hearth,—a warm, generous fire, such as I had not enjoyed since I left America,—not two or three wet twigs smouldering in a small brazier, which made the south of France colder than the north of England, nor the picture-fire of Constantinople, which necessitated the wearing of an overcoat all the time, except when in bed. At Athens I found the hotels adorned with statues, but the rooms without fire-places. The snow fell all day, which I was told was an unusual occurrence; but, from the way the Athenian youth made snow men and snowballed one another, it looked as if they were accustomed to the sport.

Not only was Mr. Benson's parlor the most comfortable that I saw in the south and east of Europe, but the cordial reception I met with would have made any place appear charming. During the evening tea was served, wine was handed round, and two hours were very enjoyably spent. The conversation naturally took a literary turn. Miss Fletcher spoke freely, but without egotism, about her books. The success of "Kismet" did not make her rush again into print immediately: she waited two years before publishing her next novel, and, keeping up that good rule, has in eight years written only four books. Miss Fletcher is tall and handsome, and her large dark eyes give great animation to her countenance. Miss Fletcher expressed a decided preference for "A Head of Medusa,"—an opinion with



which the reading public has not coincided, for it has been the least popular of her novels. Literature is not a profession with Miss Fletcher. It is merely the embellishment of her life, the profitable occupation of many otherwise idle hours, for Rome to a permanent resident does not possess that fullness of interest that keeps the sojourner of a month so busy. Sight-seeing ceases to be a novelty, a promenade on the Pincian Hill is a rare occurrence, the Corso offers no attractions, even the Carnival has lost its former charm. Miss Fletcher writes for no magazine, corresponds for no newspaper, and contributes to no literary journal.

Mr. W. W. Story, the poet-sculptor, occupies a portion of the left wing of the Barberini palace for his residence. The right wing contains the rich gallery of paintings collected by the Barberini family in its former days of wealth and splendor. The gallery is small (only three rooms), but it possesses such gems as Guido's "Beatrice Cenci," Raphael's "Fornarina," Domenichino's "Adam and Eve," Dürer's "Jesus with the Doctors," Parmigiano's "Marriage of St. Catherine," and Cortona's beautiful fresco representing the "Triumph of Glory."

Mr. Story's studio is situated in the new part of Rome, on the Via della Mercede, in a building called the Macao. He occupies a suite of seven rooms on the first floor, and few artists in Rome have such lofty apartments in which to display their work, and fewer have so many works to display. Cleopatra is a favorite subject with Mr. Story, and he has celebrated her both in verse and in marble. His statue of the "sorceress of the Nile" is a striking conception finely executed. Mr. Story deserves the credit of being the first artist to represent Cleopatra as an Egyptian queen and not as a Roman woman. I found Mr. Story's studio so crowded with the beautiful creations of his genius that it is difficult to particularize, and space can be given only to the most prominent works. I was struck by an elegant full-length statuette of Lord

Byron, in which the poet is represented leaning against the broken column of a Grecian temple. The dress is that which has been made familiar by the numerous portraits of Byron,—the low-cut collar, loose cravat, and wide pantaloons. Very different from the poetical head of Byron is the strong bust of Washington, which is an exact copy of the original work taken immediately after the Revolution, when Washington was in the prime of his magnificent manhood. It gives a more human and satisfying likeness than the cold, stern, passionless countenance of later portraits. Of Mr. Story's ideal figures the most interesting are the daughter of Herodias after dancing before Herod, all glowing with warm, soft, voluptuous young life; and in striking contrast is the stately Semiramis, every inch a queen. A similar contrast is afforded by the graceful, effeminate figure of Sardanapalus and the manly, robust form of Saul. Mr. Story's head of Elizabeth Barrett Browning is a highly-finished portrait-bust of the most gifted poetess of this century and perhaps of all the centuries. His ideal head of Sappho realizes our conception of the greatest of Grecian female writers. Turning from these lovely creations, the eye rests upon the colossal figures of Josiah Quincy and George Peabody. Passing from these, we stop before the spirited figure of Colonel Prescott, grandfather of the historian, and commander of the American forces at the battle of Bunker Hill. He is represented standing on the breastworks, telling his men not to fire till they can see the whites of the enemy's eyes. Mr. Story has been long a leading figure in American society in Rome, and takes an active part in all literary, social, and artistic entertainments. He has written several clever plays, which have been performed in private parlors with great success.

I passed many pleasant hours with Ephraim Keyser, one of the youngest and most promising of the American artists in Italy. As he is perhaps less known than any of the artists men-

tioned in this article, I have thought a brief sketch of him would be interesting. Born in Baltimore in 1851, he studied at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, Munich, Bavaria, 1872-76, and received a silver medal there for "The Page," three-quarter life-size, possessed in bronze by Mrs. A. T. Stewart, New York, and Dr. Charles O'Donavin, of Baltimore. He afterward studied in Berlin under Professor Albert Wolff, 1876-77, and received the Michael Beer *prix de Rome* for a life-size figure of Psyche, done in marble, and now in possession of the Cincinnati Art Museum. Since then, Mr. Keyser has resided alternately in Rome and the United States. Among his other works are "The Pet Falcon," three-quarter life-size, in bronze, in possession of William H. Vanderbilt, of New York, and Dr. Charles O'Donavin, of Baltimore; portrait-statue of child of Woodward Abrahams, of Baltimore, in marble; "Ye Old Storye," group in bronze; "Titania," group in bronze; and a number of portrait-busts, among which are Sidney Lanier, John W. McCoy, and John R. Tait, of Baltimore. Mr. Keyser has recently received the commission from the United States government for the De Kalb Monument, to be erected in Annapolis, Maryland, on or before the 1st of July, 1886. The monument consists of a statue of De Kalb, nine feet high, including the plinth in bronze, representing the hero in the act of leading on his troops at the battle of Camden, August 16, 1780. The pedestal will be of granite, twelve and a half feet high, with bronze shields of the States of Maryland and Delaware in the side panels, and the inscription as ordered by the Congress in 1780 in the front panel.

The Leipzig "Illustrirte Zeitung" of August 18, 1883, has the following highly complimentary notice of Mr. Keyser's "Titania": "The cut on the

title-page of this week's number shows to the reader a beautiful work of sculpture, which was greatly admired at the last International Art Exhibition in Rome. In airy and graceful pose, Titania, the sweet queen of the fairies, stands on her chariot drawn by squirrels, or rather she seems to float on the same, for only with the tips of her toes does she touch the large arum-leaf which forms the body of the chariot, the wheels of which are formed of sun-flowers. Her drapery is so light and transparent that it seems woven of cob-webs and rays of moonlight, and is blown back by the motion and wind, showing through the folds the delicate lines of her exquisite figure. On her slender neck the little head, crowned with wild flowers, is well poised, and the refined features of her face are gentle and maidenly. Butterfly-wings help to express the fairy lightness of her flight. In one hand she holds the reins of her team of squirrels, which seem to fly over the grassy carpet with the speed of the wind; in the other hand she, with her whip formed of a blade of wheat, urges on her team. Exceedingly humorous and effective is Puck, a footman, a roguish, fat-cheeked elf, seated on the end of the leaf. With his legs crossed and arms folded, he sits there most self-important, whistling away for dear life, and casting side-glances with a sort of lackey pride on the plebeian inhabitants of the forest. The whole work is full of imagination and poetry."

The idle, easy-going life of Rome is congenial to the artistic taste. A man is not looked upon as a drone because he handles the brush and chisel and not the yard-stick and sledge-hammer. His social position is not decided by his book-account and a cottage by the sea. The life of an artist in Rome is perhaps the happiest that is known on this earth.

EUGENE L. DIDIER.

## THE SONG OF MARGARET.

NOBLEST of maidens, Margaret  
 Outside Love's garden lingereth :  
 "My time," she sigheth, "is not yet,—  
 My time for either love or death :  
 'Twixt star and star my sphere is set :  
 The light from each is faint," she saith.

"Here in Love's garden on my left  
 All wealth of fruit and flower is seen,—  
 The amber peach, with ripeness cleft,  
 The blue grape and the nectarine,  
 The white rose of her love bereft,  
 The dark-red rose that plays the queen.

"While on my right, past wood and lea,  
 The pale horizon dimly glows :  
 Its light upon the silver sea  
 A soul of color doth disclose,  
 As if its subtle flame might be  
 The fire that kindles in the rose."

The noble maiden Margaret  
 Walks in white garments, like a bride ;  
 On barren ways her steps are set,  
 Sweet mysteries dwell on either side ;  
 Fair are the garden-glooms, and yet  
 Her eyes o'erlook the distance wide.

Which way at last her course shall tend,  
 Fain would she know ere day is old.  
 The garden-paths have many a bend,  
 White robes are soiled by wet brown mould,  
 And where those shadowy windings end,  
 That is a secret still untold !

Out on the far horizon's rim  
 There dwells a light that never dies ;  
 Faint sounds, as from the angels' hymn,  
 In soft strange echoings fall and rise.  
 The path between is wild and dim,  
 But leads it not to Paradise ?

Noblest of maidens, Margaret  
 Still lingereth on the barren way :  
 "My time," she sigheth, "is not yet !  
 The larger lot, the more delay.  
 'Twixt star and star my sphere is set :  
 Ah ! which shall be my Star of Day ?"

MARION COUTHOUY.

## A FRENCH SEWING-GIRL.

MADAME T——'s dress-making establishment is in one of those dark, narrow, ancient streets which interlace in the good old-fashioned way in the very heart of modern Paris, forming a net-work of shops and tall, gloomy buildings in the irregular space that lies between the Boulevard des Italiens and the Rue de Rivoli on the one hand and the Avenue de l'Opéra and the Rue Richelieu on the other. The house whose first floor it occupies is six stories high, and the exterior is grim and forbidding. Madame T——'s is little known to Americans, but is much frequented by a wealthy class of English and French, and her large, square rooms are all too small for the rush of business which comes pouring into them at certain seasons of the year. Madame always shakes her head when people urge her to take a larger apartment. She is a philosopher in her way. "My business pays me well as it is now," she says. "I love a little leisure: why should I work harder and turn my establishment into a mere bee-hive where one is obliged to receive all the world?" This last reason is perhaps the cogent one, for she is an autocrat; she loves to dictate to her customers, and to pick and choose whom she will serve well and whom not.

She was once a mere sewing-girl, and she has built up her business from its foundation by a rare combination of toil and energy and unflinching will, with happy inspirations in the way of cutting and designing, and a knowledge of all the minutiae of her trade. By birth she is a Belgian, but her temperament is French, and a long residence in Paris has made her Parisian in air and manner. She is a small, slim woman, whose slightness is the mask of a physique to which nerves and fatigue are alike unknown, and whose age might be anywhere between twenty-five and forty; her large, placid, apparently

unobservant blue eyes are keen as needles, and her sewing-girls shrink from their glances, lest they should read their inmost secrets and shortcomings written in their faces. It is a firm belief in her atelier—the ambitious title of a French sewing-room—that Madame can see out of the back of her head. She rules her girls with a rod of iron, and her tongue is a lash under which the dullest and most rebellious wince and are cowed. At eight o'clock she appears in their domain, a shapeless little figure in petticoat and ill-fitting flannel dressing-sacque, but with her head of blonde hair exquisitely puffed and arranged. Though she is a dress-maker, she has a saying most slighting to her trade, "*La tête est tout*," and, to do her justice, she lives up to it, for she never appears outside her own room without that elaborate *coiffure*. She marks the tardy damsels and docks their wages relentlessly; she scolds the lazy ones—and how she can scold! No one who has not heard a sharp-tongued Frenchwoman pour forth a torrent of vituperation in cold blood has any idea of the stinging, merciless speeches at feminine command. Madame never loses her temper, though sometimes she pretends to do so.

Attached to her household is a small, fat, apple-cheeked boy of ten, whose real name, Philippe, has become merged in the convenient appellation of "*Le Petit*." This luckless youth runs of errands, scours the knives, sweeps and dusts, and sleeps in the kitchen, dragging his bed at night out of some dark, hidden cupboard. He undergoes tortures from the toothache, and does his work for days together with his face tied up in a bundle of woollen rags and his small person swathed in the folds of a blue cotton apron two sizes too large for him. He is the sworn enemy of the sewing-girls, except when he and they make common cause together in

attacking Madame behind her back. Unfortunate Philippe one morning seized the opportunity of her absence to tell his enemies, who were abusing their mistress with all the vivacity of Frenchwomen, a dream he had had the night before,—how he had appeared before Madame in judgment for some trifling offence, and how she had scolded and shaken him till his teeth chattered and chattered and his head finally dropped from his shoulders and rolled clattering across the floor. Just as he reached the culminating point of his description and waved his hand toward an imaginary head whirling about in one corner, Madame, coming from nobody knew where,—for there were days when she seemed to be omnipresent,—rushed upon him from behind and almost turned his dream into fulfilment: she shook him till he was breathless, and then, taking him by the shoulders, she thrust him out of the door. As it closed behind him, her assumed fury dropped from her: she turned to the girls and burst into a hearty fit of laughter, in which the whole atelier joined.

To see this small, airy creature, whom a breath would blow away, enthroned among the magnificent velvets, the tulles and shining silks and satins, the exquisite laces, cutting and snipping fearlessly with a huge pair of scissors, is an odd sight enough, but to observe her ways with her customers is still odder: then her sharp tongue is attuned to softest flattery; the home truths of which she is so liberal in the atelier are exchanged for glib little lies which slip sweetly over her lips. She knows how to pander to the vanity of Madame C—, who fancies her awkward figure a fine one, and how to coax Lady B—, a stout, red-faced Englishwoman, who has set her heart upon a crimson brocade, into a dark-blue one. Madame is nothing if not good-natured and philosophical with these people, but they try her temper sometimes, and after they are gone she will come into the atelier and mimic them with the talent of a born actress. "C'est un os," she says of one tall, thin cus-

tomier, and then she caricatures the attitudes which Madame Delaunay strikes before the mirror to study the fit of her new dress.

She is not a widow: she has a husband, and four living children, besides two in Père La Chaise, whose graves she visits and decorates religiously when All Souls' day comes round. It is not so very far out of the way to say that she pays more attention to the dead than to the living, for her two eldest children are *au couvent*, that convenient refuge for French parents who do not wish to be burdened with the care of their offspring, and the younger ones are out in the country at nurse: their mother has never seen them since they were carried off thither, little crying creatures, two or three days old. Monsieur T— is a rosy, good-humored man, who goes to his business every morning and laughs amiably at his wife's sharp speeches, even when they are directed toward himself. With that outspokenness as to private affairs which is a French characteristic, she takes the whole atelier into her confidence on the subject of his shortcomings, but he goes on his way unruffled and smiling, probably the only human being whose equanimity Madame has tried in vain to shake.

Yet she is not at heart an unkind woman: she limits her abuse of her girls to harsh words; her atelier is always warm and comfortable, not, as in so many establishments, chill as a tomb throughout the long days of winter; she cares for their welfare; she even has a motherly eye over their health. And her girls appreciate her merits as a mistress and stay with her. One of them, Caroline, had been with her for ten years; and it was a proof of great good sense on either side that such a union between two so oddly assorted characters should have continued for so long.

Caroline was born in Paris, but she came of Norman parents, and her faults and virtues were more English than Norman. She had not a particle of French tact and grace; she did not



know how to flatter; she was honest, truthful, and very often unnecessarily blunt. It would be too much to say that Madame respected these qualities, but she certainly respected Caroline. In the torrents of vituperation which now and then descended upon the atelier, no harsh word ever fell upon her, and a remarkable tribute to her character was the fact that her companions regarded her exemption as a matter of course. She possessed a singular influence over them, and it was always exercised in behalf of order and industry in the work-room. They turned naturally toward her for help and counsel in all their difficulties, and they generally received very good advice. Whether they followed it or not was, of course, not Caroline's business. This influence was by no means dependent upon her position in the atelier; she was not forewoman, for the omnipresent Madame contrived to fill that station herself; she was only a simple workwoman like the rest, basting together the waists which were cut and fitted in the show-rooms.

When she first came to the atelier, ten years before, Monsieur T——, who was supposed to have an eye for such things, said she had been a round, plump, pretty little girl, with a fresh, rosy complexion; but when I saw her she was a woman of thirty-three, whose plumpness had increased to ungainly stoutness, and whose youthful coloring had vanished under the ravages of the smallpox; she had caught the disease nursing a poor neighbor who was sick with it, and it had blurred the outlines of her features and almost destroyed her eyelashes. Her only beauty lay in her hands, which were small and white and well formed, and in her voice, which was singularly sweet and melodious among all the thin, shrill French voices of the atelier. A stranger would have called her a dumpy, common-looking person. And she would have been common if it had been possible for lack of education and training to make her so, for she came of a race of ignorant working-people. She had

worked since she was five years old, and neither time nor money had ever been granted her to lift herself above her station. But there was something within her which removed from her every taint of commonness: her calm self-respect compelled the respect of others. There were moments when the soul within her flashed out through the mask of features and position and amazed those who had never seen or guessed the possibilities of her nature.

Hers had been a hard, toilsome life. As a mere baby, she had learned to take the dainty stitches which the French put into their *lingerie*, and had hemmed the shirts which her mother made for a living. At eight, she hemmed pocket-handkerchiefs to eke out the cost of her food; at eleven, she became apprentice in a dress-making establishment where the hours were from eight o'clock in the morning till eight at night. In Madame T——'s atelier the hours were the same, and Caroline, one of the best-paid workwomen in it, received for her day's labor the sum of ninety cents. Upon this she lived comfortably, according to the ideas of her class. Her breakfast in the morning was a cup of vegetable-soup with a crust of bread. She brought the bread and wine for her *déjeuner* with her from home. She kept a small frying-pan stowed away in a convenient cupboard in the atelier, and she would rush out at noon to buy a chop or a bit of steak for five sous, and finish her meal with a little fruit or some chocolate. The wine was a necessity to these *ouvrières*, who tasted butter perhaps once a week and regarded coffee as a luxury to be indulged in only on rare occasions. After she went home at night she cooked her dinner, which was very much like her noon-breakfast. How, with her hours of labor—for it was after eleven every night when she finished her household duties—and her infrequent holidays, she contrived to make her own dresses and do the rest of her sewing, argued the loss of a good deal of sleep. But she was always ruddy and hardy as a winter apple.

Her home was in Montmartre, a full hour's walk from the shop, and she lived with her father and a younger brother. Six years before, her mother, whom she loved passionately, had been struck down by paralysis, just as her daughter was leaving her to go out to the day's work, and the doctor for whom the neighbors went was cruel or thoughtless enough not to tell the girl that nothing could be done for the sick woman. For three days Caroline in her ignorance watched and waited, dreaming of no danger, and even fancying that the attack might go off almost as suddenly as it had come. At the end of the third day her mother died very quietly, without ever having recovered consciousness. At first the girl was dazed: she could not believe that she was dead, she could not believe the doctor when he told her, brutally enough, now that it was too late to save her from the shock, that there had been no chance of recovery from the first, and it was not till hours afterward that the kindly neighbors could convince her of the truth.

Then all her love turned itself into the ambition—no modest one for a Parisian *ouvrière*—of buying for her mother a lot "*en perpétuité*" in Père La Chaise. The respectable poor of Paris have little enough claim to recognition in the whirl of the great city, but they have even less dead than living. The very earth almost refuses them a resting-place. They are buried for a year or two in a separate grave, and when their lease has run out their bones are carried to the common ditch and flung in pell-mell. It is no uncommon sight in that great city of the dead, Père La Chaise, to see the survivors groping along the slopes, carrying their poor little bunches of flowers with which they are going to decorate the spot where their dear ones have once lain. The thought of such a fate as this was horrible to Caroline's mind: she roused her father to an interest in the subject; her brother pinched himself to save part of his wages for the purpose; she worked her fingers to the bone and sat up half the night to earn extra wages, till

finally she scraped together enough to purchase a lot with the much-desired condition attached. Every other Sunday during the six years that had elapsed since her mother's death Caroline had gone to visit her mother's grave, and what money she could spare from her wages was spent for flowers and wreaths for its adornment. When I saw it, one All Souls' day, it was beautiful with a mass of the spicy white chrysanthemums, whose large, soft blossoms hid the stiffness of those ungainly and unfailling decorations of French graves, the head-wreaths, two of which, in black and white, inscribed respectively "*À ma femme*" and "*À ma mère*," hung at its head; its turf was soft and green and untouched as yet by the frost; and, while we stood silent looking down upon it, Caroline stooped and softly picked off a tiny red autumn-leaf, the only one which had fluttered down from the trees above.

Her life seemed a hard-working, colorless one, going on monotonously from year to year, undiversified by the gay summer outings along the Seine or in the outskirts of Paris or by those Sunday promenades in her best attire which are the delight of the Parisian *ouvrière*. One luxury she indulged in,—a cheap one: she read those marvellous romances which appear in the columns of the French newspapers; and, as she had an excellent memory and quite a turn for narration, she used to entertain the atelier over their work by recounting the adventures of these impossible heroes and heroines. The girls hung upon her lips as upon those of an oracle, and she would occasionally deliver a little lecture upon some subject which happened to come up in the course of the talk, in which she stated her ideas with the double positiveness of ignorance and a strong character. The dream of her life was to have *douze cent francs de rente*, or, in other words, a yearly income of about two hundred and fifty dollars. This would have been affluence to her, with her knowledge of the purchasing-power of every cent. She was a radical republican; but she said once,

with a sigh, in speaking of a possible return of imperial rule, "*Cela fera du commerce*;" philosophically snatching a possible good out of what she believed to be an evil. The thought of cremation shocked her, because, according to her ideas, it would ruin the trade of the undertakers. She hated machines of all kinds; and I have heard her declare that if she were ruler she would abolish them off the face of the earth, for they were destroying the working-people. More than machines, however, she detested the priests: nothing was too bad for her to believe of them. She never went to mass or confession, and, though she was so ignorant, superstition had little place in her mind, and she used to inveigh bitterly against the relics which a few of the girls wore to ward off evil. But, to tell the truth, there was nobody of a devout turn of mind in the atelier; and Rosalie, the girl who went oftenest to church, confessed one day, when driven into a corner by Caroline's questions, that she went because it could not do her any harm, and, if there was anything in it, it was as well to be on the safe side.

In the years that Caroline had been with Madame she had, by dint of diligence and conscientiousness, gradually become her right hand in the atelier. She had absolutely no ideas of designing and draping with any grace, but she was steady, careful, methodical, and always to be depended upon, and her mistress was not the woman to underrate these merits. I believe she thought she should keep Caroline with her as long as they both lived. And so, I dare say, she might have done, if it had not been for an unforeseen event.

Early one morning, before the customers began to come, Caroline had a long interview with Madame in the *salon*; but this was quite a usual thing, and excited no comment. She came into the work-room just as the girls were calming down from the little excitement of arriving and settling to the long, steady work of the day. In this momentary lull she said very quietly, "Girls, I am going to leave the atelier. In a couple

of weeks I am to be married." For a moment there was dead silence in the tiny assembly, the very needles were held suspended breathlessly in mid-air; for when the prettiest, brightest, richest, most fascinating of her sex announces her engagement, the news creates a flutter in feminine bosoms, but when Caroline, thirty-three years old, with no income and no eyelashes, and pitted by the smallpox, proclaimed hers, the effect was immense. Questions, congratulations, and exclamations all broke out together; and even Madame, who appeared at the door in her usual shabby morning toilet, smiled amiably at the commotion the words had raised, and never scolded.

Nobody in the atelier had known anything about it, it appeared, but Caroline's especial friend, a dark, gypsy-like-looking girl, called Adèle, who trimmed sleeves to perfection, and, after Madame herself, possessed the sharpest tongue on the premises. She lived with her sisters, who were washerwomen, out at Asnières, and as bridesmaid claimed the right of presenting the bride with her coronet of orange-blossoms. Little by little the whole story came out. None of her acquaintances in the work-room had ever fancied that Caroline had a romance; yet she was the heroine of a very pretty one. She and Alphonse Lasseau—such was her lover's name—had grown up together, and their liking for each other commenced in their childhood. But the parents on both sides opposed the match, and the marriage which ten years before had been in a fair way of taking place was broken off. For a long time they only saw each other by chance. In the mean time, Alphonse had risen in the world, for he had a situation in a lace-house, where he was liked and trusted and had an excellent salary, and he might have won a wife much higher in position than a poor *ouvrière*. Indeed, Caroline narrated with no small pride how he had had heiresses offered to him with as much as twenty or thirty thousand francs *dot*. Alphonse, however, wisely clung to his first love, though she had neither

eyelashes nor dowry. And when, at last, old Père Lasseau died, he went to his mother and begged her to give her consent to his marriage with Caroline, for he should never marry any one else. Mère Lasseau obligingly buried her animosities, and went to call on her future daughter-in-law as soon as her son had arranged matters with her. But the father of the bride proved obdurate. He had no fault to find with Alphonse, but he would not hear of his daughter marrying anybody; and he threatened to pitch Monsieur Lasseau out of the window should he ever set foot on the premises. The father was, according to Adèle's account, an irascible, tyrannical old man, who had abused his wife when she was alive and neglected his children. It would have seemed, certainly, that Caroline was old enough to know her own mind, and for the last fifteen years she had supported herself entirely; but the French law gives parents such complete control over their children that she could not marry without his consent unless she first went through a tedious and expensive legal process. At last, just as she was about taking the first steps in this, he yielded sulkily. He signed the necessary papers, but he positively refused to attend the wedding or to see Monsieur Lasseau, and sat at home gloomy and taciturn. Caroline, however, fairly bloomed with happiness: her eyes sparkled, her cheeks grew rosy; she was almost pretty in this sudden joy which had come to her.

In the fortnight before her wedding she came every day to the atelier, to work, not for Madame, but upon her own trousseau; for, as if wonders would never cease, that lady had presented her not only with a real lace pocket-handkerchief, but with the white cashmere for a wedding-dress, and, as it was the dull season, actually allowed her girls to make it. None of her aristocratic customers had half the dainty stitches put upon their garments which the girls bestowed upon that one.

One day Caroline brought a sample of the black silk dress her mother-in-law had given her; another time she drew

out a jewel-case from her pocket and displayed a very pretty gold bracelet, a present to her from the firm in which her husband was employed. Then Monsieur Lasseau had rented a tiny apartment of three or four rooms, away in the outskirts of Paris, and the bride and bridegroom went out in the evenings to buy their furniture. No millionaire's wife with *carte blanche* at her command ever had more pleasure in fitting up a new house than these two people got out of their few hundred francs' worth of chairs and tables. When Caroline was questioned on the subject, she confessed, a little shamefacedly, that she was to be married in church. The civil ceremony which precedes the religious rite is really the binding one in law, and everybody had supposed that a couple of their anti-priestly way of thinking would be satisfied with the former. She laid it all to the score of Monsieur Lasseau's relatives, who were very pious; but I think in her heart she was delighted to have an excuse for the extra display of a church wedding: not for the world would she have omitted a single bud from her wreath of orange-blossoms or a fold from the proper number for her veil.

Concerning Monsieur Lasseau there was but a single opinion in the atelier. "There are not two men in Paris like him," cried the girls, with a groan, not of envy at their companion's good fortune, but of pity for themselves. They were wild with curiosity to see him; and when he came to the house one evening to escort his *fiancée* out shopping, there were at least twenty pairs of eyes spying at him through the shutters. Poor man! I think he must have felt the scrutiny as he crossed the courtyard; certainly he must have been deaf not to have heard the suppressed laughter. At any rate, he was visibly embarrassed, for he walked awkwardly and carried his head stiffly. It was so dark that nobody could see what he really looked like, except that he was tall; but afterward he showed himself to be a blond, red-complexioned, blue-eyed man, much given to blushing, as little

French in appearance as Caroline, and with a stammering, halting speech, very unlike the national fluency. But he had proved himself honest and kind and good.

At last the wedding-day came,—a wild, blustering morning in March, when the rain was falling in torrents and driving in sheets before the wind. Madame showed herself a wise woman, as usual. It was the dull season, and, besides, she knew perfectly well that the girls would have done little work enough had they remained at home: their thoughts would have been flying off to the wedding and Caroline. So she did the graceful thing, and gave them all permission to go; she even put on her best bonnet and mantle and drove out herself in a cab to the shabby stone church in Montmartre where the ceremony was to take place.

Before the bride's cortège drove up from the Mairie, some two hundred people had assembled and were seated up near the altar, where the smell of stale incense was the strongest, or standing by the door, where the gleams of daylight struggling in mingled strangely with the gloom of the building and the faint brightness made by the candles, which were few and far between. It was a typical French crowd, trim and carefully dressed. Though the quarter was a poor one, there were no dishevelled women and tattered girls even among the outsiders, who skulked about on the porches over the steps to keep themselves out of the wet, for the rain was still pouring down steadily. For a full half-hour we waited. Now and again a beadle, gorgeously arrayed in a picturesque costume of red and blue, with a cocked hat and a long staff with a silver head, popped out upon us from a hidden corner, like Jack in the Box, to see whether the bride was coming; and when he had satisfied himself that there were no signs of her approach, he hurried back and shut himself up again, lest the spectators should tire of his attractions before the time came for displaying them. At last, four carriages drove across the

square in front of the church, their wheels splashing up the water from the puddles, and a moment later the bridal party entered the building,—Monsieur Lasseau very red in the face and very much embarrassed, Caroline in all the glory of veil and orange-blossoms and long white train, Adèle looking strikingly handsome in her dress of dull red, which brought out all the fine points of her brunette complexion and clearly-cut features. The groomsmen proved a capital foil for her, too: he was Caroline's brother, a good-looking, fair-haired young Frenchman, with a double supply of all those airs and graces which his sister lacked. The organ began to play, the beadle put himself at the head of the little procession, and they moved up the aisle to the chancel, where a couple of priests awaited them. It was really the bridesmaid and the best man and the beadle who carried off the honors of the occasion: except in a sentimental point of view, the bride and groom were nowhere in comparison. And when Adèle, escorted by Caroline's brother and preceded by the beadle stamping his staff, went around through the congregation to take up a collection, she did it with a carriage and dignity and grace that many a great lady might have envied. She said the next day, "Nobody would have guessed it was the first time I had ever been bridesmaid." After the ceremony was over, Monsieur and Madame Lasseau received the congratulations of their friends in the sacristy, where their cheeks vied with each other in redness, and then drove away to the restaurant where the wedding breakfast was to be held.

That was not quite my last vision of Caroline. A month later a telegram summoned me away from Paris, but before I left the city I went out to see her in her new house. I found her installed in a tiny apartment where everything was bright and clean and shining. She had made a most remarkable beginning in her new life, for she was busy patching and mending an old dress belonging to her mother-in-law, and she showed me with an air of pride how



nicely she had done it. I wonder sometimes how long that state of things lasted; but I have never been back to see.

And so I left her, radiant with happiness. She had reached the summit of her ambitions; she had the *douze cent*

*francs de rente* she had wished for: more, much more, than she had ever ventured to dream of in the lonely drudgery of her former life had come to her,—she had a home, and the shelter of her husband's love wrapped her around.

SARAH A. ALISON.

## A WEEK IN KILLARNEY.

### CHAPTER VI.

OUR guide taking one luncheon-basket in his charge, we arm ourselves with the other things, and, glad to be rid of our tremulous vehicle for a time, leave Con in charge of it, and set out for our walk. The guide goes on in front, whistling "Nora Creina" with immense cheerfulness, whilst we all follow. Miss Kingsley clings to me, Carrie impounds Jones; the gloomy Brooke in silent majesty brings up the rear.

"Here's the toll-gate, ma'am," says our guide, whose name is Mick Dempsey, turning as we come to two huge boulders that stand high on each side of our path, facing each other. They really do resemble the pillars of a gateway. "When Finn MacConhal cut the mountains in two to make this Gap, ma'am, he put these stones here wid his own hands to guard the way. 'Tis thrue for me, though maybe ye won't believe it."

I can see that Carrie is much struck by the guide's words, and would give her little finger to be able to believe them.

"There were giants in those days," I whisper to her, in kindly encouragement, as we go on again.

But how to describe the gloomy grandeur of the Gap itself, with its dark, mountainous sides, its sullen lakes, all inky black, the mysterious sound of hidden waters rushing through it? Winding upward, the rugged pathway leads us deeper and deeper into the heart of the mighty mountains that stand serene and awful throughout the

ages. High up upon the rugged cliffs white specks can be discerned that presently resolve themselves into goats. A sense of utter loneliness falls upon us, born of the mystic silence that wraps this wild ravine. With unexpressed desire for freedom we look heavenward, to where the broad sky is over all, flushed, exquisite, with its clouds of rose-red melting into tender gray.

Our guide, who is totally unimpressed by the stern beauty of the scene, breaks in upon our thoughts.

"See! there's the Eagle's Nest, ma'am," he says, pointing to a crag that is barely discernible; "an' here, sir, is St. Patrick's Lake,—the Black Lough, we call it; an' 'tis cowlder and blacker thruly than the others. 'Twas here the saint (may he be good to us!) threw the last sarpint in an' dhrownded him. 'Tis the idintical place, ma'am. In an iron chist he shut him, and flung him into the wather there, below yer foot. An' isn't it quare, ma'am, not a fish will live in it till this day? Herbert o' Muckcross an' others have thried it ag'in an' ag'in, an' 'tis all o' no use."

Later on we discover that our guide's statement is true, though it is supposed that some mineral substance, and *not* the "sarpint," is the cause of the fishes' decease. Seeing Carrie's chagrin at this trampling on old legendary lore, I kindly suggest that perhaps it is the iron clasps on the "chist" that have tainted the water ever since. My well-meant remark is received with contemptuous silence.

"You seem to have a regular store of anecdote," I say to Mick Dempsey, turning to him as a more congenial companion than the others: *he* at least will not treat me with open scorn.

"Fegs, I have that same," says he, delighted at my appreciation of his conversational powers. An envious depreciation of *mine* by those who shall be nameless has not soured my naturally perfect temper.

"I could tell ye tales be the hour," says Mick Dempsey genially, finding in me a kindred spirit. "An' there's a good one I remimber now. Ye niver heard o' Pat Daly, did ye?"

With a sense of growing unimportance I sadly confess that as yet that illustrious individual is unknown to me.

"Well, he's a guide round here, like meself, an' not bad at the echoes aither, but not as good as me, though I says it as shouldn't. (Mick Dempsey, guide: ye'll recommend me to yer frinds, won't ye, sir?) Well, whin Pat Daly was takin' it upon himself to set up here as guide, he wint to one o' the ginthry round an' axed for a few lines of character to show to the English tourists that might be comin' this way. The gentleman axed him in turn if he could read, an' Pat towld the truth for once an' said he couldn't. 'That's bad, that's bad,' says the Squire; 'but you shall have yer lines, for you're as dacint a man as I know, if a thrifle given to the murderin' o' yer neighbors.' So Pat got his papers, an' away wid him to the entrance o' the Gap to wait for the tourers. An', sure enough, soon there came along a large party o' the English folk, that he knew by the checks on their breeches (saving yer presence, ma'am) an' the die-away look o' the ladies. So Pat, wid his paper in his hand, walked up to them as bowld as brass.

"'An' what are you, me good man?' asks the foremost o' the party.

"'A guide, yer honor,' says Pat. 'If ye mistrust me, read this; 'twill spake the thruth of me.'

"So the gentleman squeezed his eye into a glass an' began to read it; an'

after a bit he turned as pale as a turnip, an' 'Good heavens!' says he, an' whispered somethin' to the others, an' the womin give a screech, an' away they all wint, like a flock o' sheep, down the path ag'in, the way they had come, an' was niver heard of since. An' Pat was mighty glad to be rid of 'em so aisy, for he thought they was a party of lunatics that had escaped from the asylum up in Killarney. But a second an' a third party o' the Saxons behaved jist the same, an' thin it began to grow serious, for Pat was earnin' nothin' at all, an' starvation was beginnin' to be good friends wid him, whin there come along a lot o' studints from Dublin, an' whin they read his lines they all burst out a-laughin' till ye'd think they'd dhrop. They wur Irish, ye see, an' knew a joke whin they saw it. An' prisently, whin they could spake for laughin', they read aloud to him his character; an' sorra word o' good was there in it at all, but jist a few lines, sayin', 'For the love o' the Vargin an' the good of his sowl, let no man thrust the bearer o' these lines, for a more thunderin' villain, or a 'cuter robber, or a nater murderer there wasn't in the counthry; an' that though as yet they hadn't been able to bring his crimes home to him, the whole Gap was strewn wid the bones o' his victims! Ha—ha! Fegs, 'tis himself could tell you that story grand, an' how the Squire who wrote the paper for him nearly choked with potheen and laughter when he heard it all, an' give him a five-pun' note to make it up to him. Will I give ye another echo now, here, ma'am? 'tis a mighty good place for one."

Again he bends forward, places his hands behind his coat-tails, and throws them lightly into the air. In this position he resembles nothing so much as a superannuated blackbird. But this time his efforts to call forth an echo fill us with amaze. It becomes apparent to us that a person of the name of "Paddy Blake" lives somewhere in the interstices of the mountains. He is first affectionately, then sternly, then angrily desired to "come out o' that," and when he

declines to leave his rocky fastness is accused of all sorts of low misdemeanors, such as of being "drunk and disorderly" over-night, and so forth. I am beginning to feel distinctly grieved for Paddy Blake, when our guide's manner to him undergoes a complete change. "From grave to gay" it goes, and quite a light and airy conversation now enchants the ear.

"Good-morrow, Paddy!" "Are ye at home th' day?" "I hope ye're quite well this mornin'?" "Whin did ye return from France, Paddy Blake?"

Mark the tender solicitude in all these queries. I cease to grieve for the recipient of so many and marked attentions. And now our guide seems determined to probe him as to whether he ever really was or was *not* in the land of frogs.

"Parly voo Francy, Paddy?" "How was the Mossoos whin ye left?" "Vooly voo dancy, Paddy?"

Which invitation, it may be presumed, Paddy accepts, as he sends no answer to it, and silence, we all know, gives consent. There is indeed to me something insolent in the way Paddy repeats aloud all his friend's questions, without deigning a reply to them or ever volunteering any remark of his own. This thought, however, I confine to my own bosom, with my usual amiability, having always had a lively horror of mischief-makers.

Our guide has now ceased to address the distant Paddy (knowing him, probably, to be executing a private *cancan* in his own home), and is again extracting sweet sounds from the echoing rocks. His wild, soft cry rises on the wind, only to be repeated more softly and with increasing wildness by the listening hills, whilst we stand by, charmed and awed by the strange sounds of Nature roused.

A tall, handsome lad, the proprietor of another cannon, comes forward here, and fires it off before we have time to know even what he is going to do. Perhaps our ignorance of his design makes the effect of it even grander. From the heights and hollows a thousand replications of the sound burst

forth. From the Purple Mountain to the Reeks and back again the crashing thunder is hurled, until all the dark Gap rings with the grand artillery of the angry rocks. Like distant thunder it dies away, rolling sullenly farther and farther off, until at last, when it ceases, we fail to understand its death, and believe it has but passed beyond our ears into regions still unknown. As its passionate rage ceases from us, the music of the stream that rushes through the gorge makes itself felt, and brings us back to calmer life with a sigh. It is a stream full of conversation, though somewhat sad, as befits the character of its home. We have scarcely yet been helped by it to a forgetfulness of the late assault upon our nerves, when we become aware of the presence of three barefooted girls standing upon the pathway before us. By this time our party has become a little separated, and Jones has found an opportunity of establishing himself beside Miss Kingsley.

One of the girls, stepping forward, holds out to us some knitted socks.

"Buy thim, sir?" says she coaxingly. "Ye'll find thim good, for I knitted thim meself. Do now!" Then suddenly her soft, roguish eyes fall on Jones and Muriel. "You'll buy 'em, sir?" says she confidently. "Ye ought, ye know, for we've waited a long time for ye."

"For me?" says Jones imprudently.

"For you an' your good lady," says she, with a courtesy to Muriel, who turns a lovely crimson. But Jones is plainly enraptured. He declines the socks, but gives the lucky spokeswoman something by which to remember him when he shall be gone.

We are all afraid to look at Brooke. Will he give way to rage before which the late storm among the mountains will pale and sink into insignificance? He at least is not pale; he is almost purple with repressed venom. Why on earth did I ask these two young men to accompany us to-day? What irony lies in the thought that I had suggested to them that they should spend a *happy* day with us in this gorge!—Happy!

"What pretty girls those were," says Carrie hurriedly, "but how—how strange!"

"Uncivilized, I am sure you mean; your kind feeling *alone* suggests the word 'strange,'" says Brooke, in an impossible tone. "They were both rude and uncouth, and evidently very much wanting in penetration. You are right, Mrs. Desmond: they are an ignorant peasantry. I quite agree with you."

Poor Carrie! She said nothing of the kind, yet, in his present mood, she is afraid to contradict him.

"He looks so sour that I shouldn't think he'd 'agree' with any one," says Jones in a loud aside to me; but fortunately no one else hears it. "However, there's no accounting for tastes."

"Poor things! I suppose they *are* ignorant," says Miss Kingsley thoughtfully. "And one can see they have no penetration," with a soft, absent look at Brooke, that somehow tells upon that young man and reduces his color to a delicate mauve. "But they are very pretty, aren't they? and full of life and *er—verve*, and that."

She may be vague, but she is certainly eminently successful. Brooke's mauve subsides into a still more natural hue, and fear of an explosion disappears, at least for the time being. Carrie makes a light suggestion that is well received by all, and

Sunshine sweeps across our lives again.

And now the Logan Stone is pointed out to us by our loquacious guide. It is a huge boulder, at least twenty feet in circumference, poised upon another rock, and so perfectly balanced by the devil (according to Dempsey) that it will move with the touch of a child.

"An' now, if ye don't mind a little rough walkin', ma'am, an' as ye are not goin' home be the lake, I'll take ye across the ground a bit to where ye'll git a grand look at Coom-a-Dhur," says Dempsey, who, like James, has taken a special fancy to Carrie, and addresses her alone when any fresh proposition is to be made.

Carrie expressing a determination to

surmount all difficulties, we quit the main pathway and step lightly, if with difficulty, in Dempsey's wake, over wet stones and scraggy edges of rock up-rising from the ground. Stumbling heavily over unseen roots of furze and heather, we manage to reach at last a point that is evidently a favorite with our guide.

"An' don't ye look, now, ma'am, yet awhile," he cries. "Keep yer eyes on yer toes till I bring ye to the right spot. Fegs, I bet 'twill reward ye."

*It does.* Standing upon a high eminence, we look down below us to where stretches the black valley (or Coom-a-Dhur) in all its perfect beauty. Through it runs a rapid river, small, sullen, but tumultuous, subject to violent floods that inundate its banks and neighboring fields at certain seasons. In the distance are trees, in the farther distance a soft view of the Upper Lake. For miles the lonely valley extends, bound in by gray, gaunt mountains,—a voiceless, dreary spot, lying there silent, motionless, with scarce a touch of life. On the left, far as the eye can see, the gaunt hills rise, casting an everlasting shadow on the sleeping valley,—a shadow from which, perchance, its gloomy name has been derived. On the right lies the placid Upper Lake, laughing in the merry sunshine as it coquets lazily with its many fairy isles and dances in its tiny bays.

"You have indeed given us a rare pleasure," says Carrie, turning to the delighted Mick Dempsey.

"What is it like?" asks Miss Kingsley, in a low tone. "What an idea of desolation it gives! And those two or three poor cabins seem only to increase the feeling. It reminds me of something, but I don't know what."

"It is like the valley of the Black Umvolosi in South Africa," says Jones critically. "There is a wildness about it that suggests the other scene."

"You judge from pictures," asks Carrie, "or from some friend's experience?"

"From my own," says Jones. "I was in Africa during the late war. I

happened to be in Natal at the time, and went up the country with Wood's column."

We all feel instinctively that he has risen in the estimation of every one of us. He has seen a *real* war! He has been probably face to face with dozens of black Zulus!

"And you mean to say you saw an actual battle?" says Carrie, quite purring over him. I begin to dislike Jones.

"Oh, *do* tell us how they throw their assegais, and if they wear feathers in their hair," says Muriel, bending toward him, her eyes alight. I can see that Brooke is again meditating murder.

"No, there were no feathers," says Jones, laughing; "and they threw their assegais just like this."

We have all laid our walking-canes against the ledge of a rock behind us, and as he speaks Jones carelessly lays hold of one of them.

"But did you really see an encounter, Mr. Jones?" asks Carrie cautiously, to whom wars and tumults are a never-failing source of interest.

"Oh, yes; several," says Jones, in the airy tone of one who, having seen more than most, thinks nothing of it. To some of those who are listening this tone is offensive.

"Why don't you tell them at once that you got the Victoria Cross for an exploit of special daring?" says Brooke, in a loud but hollow voice and with a sardonic laugh.

"Because I never tell lies," returns Jones loudly, glaring at his opponent. His emphasis is full of terrible possibilities. Brooke, as one can judge by the lowering of his brow, is calling together all his mental forces to make him a crushing reply, when—Miss Kingsley, as usual, comes to the rescue.

"You haven't shown us how they throw the assegai yet, Mr. Jones," she says sweetly.—"Mr. Brooke, come here, close to me, as I am sure he will fling his stick in *that* direction."

"Well, here goes," says Jones. He raises his arm, cane in hand, and precipitates the latter into the Black Valley, far, far below.

"Hold! stop!" cries Brooke, rushing forward. "That was *my* stick—*mine*! What business had *you* with it? Make an ass of yourself and an assegai of your *own* stick, if you like, but spare other people's. Where is it now?"

"Oh, where, and, oh, where is my Highland laddie gone?"

quote I, the sincerest sympathy in my tone; but nobody seems to believe in me.

"Your cane!" says Jones, with a suspicious amount of astonishment, as it appears to me. "Dear me, dear me! I'm sure I'm awfully sorry. Never mind; take mine instead. Keep it as a memento of one of the happiest days of your existence, eh? Ha—ha!"

Jones is fat, and so is his laugh. It is a rounded laugh, and very infectious. We *all* join in it, though in bodily terror of the consequences of our untimely mirth.

"How strange that a valley in Ireland should so closely resemble one in Africa!" says Carrie hurriedly, more with the design of preventing Brooke from bringing in a crushing remark than from any surprise at the fact.

"Not more strange than Miss Kingsley's finding a resemblance between the entrance to the Gap and the Tyrol," says Jones. "It merely shows how Nature, like history, repeats itself in the most unlikely places. I believe there is no smallest spot upon the globe that has not its counterpart in some other distant clime."

"Beautiful words," quotes Mr. Brooke, with seething sarcasm. "Perhaps, out of your boundless stores of knowledge, you will kindly give us some little hint or quote to us some brief passage that will enable us to share your belief."

"Let us eat our luncheon first," suggest I peaceably. "Is there anything, Carrie, in those baskets we have been bending under ever since we left Con? or must we conclude that they are filled with stones? If you have attempted to play a trick of that sort upon us it will be a sorry day for you, as, in



default of anything better, I feel I shall eat you."

In truth, I am in great haste to allay the pangs of hunger, feeling as if our last meal had been consumed about a week or ten days ago.

"Yes, I'm hungry too," says Miss Kingsley, as though surprised at herself, though she is, in fact, that most charming of all things, a lovely girl with an honest appetite. I regard her with increasing admiration. She is gowned in a pretty blue serge that fits her lissome figure to perfection, and her eyes are lustrous and gleaming.

Her mouth full small, and thereto soft and red, is slightly parted as she smiles on our "melancholy Jaques," the forlorn Brooke, with a sweetness that should have melted a heart of stone.

It melts Brooke, certainly, to deeper love, but fails to lift him from his slough of despond. He is so deeply embedded in its mud that not even Beauty's self has power to raise him.

He regards her with gloomy appreciation. To him it seems

That, as of light the summer sunnè sheen  
Passeth the star, right so over measure  
She fairer is than any créature.

"Yes, luncheon by all means," says Carrie briskly, and soon we are seated at that pleasantest of all meals, now pleasanter than ever because of its being an *al fresco* arrangement. But we are not allowed to enjoy it properly. The imminent fear of an outbreak between the youths, the many warm reminders that but a treacherous peace is reigning, the badly-subdued rancor that bursts out in tiny but deadly flashes now and then, all combine to destroy with ruthless force our vain endeavors to be innocently mirthful. Once I make a praiseworthy, if mistaken, effort to promote good-fellowship all round, but, Jones having openly declined to see it, and Brooke having "gorgonized me from head to foot with a stony British stare," I give it up, and subside into dull silence and the pie on my left. Perhaps, indeed, to be more correct, the pie subsides into me. It little matters: all is gloom.

The luncheon is irreproachable, the *pâtés* beyond praise, the wine very good, there is not so much as one grain of salt in the cream, or a suspicion of sugar on the chicken, yet, nevertheless, these young men damp all our spirits and crush our rising wit. As a rule, I am an excessively meek member of that meekest of all classes called husbands,—there is hardly ever a moment when a child might not in safety play with me,—but yet I *can* be roused. Just now, seeing the havoc these miserable young men are making of our day, I wax indignant, and permit my temper to get the better of me.

As we all rise from our impromptu table, I step aside to where Carrie is standing alone and make my assault upon her.

"Now how do you like your young men?" I whisper to her, with true bitterness of soul.

"They are not *my* young men," returns she, with dignity, surveying me from a moral height that dwarfs my material inches and shatters my nerves. "If they *were*, I should know at once how to reduce them to order and show them how to conduct themselves."

There is a hidden warning in these words I am not slow to mark,—a warning I feel I shall do well not to despise. So, conjuring up the weak shadow of a smile, I tell her I quite agree with her, and relapse into my usual submission. She is graciously pleased to accept my change of mood, and instantly gives way to her own grievance on the same subject.

"It is really *too* bad," she says. "I do all I can for them, and they are worse than prize-fighters. I'm sure I don't see what is to be the end of it all."

"Jones will be the end of it," say I, in a deep, mysterious tone. "You mark my words, she means to have Jones. It is my secret conviction that she likes him best."

"Nonsense! It is Mr. Brooke, you mean," says Carrie. "He is most devoted to her, and she never repels his attentions. He is most persistent in the way he follows her about, and—and all that sort of thing."

"He may 'go on forever,' like his namesake all but the *e*," return I steadily, "but I'm positively sure she means *Jones*. Jones has the money, you know, and it always counts. There may be 'virtue in an if,' there *certainly* is virtue in a landed estate. If put to it, I feel I should back Jones."

"I think you would lose your money," says Carrie. "Look at them now!"

To look at them is to see that they are at deadly feud one with the other, whilst Miss Kingsley, calm and smiling, stands between them, conversing amiably of the weather.

"Of course they are each determined that the other shan't walk down the Gap with her," says Carrie, with a sigh. "Dear me! why can't men be reasonable?"

"Women won't let them," say I.

The conversation between Miss Kingsley and the belligerents is growing every moment more and more animated. But presently Jones, turning aside, lifts up his voice and addresses himself to Carrie.

"You were asking me yesterday about the Killarney fern. Mrs. Desmond," he says in a friendly tone: "it seems it is not so impossible to procure, after all. Brooke says he knows all about it. Tell Mrs. Desmond what you have been saying to us, Brooke."

"Well, I certainly *should* like to get it," says Carrie, falling easily into this trap. "*Can* I manage to get it, Mr. Brooke?" Thus questioned, there is nothing left to the wretched Brooke but to step forward and forsake his post of vantage. With the full knowledge upon him that if he turns a deaf ear to Carrie's remark rudeness will be laid to his account, he yet hesitates before quitting Miss Kingsley's side and leaving Jones in full possession of the adored one. Yet how can he answer a woman by yelling to her, when a simple step or two will bring him to her side? Carrie is waiting expectantly. A struggle, sharp but fierce, takes place in the breast of Brooke. Then, with one malignant glance at the adversary who has so artfully drawn him into this difficulty, he comes forward.

A smile lights up the obese features of the ingenuous Jones. Truly, it now seems the day is his own as he turns to Miss Kingsley and suggests their commencing their downward walk. I, for one, do not fail to admire his statesman-like guile. Yes, I am right: Jones's star is in the ascendant. Brooke is nowhere.

Yet the very next move on Miss Kingsley's part upsets all my preconceived ideas, and compels me to begin my weavings afresh.

"There is always danger in a downward path," she says, with grave demureness. "One should choose a trusty friend as pioneer. *You* are too new an acquaintance for the post.—Mr. Desmond," with a touch of coquettish petulance, "as you brought me up this weird old Gap, surely it is your duty to take me down again."

And so as was our order of ascent is our descent,—Carrie being again given into Jones's care, Brooke once more in gloomy solitude trudging behind.

"Farewell, sweet Coom-a-Dhur! Farewell, Black Valley!" cries Muriel, turning before we quite lose sight of it to wave a loving hand and waft it a spirit kiss.

"They do say there isn't the like o' it anywhere," says the guide, with exceeding pride. But a touch of sadness has fallen upon us, and no one makes him a reply. Perhaps our silence is sufficiently impressive to satisfy him.

A peasant-woman coming our way presently, Carrie addresses her. I dare say she is a relief from Jones, who has grown glum and taciturn. She is a faded woman, with a huge bag of something or other on her back—probably "praties"—and a black eye.

"You have hurt yourself," says Carrie, regarding the darkened eye with gentle sympathy. "How did it happen?"

"Wisha, I don't know, alanna, but 'tis always knockin' meself about I am," says the woman, in a soft, helpless monotone. "Last night I'd like to kill meself, but I got off wid a bad eye, glory be—"

"It must hurt you, indeed," says

Carrie, who is compassionately regardful of the lack of intellect in the expression of the woman's countenance.

"In fegs, but it might be worse too. 'Tis nothin' at all, dear. They do be jokin' me about it up home, an' askin' who give me the black eye; but sure I'm a widdy this many a day, an' there's no one to give it to me at all now, God help me!"

This simple regret is too much for us; we all smile involuntarily.

"Is your husband long dead?" pursues Carrie, when she has frowned us down.

"It seems a long while to me, my lady; I miss him a good deal off an' on. He was a very handy man, an' not too ready wid his fist; but Father Jerry says as how it is the best as is always took."

"You got on well together, then?" says Carrie kindly.

"No that bad, yer honor. Jist in the beginnin' when we was married,—that is, for the first nine or ten years, ye'll undherstand,—he was the divil an all when the dhrop was in him; but one night, shortly after that, he come home mad dhrunk, an' so loose on his pins I wasn't afraid of him, so I up wid me own fist an' I give him a nudge on the brow wid a nate little pot-stick as come handy to me fingers (an' used to be the rung of a sugawn chair, the like o' which, honey, ye won't see now), an' it cut him a bit an' dhrew the blood. An' afther that, fegs, he had the greatest respect for me, an' never raised his voice above a whisper when I'd be near. Oh, wir-rasthru the day, but he was the sad loss to me! There wasn't a betther man in all the counthry round."

She looks really distressed, sincerely sorry. "Poor soul!" says Carrie, and squeezes something into her hand. Then we all push forward again, leaving the disconsolate widow and her mysterious bag behind us.

"What a melancholy mouth that poor peasant had!" says Muriel, after a while.

"A weak one," I suggest humbly.

"Yes, weak," confesses Carrie reluc-

tantly, who has fallen in love with Killarney and its inhabitants, man, woman, and child, and resents as a personal affront a word in their disfavor.

"Mouths are so expressive," says Jones,—*"far more so than the eyes, in spite of all that poets may say."*

"Poets say a good deal for mouths too," I remind him amiably. "Even so long ago as in the days of Sir John Suckling they knew what a pretty mouth meant."

"So they did," says Jones enthusiastically. "I remember the quotation to which you allude. It applies to the mouths of to-day as well as to those of the past yesterday." He glances with expressive tenderness at Miss Kingsley, and then repeats, slowly,—

*"Her lips were red, and one was thin :  
Compared with that was next her chin ;  
Some bee had stung it newly."*

His gaze is waxing positively warm, and we are all beginning to criticise with much loving-kindness the quaint old lines, when we are stricken dumb by Brooke. He has broken into a loud, discordant laugh.

"What an absurd amount of nonsense is spoken about poetry, *so called!*" he says irreverently, "and how insanely impossible are many of the lines before which we bow down and worship! Just fancy, for example, Miss Kingsley's lip if a bee *had* 'stung it newly'! Why, it would be out of all proportion,—like Jones's nose!"

He laughs again, wildly. Is there in this rude mirth incipient madness? Jones is looking apoplectic. There is little time to be lost.

"You are right!" I exclaim genially, seeing Carrie is too far gone to be of any use. "The sting of a bee is no joke. It would make the prettiest lip ugly in less than no time, and twice the size of any *ordinary* nose."

"*There!* Of course, as usual, you have said the wrong thing," whispers Carrie, in an agony. "You have as good as said Mr. Jones's nose is twice as large as anybody else's."

"Aren't you pleased, Mr. Jones?" says Muriel, with a little seductive smile,

glancing at him from under her long lashes. "You have just been told that my mouth and your nose are as lovely one as the other."

How she has arrived at this reasoning no one knows. Not a soul, however, dares to argue with her or dispute her right to come to any conclusion she may choose. Jones cheers up. His apparent determination to fall upon Brooke and smite him hip and thigh dies away; once more he saunters on with Carrie down the rugged glen.

And now again we pass St. Patrick's Well, and cross the two rustic bridges that span the river rushing so merrily through the lonely Gap,—past the turnpike, past the Eagle's Eyrie, and so on and on, until we come to our starting-point and the faithful Con.

#### CHAPTER VII.

OUR drive home is singularly silent, our dinner marked by a careful reserve. Even the bull-terrier seems struck by the strange quiet that has fallen upon us: probably he regards it as the proverbial calm that preludes the coming storm.

Later on, in the drawing-room, Miss Kingsley remains persistently beside Carrie, and refuses to be inveigled from her retreat or drawn into any *tête-à-tête* whatsoever. It is with increasing appreciation of her mental strength I note this power to cope with stratagem. At an early hour she declares herself, with a pretty smile, "so very, *very* tired," and bids us all "good-night." This she does with a slow grace that suits her; and if it seems to me that her hand lingers longest in that of Brooke, the idea it gives rise to is speedily set at naught by the fact that certainly her eyes rest more contentedly on Jones. I am still lost in a maze of doubt as to her real meaning, when Jones himself comes up to me and tucks his arm into mine.

"Will I come out of doors and have a cigar with him before going to bed?"

I'm not such a dullard that I don't know what *that* means,—fatuous talk

about Miss Kingsley until, through sheer weariness, my lids drop over my miserable eyes. But I haven't the courage to refuse, and, with a sigh for my victimized self, I succumb to his fleshy grasp and permit myself to be led from the room.

I am right. Without a preamble, without so much as a decent leading up to the topic, he launches forth into praise of the immaculate Muriel.

"Did you ever meet any one with such a heavenly temperament?" he says, when he has exhausted a barrowful of endearing epithets upon her personal loveliness. "The way she treated those little ragamuffins we met to-day going to the Gap! Did you notice it? She looked as if she adored them, one and all. I believe she couldn't see that their faces were dirty. That's what I call true saintliness of spirit. Her soul was filled with a divine pity for their wretched condition. To *me* she seems positively faultless."

"There is nothing more admirable than strong belief," remark I sententiously. I throw extra force into my manner, to cover the fact that I am gradually dropping into a state of somnolency.

"There were moments," goes on Jones, clinging affectionately to me, "when I had my doubts as to whether I or another (who, in spite of all, shall be nameless) had the first claim on her affections. They were weak moments. To-day has solved all doubts. *Now*," says Jones, turning to me with alarming rapidity, and laying his hand with a proud gesture upon his massive breast, "I know that it is I—I who am preferred! You think with me?"

I murmur a sympathetic reply. I fully and entirely agree with him. In truth, I see no reason why he should *not* consider himself first in favor with Miss Kingsley. At the same time, I see no reason, either, why I should not equally agree with Brooke, were *he* to ask me the same question.

"Yes, yes. She was more than sweet to me all day. *That* fact could not have passed unobserved by anybody."

This somewhat viciously. "She's a perfect angel!" goes on Jones, with a rapturous sigh. "She is more than human."

This is just a little too much for me.

"Oh, look here, you know, Jones. I wouldn't, if I were you," I remark, in tones of grave censure. "To traduce the girl you love isn't form, you know. It—it isn't *nice*."

"Traduce—*traduce*!" stutters Jones, growing purple. "Eh? eh?"

"I believe," I return judicially, "that I just now heard you make a remark to the effect that Miss Kingsley, in *your* opinion, 'was more than human.' Now, how does the case stand? I am a poor authority, I know, but tell me now, if a person is said to be 'more than human,' may she not be reasonably called *in-human*?"

This conundrum I propound most anxiously, as one athirst for information.

Jones, I can see in the clear moonlight, is growing as mad as mad can be.

"To be wilfully misunderstood!" he mutters angrily, and presently takes himself off. Thus am I mercifully delivered from a lover's tirade that would probably have lasted, but for my subterfuge, until the stars began to wane.

When I am positively assured that he has gone well out of my sight, I return to Carrie, and suggest a swift departure to our room, so as to avoid a second encounter with him. Being sleepy, she accedes to my request without a murmur.

"Well, I'm quite sure you are wrong about Mr. Jones," she says, as we toil up the stairs. "I am almost certain Muriel intends accepting Mr. Brooke."

"You're wrong, not I," I return, with conviction.

"I'm not," says Carrie.

"You are," say I.

"I believe she *hates* that poor Mr. Jones," persists Carrie.

"Well, time will tell," exclaim I, feeling further argument beyond me.

"*To-night* shall tell," says Carrie firmly, and, stopping suddenly in the middle of the corridor, she forsakes my

side, and, entering a room upon our left, disappears from view and leaves me to go on alone, disconsolate.

Time passes. Evidently it is a more difficult task than she imagined to wring the truth from Muriel. Good heavens! could she have entered the wrong room, and been done to death by an hysterical old maid dreaming of midnight assassins? I am beginning to be suspicious of foul play, and full of sleepy suggestions to a sluggish conscience, to the effect that I, or the bull-terrier, or the wooden-faced manager should go on a voyage of discovery in search of her remains, when the door opens, and she herself, in the uninjured flesh, appears upon the threshold.

"Well, is it Brooke?" I ask, with some faint wakening into animation and a sharp return from the Land of Nod, into which I have been wandering. I receive no reply.

"Silence gives consent," I remark, with hypocritical hilarity. "I bestow my congratulations and my benison on the fortunate Brooke. Let no false shame hinder him from accepting both. Though their intrinsic value is priceless, they wouldn't, I fear, fetch much."

"Oh, *do* be quiet!" says Carrie, almost tearfully. There is about her such an air of chagrined surprise as she sinks into the nearest chair that my jocosity slips from me, and, ashamed of my abominable flippancy, I place an arm around her and look unutterable sympathy.

"Go on," I whisper; "tell me what she *did* say to you."

"Nothing."

"What! After all this time?"

"All what time? I wasn't a moment away."

"I thought it was a year," return I reproachfully, which pleases her, and presently her grievance breaks into sound:

"She would tell me nothing, not a word. When, at first, I just dropped a little hint about Mr. Brooke, she began to laugh, and said she had no idea I was so—'so attracted by him,' and she has laughed *ever since*. I said I was



sure he loved her, and she said 'was I?' I repeated my assurance a little sharply, whereupon she declared it was very good of him, that she 'wasn't worthy of him,' and all that sort of nonsense. Then I came to the point and asked her outright if she didn't believe he was in love with her. She said, 'Dearest Carrie, you do ask such difficult ones; no one can guess them. Never mind, I'll ask you another instead: Do you think he loves me or hates Mr. Jones the most?' Of course I felt then there was nothing more to be said to her on that head, so I changed ground and said I should like to see her happy,—as happy as I was. I put that *in*, you know, to give a color to it," says Carrie, as though apologizing to me for having told such a flagrant untruth.

"It was very good of you to go as far as that for me," I return meekly.

"It is more than I deserve. What answer did she make to you?"

"She said—you will understand it was nothing but an idle compliment—but she *did* say," confesses Carrie reluctantly, "that she didn't dare hope to get for a husband such a 'darling' as I had secured."

I was right: Miss Kingsley is a nice girl. I am very glad I asked her to stay with us; it was an excellent thought of mine. She is a remarkably intelligent girl. Outwardly, however, I take no notice of this last proof of her rare intelligence.

"True, true," I murmur modestly.

"Oh, that's all nonsense, you know," says Carrie. "You aren't the only man in the world, by any means." Plainly, her late conversation with that charming Miss Kingsley has ruffled her plumes.

"There was a time, Caroline," I remark, with some austerity, "when I was given to understand that to a certain person, at least, I *was* the only man in the world."

"A time? What time?" says Car-

rie frivolously. "And as to your being the last of your species, I'm sure if that were so the world would be a far more desirable place than it is at present."

"Be it so," return I mournfully. "If my halcyon days are flown, I must e'en be resigned. But no cruelty of yours can alter the fact that you are still to me the one *woman* in the world."

"George, what an amount of humbug you can put into one short speech!" says Carrie contemptuously. But I can see that she is delighted with me, and thinks my sentiments above reproach. Having scored, I go back to the original topic.

"So you could get nothing out of her?" I say.

"Nothing beyond unlimited laughter. Perhaps she thinks it unwise to express any sentiment until that stupid Brooke proposes. Of course it is awkward for her."

"I would still bet on Jones," say I. "There is a solidity about Jones, both in his build and his banking-account, that is sure to tell in the long run."

"Isn't it odd," says Carrie thoughtfully, "that, though we have been thrown so entirely with them during these past few days, we yet haven't the faintest notion which of them it is she really prefers?"

"She is a clever girl," remark I carefully.

"An enigma," says Carrie.

Thus agreed, we retire to rest, at peace with each other and the world—only to rise again next morning. It is astonishing with what forbearance we (who profess to think variety so charming) treat the eternal monotony of nature. We sleep to wake; we wake to sleep again. And if by any chance some lucky thing occurs to break through this routine, instead of being grateful for it we deem ourselves ill used.

The Author of "*Phyllis*," "*Molly Bawn*," etc.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE WOMEN'S PARADISE.

ONE of the curious revolutions of modern Paris is that which has taken place within the past fifteen years in that peculiarly Parisian branch of commerce called *nouveautés* or "dry-goods." The immense bazaars, like the "Printemps," the "Louvre," the "Bon Marché," the "Petit Saint-Thomas," "Pygmalion," the "Tapis Rouge," and half a dozen others, which have driven a host of small shopkeepers to bankruptcy and ruin in order to build up their own colossal success, form one of the sights of Paris. What visitor to Paris has not marvelled at the immensity of these warehouses, and watched with astonishment the working of these huge and mysterious machines which devour the public and to which the public continues to flock with increasing eagerness? While art and civilization are constantly moving westward, does it not seem as if the Oriental methods of commerce were travelling westward too? In the bazaars of the East the purchaser finds grouped in the same locality the thousand objects that he needs and the thousand objects that provoke his desire. The immense dry-goods stores of Paris, huge markets open to all comers, where everybody has a right to enter without buying, are they not bazaars adapted to the requirements of our more complicated civilization? On their counters are piled up the riches of the earth,—silks, satins, cotton stuffs, dresses that cost three francs and dresses that cost three thousand francs, for the bazaar is a democratic institution, where the duchess and the fish-wife rub elbows and find each the article suited to her purse.

In all these stores the general aspect and the system of management are much the same. The moment you enter the building by one of the great doors, you are dazzled with the display of riches,—curtains, Oriental carpets, lace hung on the walls, piles of linen, of silk, of

satins, of plush, of velvet, flung on the counters, robes and mantles displayed, cart-loads of gloves, rich furniture, costly *bibels*, a swarm of busy shopmen, women elbowing their way through the crowd, children crying out for balloons, inspectors in white ties guiding bands of foreigners, and all this in a blaze of light, an atmosphere reeking of the emanations of a close-packed crowd mixed with the penetrating odors of new calico, of the sizings of silks and cloths, and of the aromatic perfume of the Eastern objects. On busy days a shop like the Bon Marché will be visited by seventy thousand people. It is simply a sea of humanity. The disorder, the confusion, the hum of voices, are bewildering. One asks how it is possible to buy and sell in such conditions.

The mechanism is comparatively simple. An establishment of the type that we are considering is generally divided into some fifty departments, or *rayons*. Each department is an establishment in itself, directed by a *chef de rayon*. All the employees are interested in the amount of business done. The *chef de rayon* has a percentage on the amount of business done in his department during the year, and each salesman has a percentage on the amount that he personally sells. Even the packers have a percentage on the number of parcels that they tie up. The duties of the *chef de rayon* are to direct his department both in selling and in buying the stock. The head of the silk-department will go to Lyons to secure novelties. The head of the carpet-department will travel to Smyrna, Persia, and India. In order to give an idea of the business done by the departments, we will mention some figures of receipts on exhibition-days: silk-counter, nine hundred thousand francs; gloves, ninety thousand francs; perfumery, forty thousand francs.

Another feature that strikes the vis-

itor in the great bazaars is the free *buffet*, which on busy days becomes a battle-field where the women and children fight for a drink of syrup, just as in another part of the establishment they fight for the balloons that are also distributed gratis as a means of advertising. Adjoining the buffet is a reading- and writing-room, largely patronized by the ladies. Then, to complete the list of gratis amusements, we must mention the lifts and the weighing-machine. The Parisians go to the Louvre simply to get weighed by an obliging official with a steel chain round his neck, who daily distributes some four thousand dated bulletins of weight. The Parisian doctors make use largely of the Louvre scales in order to observe the effect of diet on their patients.

The cashiers' desks are next to be noticed. Each desk is occupied by a clerk. The salesman accompanies the purchaser to the desk, hands in a debit note, the cashier writes the articles in the books, receives the amount, and the article is then handed to the wrappers, who are stationed at the side of each cashier. These cashiers are all under the control of the central department, which of course is a very extensive affair, giving employment to some hundred clerks and accountants.

The underground part, or basement, of the great bazaars forms, as it were, the laboratory, the workshop, and scene-painting-rooms, where the marvellous spectacle of each day is prepared. There are the steam-engines and generators for the electric light, a blacksmith's shop, a carpenter's shop, paper-stores, string- and pin-stores, a book-store where the catalogues and patterns are dealt out, the "reserves" of the different departments, containing the stock of which the salesmen up-stairs have only a few samples, the rooms for the reception of goods and for the packing and expedition into the provinces and abroad, the Paris express-department, and the rooms of the eighteen or twenty firemen who live on the premises, to say nothing of the kitchens and refectories. There is another room at the Louvre which de-

serves notice. It is called the *Salon des Lumières*. When a lady buys the silk or satin with which she intends to have her dress made for Mme. X——'s ball, she endeavors to choose the stuff by gaslight. But, gas having given way to electricity, and all ladies not being able to come to make their purchases at night, a dark room lighted by two lustres has been arranged for the special purpose of showing satins and ball-dresses.

Finally, in the basement is the department of *rendus*, or returned goods, one of the most curious in the bazaar. These vast establishments make a rule of returning the money without formality and without discussion for any article which, as a phrase runs, "has ceased to please." For instance, a lady buys and pays for a dress, and a week afterward brings it back, saying that it does not please her. The cashier returns the money, and the dress is sent to the *rendus*, whence it again finds its way to the show-rooms on the first floor. But the anecdotes that are told in the department of the "returned goods" are curiously characteristic. For instance, an elegant lady comes and chooses two very expensive hats. "Send them tomorrow to Rue —, No. —, at such an hour, and I will decide which I will take. . . . In case I should be out, the man may leave them and call the next day when he brings the bill. I shall certainly choose one of the two." The next day a man in blue livery brings the two hats. The lady is out, of course. He leaves the hats. Madame will make her choice. The following day the man in livery reappears. Madame has changed her mind. The hats are too dear. She cannot afford either of them. The man in livery takes the two hats and hands them in at the "returned goods" department, where it is found that the hats are intact exteriorly, but a slight perfume, slight traces of rice-powder, and a slight deformation prove that the hats have been worn. The key to the mystery is that the lady in question needed a fine hat to go to a wedding, and she had a friend in

the same position, and so she took two hats.

To conclude this sketch of the framework of the great modern bazaar, let me add that an establishment like the Louvre has three thousand employees and several hundred horses. On busy days seventy thousand to eighty thousand people enter the shop. The advertising costs annually some two millions of francs. On an average it has been calculated that the dozen great dry-goods stores of Paris pay annually thirty millions of francs for advertising in the Paris newspapers. Their advertisements invariably occupy the fourth page, and are paid for at the rate of two hundred to three thousand francs a page, according to the circulation of the paper.

Now let us ask what is the secret of the success of the modern bazaar. The secret is simply the clever exploitation of feminine coquetry. The modern bazaar is a trap into which woman is inveigled by a thousand means and temptations. The object of the big spiders who preside over these brilliant webs is to induce the fly to spend just a little more than he intended to spend when he entered the web. The old-fashioned shopkeepers were content to supply the customers with the things they needed; the modern bazaar-keepers devote all their efforts to inciting their customers to luxury and extravagance. They regard woman as their prey, and a prey to be taken with any kind of bait. Their triumph is to upset the husband's budget; but when the husband's purse is empty what will the woman do? The reply may be found in Émile Augier's play, "*La Lionne pauvre*," and a dozen other French plays and novels.

It is curious to observe on what a cynical analysis of woman's nature every detail of the organization of these vast bazaars is based. The men—husbands, fathers, brothers, lovers—are absolutely ignored. The bazaar does not count upon their patronage. The word "*mon-sieur*" does not exist in their vocabulary. On their invoices, labels, address-cards, you will always find "*Madame*." If a man buys things and has them sent

home, they arrive addressed to "*Madame* ——" In fact, more than ninety per cent. of the customers are women; and yet the proportion of the employees is in the inverse ratio of ninety per cent. men and ten per cent. women and girls. Why? Because the big spiders who spin the dazzling web of a dry-goods store have remarked that you need men in order to coax and conquer women and to wring out of them all their substance. The more men you have in the shop, the more women will come to be wheedled out of their money. The women prefer to deal with men. If you ask the women why it is so, they will say that it is because women are jealous of each other. A wealthy lady, for instance, wife of a millionaire banker or of a duke whose ancestors fought under the walls of Jerusalem, will come to try on a mantle: the shop-girl will throw the mantle over her shoulders and pirouette before the glass with an air and a *chic* that the banker's wife will try in vain to attain. Hence irritation on the part of the banker's wife, sharp words, spiteful rejoinders. Furthermore, some women are so jealous and irritable that a pretty face is enough to make them furious. These are the excuses of the honest women. But there is still another phenomenon: the woman who enters a dry-goods store, to whatever class she may belong, seems to consider herself on neutral ground. At first the salesmen do not seem to her to be men at all. But this first impression is not always lasting, as may be seen from the attitudes and expressions of the coquettes who are having their gloves tried on by the elegant young gentleman who presides at the glove-counter. It is really one of the most curious sights offered by the great bazaars. And so it happens that in most of the great French bazaars only the departments of millinery, corsets, and trying-on are in the hands of feminine employees. Men preside over even the underclothing-counters, and in some establishments even take the measure for dresses.

Both the men and the women employed in these great Parisian stores have a bad reputation. The big spider, however, cares but little about the morality of his auxiliaries: his sole object is to sell, and to attain this end he wants smart clerks and pretty girls. One of his axioms is that the public likes pretty faces,—an axiom held and practised by English barkeepers. Furthermore, he has remarked that of the ten per cent. of men who come loafing about his web at least one-third come to ogle the pretty shop-girls. The big spider has also remarked that out of a hundred of his shop-girls ten are married, ten remain honest, and the remaining eighty fall under other categories.

With such a crew around him, the big spider is being robbed all the time, in spite of all the controlling and checking systems which he has been able to invent. It must, however, be admitted that the situation of an employee in a dry-goods store is exceptional. He lives from year's end to year's end amidst precious stuffs and valuables, and sees defile before him the whole army of feminine Paris, with its style, its charm, its luxury. He is an actor in a cynical comedy, an aider and abettor in the campaign of temptation against coquetry and cupidity. How can we expect him to show proof of exceptional morality?

Another strange feature of the great bazaars is the thieving committed by the public, and particularly by the elegant feminine practitioner. The thieves in these stores are almost invariably women, and rarely professional thieves. They are generally women of all classes, from the highest to the lowest, who have yielded to the permanent temptations of the riches displayed around them. Some few of the cases may doubtless be explained morally, psychologically, or medically; but the big spiders pay little attention to these excuses: their conviction is that woman is weak and prone to vice, and they act accordingly. They arrest, either by their own private police or by the municipal police, five or six thieves a day, and they do not venture to estimate

how many other thieves escape unnoticed. And yet their profits are so great, and their business is so immense, that they prosper in spite of everything.

The arrest of a thief is a very simple affair. The theft is observed, the lady is followed into the street, and then the policeman taps her gently on the shoulder and invites her to return. She is led directly into the board-room, an electric bell tinkles in the various departments, and the principals of the establishment arrive. If the culprit denies the theft, one of the shop-girls is called in to search her. Some of the thieves are handed over to the police, others are simply taxed according to their social position,—that is to say, the establishment promises to say nothing about the affair, provided the culprit pays a certain sum to the poor-box. Sixty per cent. of the thieves arrested pay the fine of from one to ten thousand francs,—a fact which proves the large number of wealthy ladies whom coquetry and temptation convert into thieves. It appears that the objects most often stolen are mantillas, lace, fancy articles, and fur mantles. Gloves, too, are largely stolen.

We will mention in conclusion one of the most powerful combinations which the great bazaars have invented in order to inveigle the women. It is the periodical "exposition." For months beforehand each exhibition is prepared in all its details in the laboratory of the basement; and when the season comes round the show is advertised on an immense scale, and the public flock in thousands. The same order is followed in all the stores. In September, when people begin to come back from the seaside and the country and to think about preparing for autumn and winter, the great bazaars announce their annual exhibition of carpets. For a week or a fortnight the whole establishment is filled with carpets, especially Persian, Indian, Daghestan, and other Eastern kinds, intermingled with portières, embroidered silks, old stuffs for furniture, velvets, plush, the wreck of past centuries, the bric-à-brac of whole countries



that have been carefully scoured by the emissaries of the bazaar. Then in October we have the general exhibition of winter novelties. In November the exhibition consists of furs, silks, and velvet stuffs. In December we have the toy-fair, Christmas-books, New-Year's gifts, *articles de Paris*. In January everybody is supposed to have been ruined by the *étrennes* season, and the bazaar gives its customers a month's respite. In February the exhibition system continues with an immense show of white goods, lace, gloves, and flowers. In March we have the summer novelties; in May, curtains, parasols, and furniture for country houses; in June, the exhibition of straw hats, ranging in price from two sous up to three or four francs. Finally, in July and August—the dull season—the great bazaar dismisses a certain number of its employees, takes two months of relative

repose, and sells off the remnants of old stock in order to begin afresh in September. Of course, in the intervals between these exhibitions the current sale continues, but during the fortnight of each exhibition the amount of business is quadrupled at least, thanks to the immense advertising that accompanies it and which forces the whole country to think of the bazaar. Besides posters, catalogues, and cards, the great bazaar buys a whole page in every newspaper in the country,—each bazaar in turn,—and the result is a veritable triumph of advertising. In newspaper-advertising alone the Louvre spends over two millions of francs. And to think that woman, darling woman, is responsible for all this juggling with millions and this traffic in luxury and frivolity! And to think, too, that it is the men who pay the bills!

THEO CHILD.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

### Tact.

"THE mistake I made," explains one of Mr. Fawcett's heroines, who had suffered severely from her fondness for the tinkling cymbals of society, "was in supposing that perfect manners must mean perfect morals." It was a very natural mistake,—one of those noble mistakes that one may even be proud of having made, since it is based upon what ought to be true. Nothing could ever originally have been established as etiquette which could possibly wound the feelings; and although the hollowness of society, so lamented by Mrs. Skewton, has undoubtedly arisen from the habit of learning to save one's own feelings, or the feelings of a friend, or of a friendless blunderer, by "telling no lies, but not overmuch of the truth," as George Macdonald puts it, the fact

remains the same, that tact, in its imaginative exercise of "putting yourself in his place," and its implied sympathy with others, is the nearest to virtue of any of the graces.

We have called it a grace, but, although its development is the primary object of social culture, it is a grace which must be partly innate, and which often exhibits itself in its very highest form where there has been no possible training for it, where it is wholly the instinct of a refined and sympathetic nature. Children sometimes exhibit it in perfection. We remember a little maid of eight years old to whom we had promised to bring a little fan from Niagara, who came rushing out to meet us with the cry, "Oh, auntie! did you get me one of those with a little bird in the middle?" Our crestfallen face betrayed

us before we answered, and instantly the little woman controlled her voice to its steadiest tones, as she added, "I'm glad you got me one without a bird, auntie, because, you know, *the little birds come off so easy!*" Another little girl, appealing to her aunt, whom she was visiting in Cincinnati, for something to put into her letter home, was advised to tell how hard it was to keep anything clean in a city where they used so much soft coal. "Oh, no!" she replied, "I can't write that!" and when pressed for an explanation she confessed, "I don't think it would be polite, when I am visiting you, to write to mamma that you live in a dirty city." Another little girl of eight, who had known little but the mere necessities of life, exclaimed on receiving a box of scraps for her dolls from a friend in New York, "Oh, how rich she is! how nice it must be to wear such pretty clothes!" adding in a moment, with increased emphasis, "When I grow up I shall marry a rich man, or I won't marry anybody!" "But if you don't marry anybody," said her father, smiling, "you will be sure to live with a poor man all your life." Instantly the little maiden exclaimed tenderly, "Oh, but, papa, I *love you*, and so *you don't seem poor!*"

Nor is this always what Mr. Darwin would call "inherited experience," the effect upon a child of generations of cultivated ancestors. Mr. Cable has recently given us two admirable examples of tact in the lower classes: one when the widowed Mrs. Riley puts her arm around the distracted Mary Richling, who has just heard that her husband has been put in prison, with the singular consolation, "Think, me dear, how thankful meself would be if only me own husband was there to-night!" No other possible suggestion could have made Mary Richling realize that hers was not the most desolate situation in the world. The other illustration is where Ristofalo in the prison, knowing what the consequences will be to Richling if he persists in refusing to clean his cell as ordered, persuades him to it, not by argument, but by beginning to

do it himself, a service which he well knows Richling will allow no one to perform for him.

Tact in "getting along" with people of different interests from your own does not by any means imply a "mush of concession." We can think of no better illustration of tact in carrying one's point than that of a brilliant young society-girl who married into a Quaker family. It was an impossibility to give up her crimps or her pretty dresses; she must win them over in some other way, but let them understand her stand-point at the very beginning. On the afternoon of her arrival, she ran out of her room to her sister-in-law with the request, "Oh, Mary, could you give me a match? My hair is all out of curl, and I want to light the gas to heat a slate-pencil." The family waited for the coming curls with a stern displeasure that melted away completely and forever before the evening was over, under the charm of the young lady's added prettiness and the brightness of her conversation. The husband had warned her that some of the deacons of the church would call to remonstrate with him on having married among the "world's people." When one afternoon three of them appeared, she swept into the parlor with her longest train and one or two extra bangles, so radiant, so charming, so delighted to see them, that they stayed an hour, and the only remonstrance the amused husband received as he followed them to the door was the observation from one of them, "Friend Charles, *thee has married exceedingly well!*"

Nor does tact by any means imply constant and evident watchfulness over others. The tact of silence is often quite as grateful as the tact of sympathy. A young girl, travelling in Europe with some friends, failed to receive any letters when a large package was sent from the banker's at one of their stopping-places. She was sensible enough to think nothing of it at the moment, but when the entire family attacked her with sympathy,—"*what could be the matter?*" was she sure she had given her

friends the right address? did her mother know she was to be in Berlin that week? might it not be that her father had sent to the post-office instead of to the banker's? should they send and see?"—the poor child fled to her room in a tempest of sobs at the appearance of having no friends, or friends who had neglected her. In less than an hour the missing letters, delayed by a mistake, were brought to her.

An innate tendency to tact is indispensable. If you are a Mr. Toots by nature, no amount of admission to the best society will ever make you understand that your conversation and manners are not all they should be. No amount of aristocratic ancestors or constant experience of good society could make the young English baronet realize his mistake when he tried to emphasize his affection for the fair American barbarian to whom he was proposing, by telling her that of course when he first saw her it never occurred to him to marry her! But, given ever so slight an instinct for tact, society will do much to cultivate it, and, besides the many graceful things that are prettily said or done in the best society, there are many opportunities for a tact which is simply unobtrusive kindness. Lord Beaconsfield, who certainly was to be trusted as to the manners and customs of the great, dwelt upon their tact with such emphasis and frequency that one of Bret Harte's best hits in his condensed novel of "Lothaw" was the expression, "With infinite tact the duchess then lifted him by his coat-tails," when she had in vain tried to dissuade him from spending any more time on his knees in search of the missing pearl.

Children are quick to learn this acquired tact. A little girl, three years old, playing in the parlor with a little cousin whom she was visiting, was advised by her mamma to come up-stairs, for if she "hung round" Willie all the time he would grow tired of her. She could not realize this, and remonstrated; but when her mother suggested that if she did go up-stairs very likely Willie would miss her and follow her, she entered into the spirit of the thing at

once, trotted up-stairs delightedly, seated herself on the floor with her blocks, and listened. In five minutes Willie was heard mounting the stairs, sauntering nonchalantly, as becomes the masculine mind even at the age of seven, into the room to seat himself beside Gracie on the floor. The youthful coquette, her face radiant with success, turned to her mother with a little satisfied nod: "*I thought so, mamma!*"

In American life, as we live it, very few of our society "buds" make one bound from the nursery to the drawing-room. They enter society, when they are through with school, almost as fully posted upon etiquette as their mothers. "Come out?" inquired a gentleman on hearing of the social *début* of a young friend. "I didn't know that Sallie had ever been in!" But if a girl has been carefully hedged in from the world, to emerge perhaps from a convent-school to her first dinner-party, where it may be, too, that circumstances make her, in spite of her youth, the guest of the evening, perhaps few social agonies are greater than what she will endure in wondering whether the dainty doily under her big oyster-shell is to be removed before she administers lemon, or which of the small forest of wine-glasses at her plate is to be turned first for the obsequious butler waiting with a decanter. The host who is conscious of her infinitesimal hesitation, and relieves her mind by carelessly removing his own doily, whether he originally intended to remove it or not, or who turns his own glass in readiness before his turn, or who, seeing her embarrassment as to whether she is to take the whole plate of tiny bonbons or only one of them, lifts one from the dish for her, saying carelessly, "Oh, you mustn't refuse those,—they are really delicious!" or the young man on her right who, seeing that she has taken a larger bunch of Black Hamburg grapes than she would if she had understood their cost, deliberately sacrifices his own reputation for knowledge of society by taking a still bigger one, that she may not find herself awkwardly alone,—

shall we not say of these that their tact is not only a grace, but a virtue?

Of the tact so essential to the right management of servants, we have a capital illustration in that explanation of Lucretia Mott's grandmother: "I take care never to tell my servants to do what I know they won't do." Finally, we could not have a more suggestive illustration of the immense importance of tact as a social factor than the reason given by Colonel Higginson why, with all her nobility and power and unselfishness, Margaret Fuller was not more beloved. "It can be very briefly told," he writes: "*she wanted tact.*"

A. W. R.

#### A Want Supplied.

"Too Strange Not to be True," wrote Lady Fullerton, when she desired a title for her novel which should distinctly express her ideas on the subject of improbability. "Too Absurd Not to Have Happened" might be the watchword of the humorist, who knows very well that the incongruities of daily life are far more remarkable than anything he is likely to invent. I used to think that Cornelius O'Dowd's story of the enthusiastic old lady who sent an enormous pin-cushion to Garibaldi in prison was a delightful piece of nonsense that must have emanated straight from the writer's brain. I dare say now that she really did send it, and a pair of silk-covered toilet-bottles to match.

Some time ago I chanced in conversation to allude to one of the charities practised during the Civil War by a few ladies in Philadelphia who were in the habit of sending food and clothing to the Southern prisoners at Fort Delaware. Those were days when the most simple necessities of life had risen to an enormous value, and the shoes, stockings, and flannels, to say nothing of tobacco, pickles, and jellies, all cost more than it was pleasant to contemplate. Thanks to the unfailing courtesy and kindness of the Federal officers, these offerings, though sent by Southern sympathizers, were always safely delivered to the sick and wounded prisoners, who

watched for them with a grateful eagerness that well repaid the trouble and cost. Speaking of these things, a lady who had listened with great attention now claimed for herself a similar work of mercy.

"But we used to send our boxes to our own soldiers at Libby Prison," she said, with a gentle assumption of superior patriotism that I could not sufficiently admire, though doubting greatly whether it had ever been worth their while to risk their goods on such a perilous and uncertain journey. "Why, I remember," she went on, "how we used to spend hours and hours making pocket-pin-cushions."

"Pocket-pin-cushions!" I repeated faintly.

"Yes," she said, with tender and truly feminine sympathy for distress. "The poor fellows had not even a place to put their pins."

I answered nothing. Garibaldi and his tribute melted into insignificance before this thoughtful charity. Those who recollect the condition of our captured soldiers, the starved and ragged prisoners of a starved and ragged enemy,—those who remember them when released, who heard their statements, or who even saw the highly-sensational photographs of gaunt and haggard skeletons that circulated freely through the country,—can perhaps appreciate the grimness of the joke—fit for the pages of "Death's Jest-Book"—that these fevered, desperate, dying men "had no place to put their pins."

A. B.

#### The Rev. Jerusalem Johnson.

SERVICE was over, and the Rev. Jerusalem Johnson was standing in a little group of his "official brethren." "De fac' is, my brederen," he was saying, as he stood with his hands under his coat-tails and his feet rather wider apart than was necessary even for his ample breadth, "de fac' is, I feels called to stir up yo' puah min's by way ob remembunce ob de fac' dat I's ben here gwine on ter six weeks, an' I don' seem ter hear nuffin 'tall 'bout de money ter pay de freight on dat organ an' dem

books what's a-lyin' at de depo' dis minute, same as dey's ben a-doin' all dis time. Now, dat money's 'bleeged ter be paid."

"Well, Brer Johnson," said one of the stewards, "hit's a pretty tol'ble uphill business raisin' money outen niggers dis time ob de year, an' no revivals nor nothin'; dey don' eben know yet if you's gwine ter buil' up de church; an' we done tole you we couldn' pay no sal'ry twell 'long in de fall some time, an' you say ef de feed-money's paid—"

"In co'se, Brer Mack, in co'se," the Rev. Jerusalem interrupted. "I know I tole you I didn' objec' ter waitin' fer de sal'ry ef you gin me two dollars a week feed-money reg'lar, an' dat I wasn' seekin' fo' yo' pay; an' I isn't; but you know, Brer Mack, ef I ain' gwine ter git no pay fo' nex' December I'se 'bleeged ter hab some money ter git along on. Dat stan's to reason; ef I can't git it outen my sal'ry den I mus' git it outen sumpen else. I done tole you I wa'n't no kinder man ter fuss 'bout my sal'ry; I ain' talkin' 'bout dat, nohow; I'm talkin' 'bout dat freight-money. De Bible done said dat we's all got a right ter live; an' I jes' tell you, brederen, now, dere ain' no livin' fer me—leastways, dere ain' no livin' in peace wif Mrs. Johnson—'thouten dat organ's got outen dat depo'."

This last argument had its weight. Some of the official brethren were married also.

"We might sorter thrash 'roun' an' see 'bout de organ, Brer Johnson—"

"But I'm jes' nat'ally 'bleeged ter hab de books," persisted the pastor. "I went ter see de w'ite folks' preacher las' week, an' he done got fo' big book-cases so full dat he had ter take ter pilin' 'em on de tables,—an' hit looked reel ontidy; but he say hisse'f dey he'ped him preach; an' if hit takes all dat fer a w'ite man, how you speo' a nigger ter stan' up an' preach ter church-members an' scare up sinners an' comfo't mo'nahs, an' not a book in de house?"

"Does de books splain de Bible?" queried one.

"In co'se dey does. Dere's Brer

Clarke's 'Commentaries,'—pow'rful s'archin' books dey is,—an' Brer Moody an' Sankey's hymns, an' a book I ain' had time to read, tellin' all 'bout Adam,—Adam Bede' hit's called; an' ef I don' git it I'll neber know no more 'bout Adam dan de res' ob dese niggers,—jes' dat he had de fus 'ooman made outen 'im an' e't de apple. But dis whole book is jes' 'bout what Adam usen ter be an' ter do, an' all 'bout his namin' de animals. I'll lay I'll git preachin' outen dat book fer ter stir up dese lazy church-members an' perfessers ob religion, an' I spec's to fairly pile up dese aisles wif mo'nahs fum dis very book an' make ole Satan shiver ober de fire."

"How much will hit all cost?" asked practical Brer Bailey.

"Hit'll cost fo'teen dollars an' sixty cents," answered the Rev. Jerusalem promptly. "I cum a long way, an' hit costs money, an' you brederen's got ter raise dat sum. Ef I was like dat ole witch-man what lived in Dan an' Beersheba, I wouldn' hab no 'casion ter speak 'bout money; but I ain' like him, an' I don' wan' ter be."

"What witch-man? Who?" asked half a dozen at once.

"Midas. Dat was his name. Ef he got outen money, an' his grocer kep' a-pesterin' him, or ole Mis' Midas wanted a new silk dress, or de chilluns wanted new shoes fer ter w'ar ter Sunday-school, or he wanted a new gold crown fer hisse'f, 'case his ole one done wore out, or ef he jes' wanted de money ter be a-lookin' at it, he shet hisse'f up an' shet de blin's an' say he pra'rs backuds an' stamp he foot, an' yere cum a string ob little young debbils wif de blue flames playin' roun' deir close, a-bringin' boxes an' waiters jes' fairly piled up wif gold, a-settin' it down befo' him."

"Land's sakes!" exclaimed Brer Voss, lost in amazement. "Is he dead?"

"Dat he is," said Brer Johnson emphatically. "He dead long ago, an' de little debbils what usen ter bring de gold jes' took him off bodaciously, an'



he has ter keep frowin' gold in de fire, an' de mo' he frows it de mo' it burns, twell it pretty nigh burns him up eb'ry day. I done seed him onct myse'f when I was in a trance."

That settled matters. It was decided that a supper should be given forthwith in the basement of the church, in order to raise the money.

"De supper will begin Monday night, my brederen an' sisters," announced the Rev. Jerusalem one Sunday morning, "an' de time hit will las' depen's entirely on you, fer hit will go on eb'ry night twell twelve o'clock twell de erfreshments is all e't up. De price ob admittance is a dime fer de sinners an' a nickel fer de church-members, 'case de church-members'll ha' ter pay my sal'ry at de end ob de year, by reason ob which we wants ter git as much money outen de

sinners as we kin. Atter you pays de 'mittunce-fee you goes in an' enjoys de society ob de nicest cullud people in town an' de fine singin' ob de choir. Den you is expected to buy sumpen, an' you kin git jes' what you please, from a nickel sandwich to a quarter fer cake an' ice-cream. An' I warn you stewards now dat dem tables is got ter be fa'rly stripped, an' you don' git outen dis business twell dey is."

Thus admonished, the stewards did their best, and the whole affair was quite a success, Wednesday night leaving the tables empty enough to satisfy the most exacting, while the fourteen dollars and sixty cents were turned over to the pastor, and six dollars and a half more placed in the treasury for future feed-money.

L. H. H.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor." Edited by Marie Hansen-Taylor and Horace E. Scudder. Two Volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE typical man of letters, leading a life of secluded and unbroken activity, surrounded by his books, his social intercourse limited to a small circle, would hardly be found anywhere in the present age, least of all in America. Bayard Taylor's existence was almost the complete reverse of this. He was long haunted by the vision of such a life, but no sooner had he settled down in the home he had prepared for himself than he found that the conditions were unsuited to the realization of his plans, that it was necessary for him to mingle with the world and to receive a constant stimulus from the fellowship and sympathy of other laborers and congenial minds. Nor was this the mere result of habits and associations too early formed and long maintained to be given up without a sense of helplessness and desolation. It had its source in the strongest needs and instincts of his nature. His passion for

travel dated from childhood, not as the vague desire of a dreamy idleness and discontent or of an inborn love of adventure, but inspired by the reading of such books as Willis's "Pencillings," and directed toward a definite object. Amid the quiet rural scenery of Chester County, Pennsylvania, he had a sense of imprisonment, and his mind was filled with pictures "of the Old World," with its famous cities, its notable men, and its variegated life. His first visit to Europe, at the age of nineteen, with the meagre pay of a tyro in newspaper correspondence as his only means of support, was the starting-point of his career, which ended at fifty-three, soon after he had gone abroad as minister to Germany. In this interval he probably saw as much of the earth's surface and went to and fro over as great a variety of routes as any man of his time. Travelling, journalism, and lecturing, each giving occasion for the others, formed the threefold cord by which he secured a wide reputation and commensurate pecuniary rewards. His personal experiences were the subject of the

writings by which he was best known, and his personal appearance was familiar to a large portion of his public. His poetry, novels, and other essays in the field of pure literature contributed little to his popularity, and were generally regarded as productions of a casual leisure, unconnected with his regular pursuits, and at the most proofs of a facile and versatile talent.

It appears, however, from the biography before us, that Taylor's own view of his vocation was entirely different from that of the public. Literature in its highest forms was with him the object of a cultivation for which his labors of other kinds were intended only to prepare the way and furnish the opportunity. Instead of the well-earned popularity which he knew to be by its very nature ephemeral, he aspired to the lasting fame of the poet. The ballads, lyrics, idyls, and dramas which, in spite of the advantages of proceeding from a pen that had given pleasure to a multitude of readers, were received with indifference, were the efforts on which he expended the most thought, the most care, the most strenuous labor, in the composition of which he was filled with an enthusiasm that made his other work seem little better than loathsome drudgery, and each of which he regarded as a stepping-stone to higher achievements, and to an appreciation hitherto denied him of his true position in the world of letters. He even insisted that the poetical faculty was that which had inspired and given value to all that he had accomplished, and was vexed at finding that an undiscerning public had taken no note of this obvious fact. "I find," he writes while on a lecturing tour that brought him crowded audiences, "that this business of travelling has entirely swamped and overwhelmed my poetical reputation. . . . People can't see that if I had never been a poet I should never have had such success as a traveller." His letters, especially those of the last dozen years of his life, are filled with details of his literary projects and aspirations, and show not only the fixedness of his aim and the confidence with which he pursued it, but his no doubt well-grounded trust in a full belief in his powers on the part of his correspondents, including, besides his most intimate associates, Mr. Boker, Mr. Steadman, Mr. Stoddard, and others, veterans like Longfellow and Whittier, and men of a younger race than his own, like Mr. Sidney Lanier. Whatever other

topics he may touch upon, he constantly reverts to his own hopes and the means of their fulfilment, with a frank egotism which does not repel, but awakens interest and sympathy. It is the spirit of youth,—ardent, self-reliant, unchilled by disappointment, sanguine and resolute to the last. While a work was in progress he was wholly absorbed in it, and its completion filled him with a sense of victory. Writing about his last drama to Mr. Lanier, he says, "Now, I have a piece of news for you. My 'Denkalion' is finished! The conception overcame me like a summer cloud during all my holiday time, but the difficulty wherein I stuck more than a year ago would not be solved. But, little by little, I worked out the only possible solution—for me. . . . Well, there's more of my life and thought and aspiration in this poem than in all else I have written, and if it has no vitality nothing of mine can have." But as soon as any fresh production was published he dismissed it as a thing of the past. Failure brought no discouragement, for he was already occupied with new plans and counting on future triumphs. Of course the case would have been very different if he had devoted himself exclusively to poetry and depended for reputation or subsistence on his success in this field. As it was, however dissatisfied he might be with the position he held, it was this that not only secured him against the common reverses of struggling authorship, but left him undepressed under such as fell to his lot. Moreover, his poetry, if it did not raise him to the place to which he aspired, gave *éclat* to his reputation, while the skill in versification acquired by long practice helped to fit him for a task, the translation of "Faust," in which he surpassed his many rivals and produced what is likely to prove an enduring work. It is a matter for deep regret that he should not have lived to write the Life of Goethe for which he had made ample preparations, and which might have been expected to combine the minuteness and accuracy of Dünzer's recent work with a liveliness of description and narrative to which the latter makes no pretensions.

It is only in the case of a very great author that the details which form the substance of literary biography have a general interest. Yet the letters of Bayard Taylor which constitute the bulk of these two volumes, though largely occupied with such details, have a remarkable

interest. They are well written, are full of animation, contain passages marked by sterling sense and shrewdness, and reveal a nature which, if it had no peculiar depths to excite or baffle curiosity, was an extremely attractive one. Earnest, cordial, singularly open, kind and honorable in every thought and impulse, it gained for its possessor a host of friends and endeared him to them all. In the frank disclosures which it here makes of itself there is scarcely a trace of fretfulness or of a sentiment or an opinion warped by personal discontent. Misfortune was endured without complaint, labor too heavy and incessant was cheerfully undertaken and rigidly performed, friendly offices were ungrudgingly rendered, a brave and buoyant spirit manifested itself from first to last. It remains only to add that the editors have done their part skillfully and with excellent taste, and that the book is specially to be recommended as illustrating some of the best forms in which thoroughly American characteristics may be developed, and as fitted, consequently, to exert a wholesome and stimulating influence on susceptible minds.

"Cottages; or, Hints on Economical Building." Compiled and Edited by A. W. Brunner, Architect. With a Chapter on Sanitary Questions relating to Country-Houses, by William Paul Gerhard, C.E. New York: William T. Comstock.

IF by the year 1900 a love of good architecture shall have taken actual hold of the average American mind, and picturesque cottages after designs like those in this pretty volume shall have replaced the packing-box dwellings which mar the beauty of valley and hill all over the country at present, a great stride will have been taken in the diffusion of æsthetic ideas. Whether men will live up to the good taste displayed in these houses, with a capacity for nobler aims and higher forms of enjoyment than they have in their present dreary structures, must be the ethical question of a later generation.

"Even in a palace life may be lived well," as Mr. Arnold paraphrases Marcus Aurelius; and a careful study of these plans for medium- and low-cost houses seems to suggest that they would help to put good living within the reach of all, by enabling the every-day routine to go on its course in a refined, systematic, and symmetrical way. The general designs are not, of course, original: we have had

too much daring originality in former days. Our architects are now content to adapt, combine, and compromise, without striving to invent, so far as the outside of houses is concerned; their triumph is that whereas their models in the Old World had interiors dark, cramped, and unhealthy, their own arrangements are meant to insure a high degree of perfection in the way of light, ventilation, and drainage. The hints given in this book both by the architect, Mr. Brunner, and Mr. Gerhard,—who is an authority on sanitary questions,—are excellent. They advocate beauty, but are nowhere reckless of utility, and above all of health; they have a complete idea of the preliminary steps to be taken in putting up a dwelling, and discard make-shifts and all necessity for after-thoughts.

#### Recent Fiction.

"Where the Battle was Fought." By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"The Story of a Country Town." By E. W. Howe. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"The Children of Issachar: A Story of Wrongs and Remedies." New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Marjorie Huntingdon." By Harriett Pennewell Belt. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"In Partnership: Studies in Story-Telling." By Brander Matthews and H. C. Bunner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

MR. CRADDOCK'S novel is distinguished by so many of the excellences which have won for his short stories a wide reputation, he has used so much of the material with which we are familiar and seized upon so many characteristics of which he had already given us hints, that the first impulse both of the critic and of the ordinary reader is to draw parallels between his earlier and later work, to suggest where he has fallen off and point out where he has fulfilled or surpassed expectation. A novel demands, however, quite a separate stand-point from that in which we look at a short story or sketch. For a continuous work, a more broad and symmetrical conception of things in general is necessary in the writer,—a fuller realization of the real human significance of all the characters and events. A mere fragment of song may be in any key, but adapt the fugitive stanza to a concerto and subject it to the rules which dominate the harmony of the whole, and

its novel and wild melody may become trivial and its freedom of movement mere eccentricity. We regard Mr. Craddock's work as a distinct success, since with the same local color he has used hitherto, the same social and political ideas which interpenetrated all his earlier work, he has yet in "Where the Battle was Fought" withdrawn his characters and events from that borderland of romance where they have hitherto loomed remote and half visionary, and brought them closer to a region lying within the bounds of actual experience. A romancer rather than a novelist Mr. Craddock is likely always to be, and we are far from wishing to impoverish such romance by any meagre realism: he has made his world of thought and feeling his own by the completest sympathy; his "Tennessee" is real to him, its traditions, instincts, and emotions are inexhaustibly full of meaning. We know of no other author, save Hawthorne, who could like him have invested the battle-field, the bridge, and the river with just such adjuncts of human passion, pathos, and mystery. The tramp of the advancing columns, the cries and moans of the wounded and dying, which belonged to that old, half-forgotten battle, are made a refrain to which the writer returns on almost every page with melancholy iteration. But such effects appertain to poetry and romance, not to the domain of the novelist. The whole setting of the story abounds in picturesqueness, and the presentation of the various figures who go through their parts is in almost every instance both brilliantly and effectively done. The episodes which show Estwicke at the gaming-table, General Wayne in the court-house, Brennett turning informer to get a troublesome witness out of his way, would not be easily surpassed. Not one of the characters but enjoys a chance to do something striking and characteristic. There is also rare and delicate skill shown in the minor incidents, and they all reveal in logical sequence the traits and passions of the men and women behind them. And this consecutiveness, this consistency, is, strange to say, the fault of the book. We read with deep interest, but we are all the time trammelled with the author's intention. He works skilfully, but he has some constraint in controlling his *dramatis personæ*, and he compels constraint in the reader. He has not one absolutely simple creation, and, truthful as he is, or

tries to be, he never carries one away with the poignant emotions which are the tribute to nature and freedom. We have not yet alluded to his plot, which is intricate and to a degree novel and interesting. Its legal points required some study and research, and he has given both; but, for all that, he does not handle them like a master of fiction. One cannot help feeling that in actual life things would come about quite differently. But, in spite of a certain woodenness in the plot and an over-subtle and complex set of characters, we find Mr. Craddock's book singularly impressive, fulfilling much in those highest requirements where American novelists have generally disappointed us.

Along with "Where the Battle was Fought" comes a novel of the farther Southwest, full of such absolute realism that Mr. Craddock's seems by contrast lyrical, epical, and played over by artificial lights. There is something remarkable in Mr. Howe's "Story of a Country Town," and Mr. Howells has already pointed it out as a hopeful augury for our literature that it has been written, not wholly for the reason that it is a contribution to the annals of a new section which have not heretofore found adequate interpretation, but from the fact that the story is simply and truthfully told. It is, besides, very well told, and after we have read the preface, which tells how the author, a hard-working editor of an evening paper, has written it in many weary midnights, the reader is conscious of being carried along in sympathy with the mood in which the work was done. There was a good deal of labor expended in the writing of it, and the reading of it is no light task. There is something tremendously dreary about the epic of a new people who are entumbered by all the prejudices, vices, and sins of the civilization they have renounced, with few apparent compensations. All the grimness, bareness, hideousness of Puritanism has been transported across the continent and set down in log cabins on the frontier. None of the abounding life, the buoyancy, the bounce, as one may call it, of the great West is apparent in these chronicles of Fairview and Twin Mounds, which remind us in fact more of villages in Vermont than of what we have hitherto heard of Kansas. The men and women do not easily gain joy, their hearts are sore with anger and grief and hidden wounds, and an unconquerable sense of

hunger and loss governs the most of them. The writer shows a perfect familiarity with all his characters; they are all equally alive to him, but he does not draw them all with an equal hand nor hit off all types with equal truth. Two of the men are almost faultlessly presented,—the Rev. John Westlock and Lytle Biggs,—and the former of these delineations is the triumph of the book. The story begins with a boy's recollections of his earliest childhood, and develops into the chronicle of more than one hopeless domestic tragedy which admits of no solution. There is a great deal of trouble in the book, and the fact that much of it is caused by obstinate folly and wrong-headedness does not lighten the sense of gloom with which we endure it. Accurate and truthful as the writer is, he tells his story with strong partiality for a hero whose woes have touched, thrilled, and quickened him, but which do not so easily win upon the reader. The book has gained a wide popularity at the West, having first been published by the author himself, and it is now presented to the Eastern public in a more attractive form.

Of quite a separate type from either of the foregoing is "The Children of Issachar," a novel whose incidents are set forth as real, although "limited and localized as becomes the romantic features of the story." The object of the book seems to be to show the character and merits of the two sides of the political agitation at the South after the war had ended and the rule of the carpet-bagger and of the Ku-Klux Klan had begun, and it is in no cautious or gingerly manner that the questions then at issue are touched. We cannot, however, see that any new light is thrown upon those passages of American history, and the reader of the story is likely to feel an equal disgust at the bad manners, swaggering profanity, and bluster of both factions. The lack of clear ideas, discipline, and good taste is hopelessly shown in almost every character, while the vulgar love-story which is trailed through the book

is so displeasing as to be worthy only of the severest censure.

"Marjorie Huntingdon" is a pleasant book, its sustained interest perhaps a little marred by its discursiveness and the minute and leisurely fashion in which trifling incidents are handled and unimportant details elaborated. Yet the story is worked out with a sort of loving care which wins the reader's sympathy. It is a biographical novel of the English type, which may now be called old-fashioned, so accustomed have we become to the novel that treats only an episode. It opens with the heroine at the age of sixteen, and carries her on for some years until she is well past twenty; and, as she is a graceful and pleasing girl, without too ardent a self-consciousness or too vigorous an individuality, one does not tire of her. Everybody is a little too much in earnest for the book to be amusing, and the humorous effects of every-day existence are too wholly lost sight of.

"Studies in Story-Telling" is a very modest title for a volume made up of short stories which have already won more or less applause from a fastidious public. A little mystery hangs over any case of joint authorship, and it is always perplexing, and perhaps fascinating, to try to decide what part is played by each of the *collaborateurs*, and it is invariably disappointing to find no points on which to seize as characteristic, enabling one to discern the hand behind the work. Few authors could work together more smoothly than Mr. Matthews and Mr. Bunner, and it would require patient study besides keen insight to discover how in the stories which bear both names one author has supplemented the other. Good as they are, we are inclined to say that the others, in which the partnership is dissolved and each author tells his own story, are better. "The Red Silk Handkerchief" and "Venetian Glass" are both excellent, displaying at once fancy and a clear knowledge of the epoch and its tendencies, while at the same time they are free from mere prettiness and conventionality.